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May-June 1961

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**Articles on Italy, Paris, London,
Munich and Vienna**

**By Creighton Gilbert, Annette Michelson,
Alan Bowness, Vernon Young and Alfred Werner**



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Contributors

Creighton Gilbert, who contributes regularly to these pages in "The Classics" column, is curator of the John and Mable Ringling Museum of Art in Sarasota, Florida. He has recently been named by the mayor of Venice to the International Committee for the Crivelli Exhibition, one of the featured events of the summer season in Italy.

Vernon Young, another contributor of long standing, has just returned to Stockholm after extensive travels in Germany and Middle Europe.

Annette Michelson and **Alan Bowness**, who

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contribute the articles on the summer season in Paris and London respectively, are familiar to readers of ARTS as our regular correspondents in those cities.

Alfred Werner, who writes on the season in his native city of Vienna, is the author of a forthcoming book on Jules Pascin.

I. A. Langnas is a critic, historian and translator. He has recently returned to New York after travels in Mexico.

Sibyl Moholy-Nagy is professor of architecture at Pratt Institute and is the author of *Native Genius in Anonymous Architecture* and

other works. Her last contribution to ARTS was "Villanueva and the Uses of Art," which appeared in September, 1960.

On the Cover

View of the **Schloss Schönbrunn**, Vienna. See Alfred Werner's "Vienna: Hapsburg to Hollegha," in the Special Travel Number.

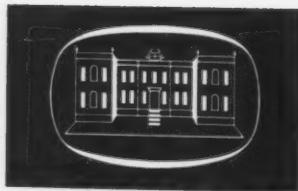
Editor's Note

Readers are reminded that the May-June number is the final issue of the season. Publication will resume with the September number.

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ARTS

LETTERS

Marsden Hartley

To the Editor:

The articles by Munson and Kramer in your February issue on Marsden Hartley were of special interest to me, for I was on friendly terms with him in New York and he was often in my apartment on West 15th Street. The names I most often heard him use were Albert Ryder and Walt Whitman. I was present at the sale of Hartley's pictures in 1921 at the Anderson Galleries as arranged by Stieglitz and hoped to buy his painting of Whitman's house in Camden, New Jersey, but it fetched too high a price. When I told Hartley about it later he exclaimed, "Why didn't you tell me you were interested? I would have been glad to get twenty-five dollars for it."

The last time I saw him was on the Montparnasse in Paris. After dinner we took a fly boat down to St. Cloud where we saw a country circus, which delighted him. He was particularly pleased with the clown—a woman.

PHILLIPS RUSSELL
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Giovanni Segantini

To the Editor:

In his article on Marsden Hartley in your February issue, Gorham Munson writes: "It is necessary to explain that Segantini is a now-forgotten Swiss painter who applied to his canvas long flecks of paint that gave the effect of stitches." I wish to point out that Segantini is absolutely not a "now-forgotten" painter. He never will be forgotten, just as never will Tranquillo Cremona, Antonio Mancini, Domenico Induno, Daniele Ranzi or Giovanni Fattori, to mention only a few wonderfully brilliant Italian painters contemporary of Segantini. Further, Segantini was not a Swiss painter, but an Italian. Born in 1858 at Arco, the province of Trento in northern Italy, he studied in Milan and, as is known, finished his remarkable and talented life in Schafberg, Engadin.

TONY LAZZARI
Mount Vernon, New York

The Mexican Murals

To the Editor:

Congratulations for that fine article on the Mexican muralists by George Woodcock [April]. He knows the subject well and his assessment is intelligent. Books on the Mexican artists have always been plagued by abominable plates and oily texts (Justino Fernandez's book on Orozco, *Forma E Idea*, is the best of the lot).

Besides the unpublished glories of Orozco there stand in a dozen obscure market halls and school vestibules in Mexico paintings whose poetry is often the equal of the Quattrocento. I suppose a few more decades of deterioration must pass before a properly equipped expedition of photographers will be sent to discover them.

IRVING KRIESBERG
New York City

To the Editor:

Referring to George Woodcock's excellent and informed article on the Mexican muralists, I feel it may be apropos to state a few words about David Alfaro Siqueiros. Mr. Woodcock has clearly expressed his preference for the work of José Clemente Orozco. But too little is known about the mural work of Siqueiros and his great production of easel works. From 1950 to 1960 Siqueiros has painted ten murals of major proportions in Mexico City. In 1950 he won the first prize at the Venice Biennale. For political reasons the publicizing of his work has been suppressed.

ARTS/May-June 1961

Today at the peak of his artistic powers, at the age of sixty-four, Siqueiros has been imprisoned as a political prisoner in the Lecumberri Prison of Mexico City. With no recourse to a hearing he has been in jail since August, 1960. Not only is a thorough appraisal of this great painter's work necessary, but we must clamor for his freedom.

PHILIP STEIN
River Vale, New Jersey

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Stein's concern for Siqueiros' freedom is touching, but we should be a bit more moved by it had he shown any awareness of the artist's past activities as a political assassin. Is Siqueiros' attempt on Trotsky's life—and his murder of Trotsky's bodyguard—so far in the past that we have already forgotten it?

Friedrich and Abildgaard

To the Editor:

In your March issue, both in Edouard Roditi's interview with Max Ernst and in Daniel Catton Rich's review of Novotny's *Painting and Sculpture in Europe: 1780-1880*, there is mention of the "rediscovered" German Romantic painter Caspar David Friedrich, whose work Max Ernst, for one, so greatly admires. I should like to draw attention to the apparently all but unknown fact that Friedrich was, in the 1790's, while studying at the Royal Academy of Arts in Copenhagen, the pupil of the interesting Danish painter Nicholas Abraham Abildgaard, whose work Friedrich greatly admired, and who must surely be included as an important forbear in any comprehensive treatment of Surrealism.

ELSA GRESS
Denmark

Requests for Information

To the Editor:

I am preparing a book on Modigliani's sculpture and would appreciate photographs of any such sculpture in private collections as well as information pertaining to the subject.

ALFRED WERNER
c/o Arts, Inc.
667 Madison Avenue
New York City

To the Editor:

A catalogue of the full *oeuvre* of Fernand Léger is now being prepared. Collectors who own Légers—paintings, gouaches, drawings and original ceramics, as well as numbered editions of ceramics, tapestries and bronzes—are requested to communicate with the Editorial Committee at the following address:

MUSEE FERNAND LEGER
Biot (Alpes-Maritimes)
France

Corrections:

To the Editor:

In my review of the John Koenig exhibition in the April issue a typographical error should be noted. "It dates to be obvious . . ." should read "It dares to be obvious . . ."—Sidney Tillim

In the April issue (page 71), the Angeleski Gallery's announcement of the Alfred Wunderwald show carried a reproduction which, through a printer's error, appeared upside down.



Alfred Wunderwald, *Composition*.

Mezcal culture, Mexico
11½ inches high



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AUCTIONS

Moderns Bring \$687,750 at Parke-Bernet

A TOTAL of \$687,750 was realized in Parke-Bernet's April 26 sale of French, American and other modern paintings, drawings and sculpture belonging to various owners including Ira Hotchkiss and Mr. and Mrs. Maxime L. Hermanos.

A Toulouse-Lautrec *Danseuse* (c. 1888), formerly in the collections of Comte François Doria and Georges Renaud, was purchased for \$80,000 by George Friedland, the Philadelphia collector. Picasso's *Moulin Rouge* went to French Art Galleries, Inc., of New York, for \$47,500; this work had been purchased for \$1,650 by the consigner, Mr. Hotchkiss, in the 1950 Chrysler sale at Parke-Bernet. Also by Picasso, a *Jardin de Paris* poster drawing brought \$18,500; this work had been bought by Mr. Hotchkiss, in the same Chrysler sale, for \$950.

Chagall's *Chrysanthèmes* was bought for \$43,000 by a New York collector, Barbara Thurston. The same artist's *Fiancée au Bouquet Blanc* went to a Madison Avenue gallery for \$37,000.

Undisclosed purchasers bought Renoir's *La Ferme à Essoyes* (an example of the artist's muted late palette, illustrated in the Bernheim-Jeune album) and *Near Pont-Aven* (formerly in the collections of Ambroise Vollard and Comte Antoine Seilern) for \$33,000 and \$31,000 respectively.

Mary Cassatt's pastel portrait, *Jeune Femme au Corsage Rose Clair*, went to a New York private collector for \$20,000. Grandma Moses' *No Skating for Me* brought \$5,000, a new record.

English Masters in Sotheby Sale

IS a sale of paintings and drawings of the English School at Sotheby's of London on April 19,

John Crome's *A Norwich Backwater* brought £8,800, or nearly \$25,000. The next highest price, £5,200, was fetched by Samuel Palmer's *The Evening Star*.

Works by Turner, *Llangollen: An Angler on the Banks of the Dee* and his *View of Whitby*, brought £3,000 and £2,200 respectively. A scene by John Frederick Herring, Sr., *The Leamington Hunt*, was sold for £2,800. William Blake's *The Death of Ezekiel's Wife* was purchased for £2,500.

The 172 items in the Sotheby sale of April 19 brought a total of £73,506, more than \$200,000.

Benefit Sale of Moderns at Parke-Bernet

DONATED by artists, collector friends and galleries for the benefit of the American Chess Foundation, an unusual assemblage of modern paintings, drawings and sculptures will be auctioned on Thursday, May 18, 1:45 p.m., at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York.

The sale of May 18, which includes, besides the gifts to the American Chess Foundation, a group of notable works from other owners, is primarily Surrealist in its emphasis. Represented in the catalogue are Max Ernst, with an oil-on-paper from his *Forest* series, Salvador Dalí, with his 1950 *Baudelaire Angel Interrogating the Rhinoceros*, and Magritte, Kay Sage and Man Ray. Apart from the Surrealists are Picabia, Villon and Dubuffet.

The New York School figures in the sale with works by, among others, Brooks, Frankenthaler, Motherwell and Rivers. Sculpture includes pieces by Hare, Nevelson, Freborg, Tingueley and Watts. Calder is represented by a 1950 mobile, *Boomerangs: Horizontal Polychrome*.

Works in the May 18 sale will be on public exhibition beginning May 13 at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Avenue.

AUCTION CALENDAR

May 10, at 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Old-master paintings, from the estate of the late Marguerite A. Keasbey and other owners. Featuring a Tintoretto *Portrait said to be of the Anatomist Andreas Vesalius*, works by Ugolino da Siena, the Veneto-Ferraresse School and other Italian and other primitive and Renaissance painters; Albert Cuyp's *Portrait of a Young Prince as a Shepherd* and examples by Von Honthorst, Frans van Mieris and other Dutch and Flemish seventeenth-century artists; French and Italian eighteenth-century paintings, notably Tiepolo's *Head of an Old Man*; British eighteenth-century portraits, in particular Reynolds' *Mrs. Charles Symmons*; and some nineteenth-century works. Exhibition now.

May 12 & 13, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Precious glass, porcelains, American primitive paintings and furniture, antiques, the entire stock of the late David Hollander, Riverdale, New York. Exhibition now.

May 16 & 17, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Rare books, manuscripts and autographs, from the collections of Hiram J. Halle, Lillian S. Whitmarsh and other sources. In addition to works associated with Galileo, Shakespeare and Sir Isaac Newton, the sale includes a copy of the issue of the first edition of Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, two volumes, Madrid, 1605-15, from the estate of the late Oscar B. Cintas. Exhibition from May 13.

May 18, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Modern paintings, drawings, sculptures, donated for the benefit of the American Chess Foundation, together with works from other owners. (For details see story above.) Exhibition from May 13.

May 19 & 20, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French furniture and decorations, from various owners. Exhibition from May 13.

May 23, at 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Paintings, drawings, furniture and objects of art, rare books, for the benefit of the Northside Center of Child Development. Among the paintings and drawings are a Bernard Buffet canvas; a 1942 Grandma Moses, *Upper Cambridge Valley*; Marie Laurencin's *Jeune Fille au Paysage*. Exhibition from May 19.

May 25 & 26, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Decorative garden furniture, sculpture and ornaments, from various owners. Exhibition from May 20.

May 31, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Modern French and other graphic art, from various sources. Exhibition from May 20.

June 1 & 2, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English, French and other furniture and decorations, property of William Atkin and other owners. Exhibition from May 26.

June 8, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Garden and terrace furniture and garden sculpture, the property of Madame Renée Guibal and other owners. Exhibition from June 2.

June 13, at 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Paintings, furniture and decorations, auctioned for the benefit of the United Jewish Appeal. Exhibition from June 9.



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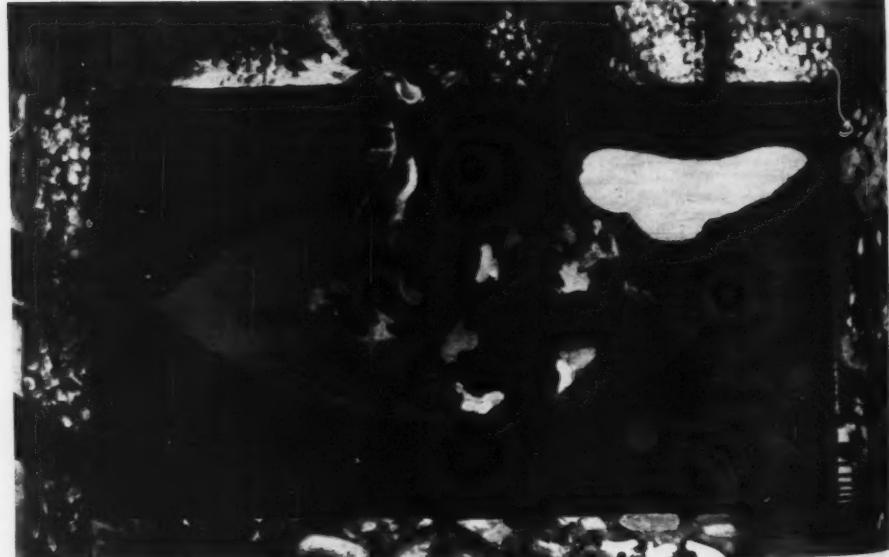
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Paul Gauguin. *Nature morte*, dated 1889, signed
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Georges Braque. *Le Bane*, 1952, 29½ in. x 47½ in.

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PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



W. Gropius



C. Nivola

Architect **Walter Gropius** (above) has been awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters by Columbia University. Dr. Grayson Kirk, president of Columbia, conferred the degree upon Dr. Gropius in a University convocation held in conjunction with the Columbia School of Architecture's recent program in honor of the "Four Great Makers" of contemporary architecture.

Artists **Costantino Nivola** (above), **Nicolas Carone**, **Stephen Greene** and **Peter Agostini** will be members of the faculty of painting and sculpture at Columbia University for the academic year 1961-62. Mr. Nivola will be visiting professor of sculpture, succeeding Oronzio Maldarelli, whose retirement as professor of sculpture has been announced. Mr. Agostini will assist him as lecturer in sculpture. Mr. Greene will be guest critic of painting and drawing and will work primarily in the Master of Fine Arts program with associate professor André Racz. Mr. Carone will be guest critic in painting, associated with John Heliker, instructor in painting, in the Master of Fine Arts program. The graduate instruction in painting and sculpture will be under the supervision of professors Racz and Nivola and Mr. Heliker.

The painter Zubel Kachadoorian and the novelist John Knowles will receive the two Rosenthal Awards of the National Institute of Arts and Letters for 1961. The Rosenthal Awards, consisting of a citation and a prize of \$1,000 each, are given annually to a younger painter who has not yet been accorded due recognition, and for an American novel published during the preceding year which is a notable literary success, though not a commercial one. The awards will be conferred in May at the Joint Annual Ceremonial of the National Institute and American Academy of Arts and Letters.

Eighteen artists, writers and composers have been named to receive Arts and Letters Grants of the National Institute of Arts and Letters this year. Mr. Glenway Wescott, president of the Institute, also announced that the amount of the grants has been raised from \$1,500 to \$2,000 each. Recipients of grants for art include **Leonard Baskin**, **Paul Cadmus**, **Walter Murch**, **Gregorio Prestopino**, **Joseph Solman**, **Kahlil Gibran** and **Philip Grausman**. For literature, Edward Dahlberg, Jean Garrigue, Mark Harris, David McCord, Warren Miller, Brian Moore and Howard Nemerov will receive awards, and in the field of music, Ramiro Cortés, Halsey Stevens, Lester Trimble and Yehudi Wyner will be honored. The awards will be conferred in May at the Joint Annual Ceremonial of the National Institute and American Academy of Arts and Letters.

On the same occasion the Marjorie Peabody Waite Award of \$1,000 will be awarded to Edward McSorley. The Rome Fellowship of the

Academy will go to George Starbuck, and last year's recipient of the Rome Fellowship in literature, Walter Clemons, will have his fellowship renewed for another year.

On the occasion of the seventy-fifth birthday of Oskar Kokoschka on March 1, 1961, the Austrian Ministry of Education instituted an International **Oskar Kokoschka Prize** for painters. The prize carries with it a premium of 50,000 schillings (approximately \$2,000) and will be first awarded on March 1, 1962.

Lessing J. Rosenwald, art collector and philanthropist, has been honored by the Philadelphia Chapter of **Artists Equity**. The award, an original bronze sculpture by Jean Donner Grove, winner of a competition sponsored by Artists Equity to create the award, was given to Mr. Rosenwald in view of the contribution he has made to the encouragement of art and artists in Philadelphia.

William McCormick Blair was elected to the board of trustees of the American Federation of Art at the organization's annual meeting in April. In addition to being president of the Art Institute of Chicago, Mr. Blair is a trustee of the Chicago Historical Society, a member of the board of the University of Chicago, and of the board of the Natural History Museum of Chicago. The following officers of the Federation were re-elected for a one-year term: Roy R. Neuberger, president; George H. Fitch, first vice-president; Lloyd Goodrich, second vice-president; David M. Solinger, third vice-president; Hudson D. Walker, secretary, and Allan D. Emil, treasurer.

OBITUARY

Robert Emerson Huck, painter, printmaker and professor of art at Oregon State University, was killed in an automobile accident on March 13. He was thirty-eight years old.

NEWS NOTE

"**The Creative Process**," an exhibition of paintings and sculpture by fifteen contemporary artists with preliminary sketches and studies to illustrate their thinking and techniques, will be held from May 16 to June 10 at the **New School for Social Research**, 66 West 12th Street, New York City. Conducted by the New School's Art Center, the exhibition will be open Monday through Friday from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m., and Saturdays from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. It will include works by sculptors José de Creeft, Jacques Lipchitz, Seymour Lipton and Costantino Nivola, and painters Josef Albers, Nell Blaine, Elaine de Kooning, Camilo Egas, Arshile Gorky, John Marin, Walter Murch, Gabor Peterdi, Abraham Rattner, Jack Tworkov and Adja Yunkers. The exhibition theme will be underscored by a series of special lectures and film showings:

Thursday, May 18, at 8:30 p.m.: Norman Carton will lecture on "The Intimacy of Art."

Monday, May 22, at 6:00 p.m.: Dr. Rudolph Arnheim will discuss "Documents of the Creative Process."

Monday, May 29, at 8:30 p.m.: Reginald Neal will speak on "Color Lithography: An Art Medium."

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BOOKS

AFRICA: THE ART OF THE NEGRO PEOPLES by E. Leuzinger. McGraw-Hill. \$7.95.

AFRICAN DESIGN by Margaret Trowell. Frederick A. Praeger, Inc. \$7.50.

ART IN NIGERIA 1960 by Ulli Beier. Cambridge University Press. \$3.75.

BECAUSE there is a paucity of readable literature dealing with African art, any serious contribution in the way of scholarship or insight into the subject deserves attention. There have been some major, firsthand anthropological studies by highly skilled specialists; these studies are exhaustive surveys of carving, painting, weaving and building in limited areas. But these have been essentially typological documentations of material culture and little concerned with aesthetic content. Some of the most immediate references to African art are buried in the field notes, diaries and travel accounts of colonials and missionaries of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. While many of these transplanted Europeans had genuine interest in the aboriginal arts, the objects they collected or noted were generally regarded as curios. The colonial attitude was too well implanted and obviously affected their judgment and selection; these early responses are as illuminating about the colonial's lack of comprehension of what confronted him as about the culture he observed.

Other complicating factors have conspired to keep us in relative ignorance about African art, chiefly the impermanent nature of the objects themselves. While examples of work in metal, stone and clay have been assigned early dates, the surviving wood sculpture is rarely more than a hundred years old—humidity and termites have done an effective job of destruction. Also, the African tribe often manufactured an object for a single occasion and frequently felt little compunction about destroying that object when it had lost its efficacy. In spite of the relative isolation of many of the tribal cultures, an almost insurmountable factor in securing information about an object's use or origin, there has been enormous cross-fertilization of local styles through migration and conquest. Add to this the reticence of the tribal African to discuss the meaning of a sacred object or, even worse, his maddening tendency to agree amiably with the businesslike anthropologist that the latter's theories about an object's use or origin are correct, and chaos mounts and is codified. Finally, if we remember that the history of black Africa is verbal, one in which facts and mythology are inextricably mingled, we have some idea of the problems of producing even an arid account of any phase of African art. Primitive art, it must be admitted, is still a primitive discipline.

Considering this formidable array of obstacles, three new books on African art, all by Europeans who have spent time in Africa, are worth examining for their diverse viewpoints. By far the most detailed is Ely Leuzinger's *Africa: The Art of the Negro Peoples*. This major work by a Swiss scholar is an ambitious general coverage of all phases of African art. While similar studies, in effect small encyclopedias, have dealt almost ex-

clusively with ritual sculpture, Dr. Leuzinger's survey includes important sections on weaving, metalwork, painting and architecture in a conscientiously presented account of the stirring and varied African creative genius. Nor has she limited herself to West Africa, certainly the largest and most prolific area of art production. Her study, generously illustrated with excellent color plates, treats the painting of the Bushmen of the Kalahari steppe, as well as the still vaguely documented art of the East African pastoralists of Kenya, Tanganyika and Mozambique; the Ethiopian-influenced cultures of the southeastern Sudan and the enigmatic art of Madagascar (now the Malagasy Republic), with its mixture of African, Oceanic and Indian currents, are also considered. This is an ambitious coverage but of necessity thin and erratic. A general section deals with African geography, history, religious attitudes and tribal structures and their effects on art forms. Considerable space is given to a discussion of materials and techniques.

In the introductory section, Dr. Leuzinger, like the eminent British Africanist William Fagg, is deeply attracted to the philosophy of the Belgian Franciscan missionary Père Placide Tempels, who wrote his extraordinary didactic essay, *La Philosophie Bantou*, to indoctrinate future carriers of the faith to the Congo. As Tempels expressed it, the Negro cosmology is directed toward the preservation and furtherance of being. All life is a state of being, not matter, and a "vital force," resident in all living and inanimate objects, is also present in what we conceive to be the work of art. Thus the African ancestor image, for example, is the intermediary and contact between the temporal world and the eternal forces of growth and energy. The propitiation of the ancestor insures survival and increase, success of harvests and regulation of the life cycle.

The limitation of Dr. Leuzinger's survey is that in her book's second and major section, devoted to the distinguishing characteristics of a multitude of African art styles, she has not been able to pursue this absorbing cosmological idea. What we have instead is an excellently organized and handsomely illustrated variation of previous classical studies of African art styles. I realize we have no right to expect a metaphysical treatise in place of analysis of styles. Nevertheless, as Dr. Leuzinger has so competently indicated, these metaphysics do indeed play a crucial role in the genesis of Negro art.

Margaret Trowell's *African Design* is an argument for a more mature consideration of the daily and utilitarian arts of Africa. Today's art museums have chosen to concentrate on masterfully executed native carvings of masks and figures and, by the same token, have formalized their neglect of the so-called minor arts of Africa. This is, of course, a disaster. What seem to be merely useful or decorative objects—Bakuba carved cups, Bakongo basketry, Dahomeyan appliqués and Nigerian wall decoration—are inextricably in the context of major African expression. The author, wife of a medical missionary, has for over thirty years devoted herself to art education in Kenya and Uganda. Her abiding interest in native styles and art techniques, in their preservation and redirection during dramatically changing times, motivates this volume. I completely sympathize with Mrs. Trowell's attempt to enlarge our understanding of this aspect of African art, but her admirable intentions are too often defeated by her tasteful, meagerly documented expositions. This survey of prime examples of the "applied arts," while extremely useful for its wide range of unique illustrations, is a pallid treatment of vigorous traditions. Elementary as her approach may be in this survey, Mrs. Trowell is a thorough and devoted student of the material she deals with, and this study is an important step toward a more

serious consideration of this little-understood but major aspect of African expression.

Ulli Beier, a Berliner educated in England, has lived in a small Nigerian village for ten years. In his *Art in Nigeria 1960*, he is deeply and rightly concerned with the plight of the African artist long out of the bush. The urban Nigerian carver, for example, is in some awful limbo between the dictates of his ancient tribal culture and the blandishments of the imported modern society around him. He is unable to serve either adequately. He can shut himself off and pretend it all never happened—but this is virtually impossible. The traditional sponsor of the Yoruba carver's masks and figures is fast disappearing; the presence of this older art form is an anachronism in the new urban environment. If the artist lives in a city like Oyo, once the capital of the ancient Yoruba kingdom, or in present-day Benin, he can make "bona fide" mass-produced copies and souvenirs of traditional Nigerian art. But his grim alternative is to produce what the well-meaning outsider conceives to be a new Negro expression fused out of the African "heritage" and the latest Western attitudes.

Mr. Beier illustrates some dramatic examples of the still viable Nigerian art spirit; the most interesting are the remarkable cement funeral sculptures, made by bricklayers rather than by traditional carvers. These large, blocklike lions, equestrian figures and other heraldic forms also adorn the houses of affluent descendants of repatriated Brazilian slaves, and, if there is any real adaptation and extension of the vital Nigerian tradition, it is in these splendid objects.

Mr. Beier feels that the real mandate for preserving the African creative genius lies with the church and with the modern architects who are rapidly transforming the spirit and appearance of the ancient population centers. That may be, but, as the illustrations in his book clearly indicate, the slick and vapid hybridizations of traditional Negro forms with missionary-inspired subjects have produced listless and pedantic results. The architect who commissioned the modern Bini carver to make door panels for the National Hall in Lagos was surely thinking of the vigorously carved reliefs of traditional Nigerian sanctuaries; but the motivating spirit of the older form is gone, and these new carvings are dull and archaic.

Mr. Beier's choice of examples illustrating the effects of European guidance in Nigerian art would indicate, in spite of his arguments to the contrary, that shoring up old traditions through Western patronage is not doing the job. Unmotivated traditions have a natural way of degenerating, and while attempts to revive them in original terms are perhaps commendable, the native artist cannot help but be affected by the inexorable processes of change in Africa today. The African artist who still gives form and expression to earlier ideals is a different man and centuries apart from the one who must now find his motivations in a new world extending far beyond the limits of the world of his ancestors.

Martin L. Friedman

DIALOGUES ON ART by Edouard Roditi. London. Secker and Warburg.

DIALOGUE UBER KUNST by Edouard Roditi. Wiesbaden. Insel-Verlag.

WHAT would we not give for a single authentic interview with Rembrandt or El Greco! By the same token, we are immensely grateful to Francisco de Ollanda for having recorded "very completely and faithfully" (to quote from Roditi's

book) Michelangelo's philosophy of art, we hold in high esteem Paul Gsell's "entretiens" with Rodin, and we believe that Roditi's conversations with fourteen artists will be of considerable interest to any future art historian dealing with the first half of this century. In the United States, a task similar to the one Roditi set himself was performed by Selden Rodman. But Rodman reveals bias against one school of contemporary American artists, and imputes to them immorality, alcoholism, disorderliness and, in general, hatred of humanity, while he unduly idolizes those whose aesthetic tenets he accepts. Roditi, by contrast, has no ax to grind. He appreciates the talent and respects the integrity of those whom he engaged in lengthy talks, and is more eager to extract from them precious autobiographical details or personal comments on a variety of subjects than to be involved in the internecine fights of the major factions.

In many cases, the multilingual Roditi was able to converse with the painters and sculptors in their own native tongue, and several of them he had known intimately for years before the conversations recorded here took place. Only in one instance do we not have a conversation in the strict sense of the term—the "talk" with the late Tchelitchew, based as it is on written answers to written questions, plus memories of earlier conversations, as the artist's sudden death prevented the meeting that had been arranged.

The text of the German edition is not identical with that of the British one. While the wit and wisdom of Chagall, Marini, Morandi, Miró, Koschka, Tchelitchew, Münter and Moore appear in both, the *Dialogues* also feature Hepworth, Paolozzi, Herman and Fahr-el-Nissa Zeid, whereas the *Dialogue* (in a more elegant volume, in a larger format) contains talks with Carrá, Höch, Nay and Zadkine. Even when the same individuals are being interviewed, the German translator has, for reasons of his own, often omitted sentences and even whole paragraphs from the original text. Nor are the photographs of the artists the same in the two books.

Roditi keeps description of an artist's personal appearance or of his studio to a minimum, yet freely calls upon all meetings and associations he has had with his subjects. Altogether he is far less self-effacing than was the overly modest Monseigneur Gsell, and at least in one case most of the talking is done by Roditi himself, while the man he intended to interview—Miró—generally answers the questions with a "Yes" or "No." Roditi is aware of and even amused by this fact, for in a postscript he candidly adds: "As I went through my notes of our talks and prepared the final draft, it occurred to me that he had perhaps been interviewing me."

A reviewer must confine himself to hinting at some of the valuable and stimulating information offered in these books. We learn how Chagall became an artist despite a background in which such a profession did not exist at all. Marini notes how fascinated he was by the fossilized corpses unearthed in Pompeii and remarks: "If the whole earth is destroyed in our atomic age, I feel that the human forms which may survive as mere fossils will have become sculptures similar to mine." Morandi, the "Chardin of Italy," may very well be a recluse living an uneventful life, but he knows and talks well about the art of the past. Koschka gives vent to his anxiety: "The action painters and their friends have established a kind of Reign of Terror in the world of art criticism." Barbara Hepworth has the courage to attack her own compatriots: "We are beginning to be threatened by a certain chauvinism," she observes, adding, "People would love to return to the comfortable English ways of thinking." Tchelitchew does not like to be compared with Dali: "I prefer to believe that my own ambiguities are less arbitrary or fortuitous than those of Dali." The octo-

genarian Gabrielle Münter talks about Kandinsky, to whom she was very close for several years, while Josef Herman pays tribute to his late friend Yankel Adler. Eduardo Paolozzi feels "utterly alien among English sculptors," while Moore seems to feel uncomfortable in an era of abstract art: "Purely abstract sculpture seems to me to be an activity that would be better fulfilled in another art, such as architecture." There is, finally, in the *Dialogues*, Fahr-el-Nissa Zeid, an abstract painter and the first major contemporary painter of the Moslem world; though of Turkish origin and aware of the influence nationality may have had on the development of her art, she considers herself more an Ecole de Paris artist than one belonging to a specifically national school.

In *Dialogue* we meet old Carlo Carrá, who did his best work between 1910 and 1920, and who admits that, in the era of Fascism, to keep out of trouble, he learned to paint in a more conventional way. We meet Hannah Höch, who was a leader of the Berlin Dadaists ("From 1915 onward we already made abstract drawings and water colors") and during the Hitler period the only Dadaist to remain in Germany. Her colleague Ernst Wilhelm Nay, who is much younger, is a color-obsessed abstractionist who emigrated from the Third Reich to Norway and for a time was a guest of the very shy old Munch. Zadkine reveals the impact poetry makes on his own work as a sculptor.

Roditi writes as an erudite world-traveler as much at home in the different ages of art as he is in the famous cafés and studios of all major cities. He is at times aggressive in order to move the person interviewed from an entrenched position of reserve, but he knows how to placate and even to flatter, and the interviews never wind up in a flare of excited emotionalism. He entertains with stories and anecdotes, and does not hesitate to lecture or even to preach to the very person whose voice he has come to hear. As a result, we have here conversations between people on equal footing, and, however much the text may have been edited, one feels oneself at the nearest table, eavesdropping without a bad conscience. In addition to obtaining choice bits of information and wit, one is made aware that artists can be very articulate, well-read individuals with philosophical minds—the very opposite of the stereotypes created by bad movies and worse interviewers.

Alfred Werner

IN PRAISE OF ARCHITECTURE by Gio Ponti. Translated by Giuseppina and Mario Salvadori. F. W. Dodge Corp. \$6.95.

THE Italian bit is Out, said *Esquire* some time ago, and it seems to be true. It started with the Pavoni espresso machine, designed by Gio Ponti, and it has finished, as far as one can see, with the Pirelli Building in Milan, also designed by Gio Ponti. The personification of *gusto milanese*, Ponti has always been the man with his finger poised over the next button to press; his record of products that were one step ahead of the fashion is proof of his leadership in the process of continuous invention on which the exportability of Italian design has depended. But now success has overrun him from behind, and with Fiat, Peugeot and Austin all making cars identically based on his razor-edge prototype of 1953, he has contributed to the dilution of the style's Italian quality at a time when the stock of inventiveness has run out (Italian designers are reported to be plagiarizing Japanese transistor sets).

The rise and collapse of Italian design are, doubtless, due in part to external causes, such as the movements of Anglo-Saxon taste, but they also have internal, purely Italian, reasons—and for

their clarification one turns with natural interest to a book written by Gio Ponti himself. *In Praise of Architecture* was originally published in 1957 under the Italian title of *Amate l'Architettura*, and appears from internal evidence to have been largely written around 1955. It is, inherently, a *chatty* book, a concatenation of short paragraphs that, in spite of their regular grammatical form, come pretty close to stream-of-consciousness at times. It is therefore also a very personal book, with a high autobiographical content even where it is not overt autobiography. This quality of the book is muffled in the English translation, however—not by the translation itself, which will stand direct confrontation with the Italian text paragraph by paragraph, but by certain excisions and omissions, particularly at the end of the book, where in the Italian text Ponti makes a sort of litany or incantation out of the remembered names of friends, contacts and scenes from his travels.

Obviously, such highly personal matters do not interest the general reader (No? Not much!) outside Italy, but they do serve to warn the general reader that this is a very personal book, and will suggest to him that the immediately preceding section, where Ponti insists that Italian architecture must be a Roman Catholic architecture, is a personal statement rather than the enunciation of an historical rule.

This personality-aspect is crucially important: Italian design is made of personalities rather than generalizations. The unique durability of Ponti's success (even Pininfarina has begun to fade, and who remembers Carlo Mollino?) is part of a durability of personality that exhibits itself time and again in the paragraphs and aphorisms of his book. Ponti, like many another successful European intellectual or artist, is a *survivor*, one who has outlived regimes and periods. In every such phase, Ponti has spoken Basic Milanese with a timely eloquence. The *nasty* name for this is "conformism," and Ponti has his strong conformist streak; but conformity does not make for eloquence, nor the ability to sum up a mood or a movement with the clarity and decisiveness with which the Pirelli Building sums up an epoch of postwar commercial adventure.

So too, his writing rarely says much that has not been said about architecture by architects before, nor about Italy by Italians, but his terms of comparison often have a surprisingly long reach—Anatole France you might expect, but John Steinbeck? Campigli, yes (he is a buddy of Ponti's), but Klee?—and his manner of making a point is sharp and economical. As a result he is readable—and immensely quotable. Indeed, one quotation from it is already in circulation: "Wound a Greek God and he will bleed warm blood." And others will soon acquire currency: "Giotto is a painter of statues"; or "When imagining his interiors the architect must hear voices among the walls"; or (on plastics) "To have achieved an artificial material is a triumph of the intellect." All these have a clear destination in the chapter headings and title pages of the architectural books of the next ten years, but is that a fair verdict on the book as a whole? Answer, cautiously: Yes. It is an easy book to fall into or fall out of at any page; you can enter or leave the flow of architectural rumination at any point—acquiring, if not wisdom, then perceptive stimulation and diversion.

And this is a fair analogy of the Italian craze in design, which has given us apt and stylish restatements of known functional solutions, but has contributed nothing fundamentally new. The Olivetti Lettera is only a typewriter, however handsome its styling; the Pirelli Building is only another office block, for all it is the most elegant in the world; Ponti is only an architect—but if I read the book aright he wouldn't take that as an insult, and I don't intend it as one.

Reyner Banham

SCHONEMAN GALLERIES

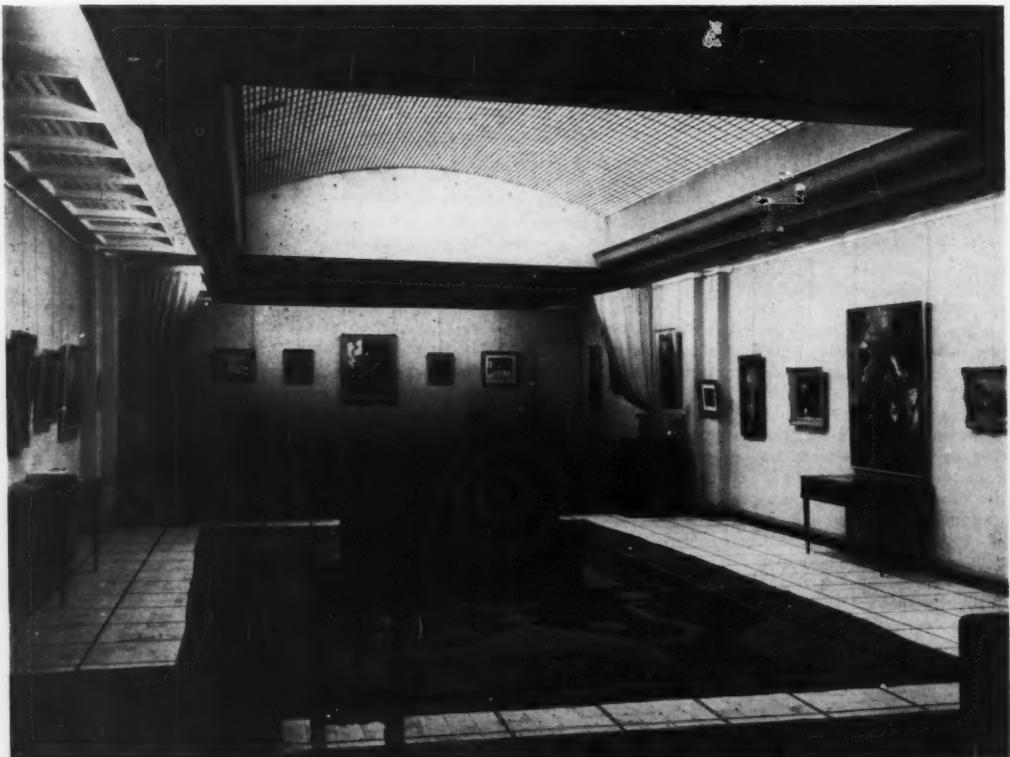
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A stimulating Morisot comprehensive—
countered by a disappointing Rousseau
show . . . an "American Month" . . .

ONE is wary of rash promises, but they are made sometimes in innocence or in that reasonable facsimile, deep forgetfulness. I mentioned, last month, the Rousseau exhibition now at the Galerie Charpentier and my intention to deal with it in some detail. I had meant, really, to take this opportunity to explore, for myself above all, that mysterious figure as I'd never had the chance to do. But I find, after two visits to Charpentier's, that I am no further into the mystery than before, and I think it is their fault, not mine, not even perhaps Rousseau's. We need these large shows, but only if they reveal and cohere; otherwise they serve only to confuse. The Modigliani exhibition of two years ago was a particularly extreme case of this; one emerged stupefied by an image of a mediocre painter. The feeling of outrage and scandal was general. This time there are simply not enough of the central works to give the show a structure and continuity other than chronological; I don't speak of quality. Every period is represented, but there is too much waste-matter, not enough significant material, and Rousseau's failures or mistakes cannot have the same interest as those of Cézanne or most other major painters, for they lack that singular dimension of risk consciously assumed. Perhaps that is what we mean by primitivism.

We are also having a large Berthe Morisot exhibition, one of those appetizing affairs which captivate and interest the eye, stimulate the imagination, set one's historical sense vibrating. The Jacquemart-André Museum usually takes some pains to do these things in an evocative kind of

way: there is some atmosphere of ceremony and respect for historical context, never very serious, more symbolic than real, a matter of a few photographs and relics. This time, however, it is all unnecessary: the work is so overwhelmingly evocative, so conducive to piety. One could be unnerved, irritated, by all that separates one's eye from the painted surface, the associations and interrelations of an age, a movement, a milieu, a dynasty. The pictures, together with the four Manet portraits of Morisot, are so many madeleines dipped in the tea of memory and illusion. It takes patience, a kind of rigid self-control, and, I suppose, an act of violence, to get to the paintings themselves—if they can be said to exist merely in themselves. Let me simply say that it takes time and much effort to reach Berthe Morisot, to see her in her particularity, in her specific relationship to her time and her milieu, to Impressionism, in short.

I am aware that New York has recently had an exhibition of a size and importance which rivals this, so that I shall limit my observations to what I consider barely essential. I was struck by two things: a peculiar inability, even in the most captivating canvases, to relate volumes coherently and on a large scale in deep space, and another, corollary, characteristic, a particularly radical and startling conception of composition in terms of direction on the canvas surface. Aside from and beyond these two characteristics there are limits and delights in abundance, but of a less personal quality.

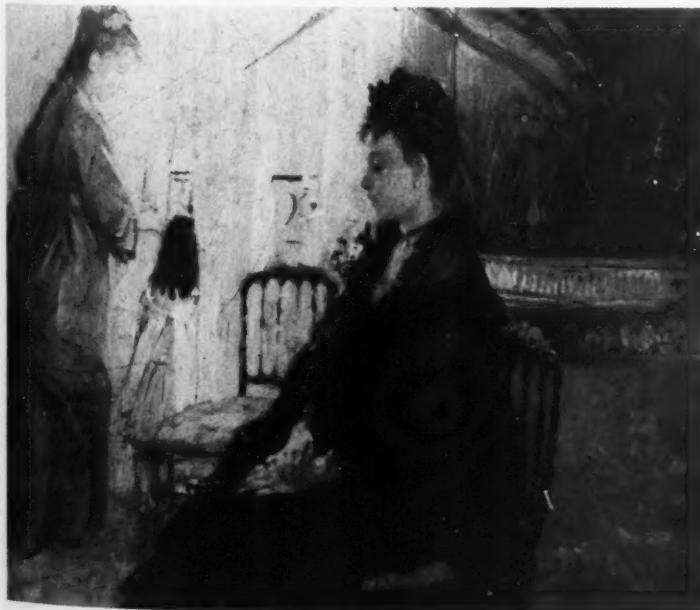
The limitation which I have very briefly defined seems to stem from the influence of her teachers (Corot, among others), which impelled her to a rather ambitious conception of composition in terms of classical landscape painting, this in opposition to her own natural gift—stimulated by contact with Manet—for the creation of a rich and intense surface organization. Corot at war with Manet: I would not define her painting entirely in this way, but indicate, rather, one of those tensions which articulate and personalize all the brilliance, virtuosity and charm which were, after all, those of an entire period, milieu and school.

These two qualities are abundantly illustrated in the exhibition, in certain early landscapes influenced by Corot and even more so in the *Two Women and Child* of 1872. This painting betrays a hesitancy, an unsureness, a precariousness about the spatial relations obtaining between the figured elements: the relationship in space between the two chairs, that of the woman-in-chair to the plants and wall section of the upper right-hand corner, that of the standing woman to the rest of the room. The result is an exquisite failure, rather like certain dishes—a sweet soufflé, let us say, which, though it has fallen, still tastes fine because of the ineradicable deliciousness of its ingredients.

Now for the other, corollary quality, the better one. The crucial painting in this show, the most distinctive and advanced, seemed to me *Woman and Child in the Grass*, painted in 1882 and now in the collection of Miss Margaret Davies. It is, unfortunately, one of the few of the hundred-odd items which were not considered important enough to photograph, so that I am reduced to describing it, or rather what it does. It shows a renunciation or loss of interest in the space of the 1872 canvas, and it gives us a scene—objects, people or elements, if you like, which are figured, defined, related and opposed to each other entirely by brush movement, by fields of color-force, with no shadow of outline and the minimum hint or implication of mass or volume. Mother, child, grass are conflicting or relating directions composing the surface. This is a radical painting and an entirely successful one, one of the really fine paintings of its style or school, one in which Impressionism achieves a plenitude and reaches beyond itself into the future.

There are problems raised by this show. Why are the drawings and water colors so feeble? Why should the apparent influence of Renoir have been so strong and debilitating in the late period? But the problems are precisely part of the merit of the show, whereas the Charpentier affair frustratingly leaves everything as it was before.

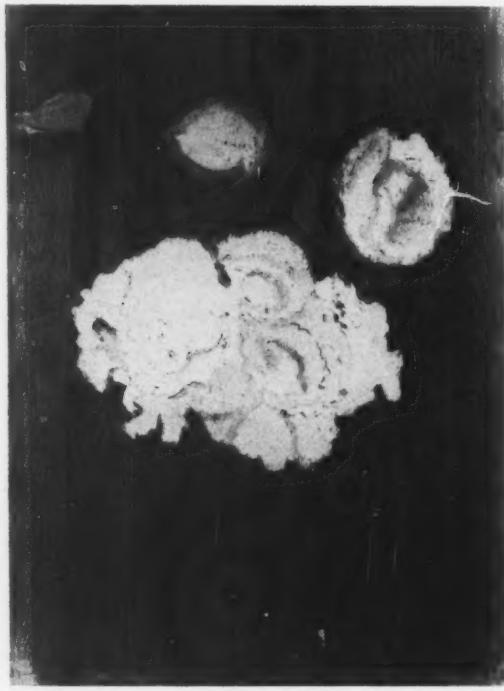
APART from these two major events, apart from



Berthe Morisot, *Two Women and Child* (1872);
at Jacquemart-André Museum.



Manoucher Yektai, *Concierge* (1960);
at American Cultural Center.



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PARIS

the exhibition of Spanish religious imagery at the Salle Gaveau, the opening of the Kandinsky room at the Musée de l'Art Moderne and the Wotruba exhibition at Claude Bernard's, this has been largely "American Month" in Paris. We have been having a triple exhibition at the Cultural Center on the Rue du Dragon (sculpture by Metcalf and Diska and paintings by Yekta), Ilse Getz's paintings and objects at Iris Clert's, Morris Louis at the Galerie Neuville, Robert Munford at Lara Vincy's and Paul Jenkins' *Phenomena* at Karl Flinker's. They all create a curious impression, mitigating, I should think, that image or myth of the irrepressibly Dionysian vitality and dynamism of American art, for with two exceptions (and irrespective of their refinement), the efforts and ambitions seem of such modesty as practically to evade or defy criticism.

I suppose we ought to consider Mr. Jenkins' show to begin with, as it has been mounted with a good deal of care, assuming, indeed, the character of an event rather than a mere exhibition. The very handsome catalogue has a preface by, of all people, James Jones, who has a somewhat surprisingly inoffensive way of telling us he doesn't know anything about painting but knows he likes Jenkins, and a volume published for the occasion by the Two Cities Press includes brief texts by James Fitzsimmons and Kenneth Sawyer and a slightly longer one by Pierre Restany. Mr. Fitzsimmons' and Mr. Sawyer's remarks are, I feel, negligible in their cordiality and their extremely tangential relation to the visual material in question. Restany's conception of criticism is always rather special one, involving the use of language as a provocative screen or barrier, and his style is that curiously anonymous one of the *lascié en philosophie* tempted by the vocabulary of the "exact" sciences. Here is an example: "For the classical notion of universal duration, accepted ever since Leibnitz, Jenkins tends to substitute the inward history of his painting, the duration of his pictorial gesture transmuted into an interior state of the painter. We enter into a universe where the creator affects at each moment and at each element his coefficient of specific speed: each parameter of this microcosmic formula, though liable to be identified, remains nevertheless linked to the whole and subject to all variations endured by this whole: it is individually necessary but only partly sufficient. This is why this ceaseless breathing of things develops as a coherent compound with a unitary rhythm."

Yet Restany has a point, later on, about Jenkins' attempt at composition through light. I find it, however, a questionable notion at best. Neither the Venetians alluded to by Sawyer nor the Spanish luminists mentioned by Restany ever worked or conceived of such a thing; it is both a literal impossibility and a degraded form of the illusionist fallacy, as inadequate a notion for our time or any other as that of photographic realism—and of the same order: the poorest substitute for the Color Organ, of the kind used here by Nicholas Schoeffer and patented in more than one country by various inventors. Indeed, Jenkins' paintings often resemble nothing so much as technically excellent "stills" of performances on that instrument, entirely animated, like the instrument, by a dialectic of chance and taste. I might at this point mention—though I suppose it is common knowledge in New York, where Mr. Jenkins is very well known indeed—that the technique used in this particular series of canvases involves color applied neither by brush nor hand, but through the manipulation of the surface upon which the fluid is allowed to rest, roll, spread, blot. "Like playing a pinball machine," I thought, when I first learned this, but learned, too, a second later, that Michel Conil-Lacoste had already taken the words out of my mouth, and in print. I feel differently from M. Conil-Lacoste about it, however: the stakes in that sort of game

are not real. Well, Mr. Jenkins plays neatly, managing even to convert his misses into relatively tasteful ones. The taste is not mine, however, and the dialectic of chance and taste do not provoke real criticism.

Now for the trio at the Cultural Center. We may, I think, quickly pass by Miss Diska's sculpture for the moment. She polishes her marble carefully—rather like Signori. Her vocabulary is simply too limited to elicit anything other than one's courtesy and patience. When she has developed a larger one, then we shall pay attention. Mr. Metcalf has, I see, been very justly reviewed in a recent number of ARTS [March]. Yekta is showing still lifes and portraits, including one of Mr. Jenkins. He is far and away the most ambitious and clever artist in this entire American constellation, and tricky as hell, but seriously involved in a brilliant attempt to reconcile the aesthetic of the "*oeuvre*" with that of the "action," to make the paint speak for the figure, for itself, and for the "act" or "gesture." His painting is composed of a multiplicity of strata and intentions, aesthetic and historical, each portrait rather like a discourse on the history and possibilities of the genre, which begins by saying, "Here we are, and where do we go now?" He takes up, let us say, where Morisot left off, and he omits nothing, the valid and the spurious, the ambitious and the trivial; there is a touch of Sargent, perhaps even of Bonnat, in him, but one has only to look at his still lifes to see that he is more serious than provocative.

As for Mr. Munford's work, nothing could be more graceful or low-pressure, not to say trivial. He uses the scrawl and doodle with wit, rows of rapidly written numbers or letters, his own fingerprints or whole herds of tiny, quickly sketched elephants with the systematic and casual ease of a decorator. The doodle is then stiffened into a fragile structure, endowed with a minimum of tension by an imposed relationship to a lightly sketched frame, often of a vaguely architectural character. Our pleasure is slight and fugitive, rather like a response to a mild joke well told, but it is real, uninhibited by distrust or hostility, for he seems to solicit nothing more than the amused glance.

I come now to Miss Getz's pictures, or to those works which lie nearest the borderline of the picture, for she is also showing boxes, somewhat in the manner of Joseph Cornell, and the exhibition is entitled "Windows." The formats are small, the surfaces heavily painted, involving almost invariably a minimal, rectangularly determined composition, modified and enriched by the playful application of extraneous elements—fragments of combs, small fans, painted over and integrated, more or less, into the surface of the canvas. I find, looking at these pictures, that I am, at least half the time, engaged in reconstructing the working process, engaged in dissociating the arbitrary from the necessary, the substructure from the texture; it is a bit exhausting by the time you get around to seeing the picture as a whole. I have been reading the surface for Miss Getz's exact intentions, approving her taste, not experiencing the picture. Time passes and the tiny spots of black which animate the large and general geometry of her surfaces strike one as "good ideas," but somewhat as afterthoughts: one wishes for a moment of synthesis, of simultaneity. Miss Getz has tact, taste and modesty. One would like to see her work with less prudence, and I think, above all, that she has gone as far as she possibly can in her present direction. These two remarks are, of course, applicable to ninety-five per cent or so of painters today, in America as well as here. It is good that Paris see these proofs of prudence; they should modify a somewhat willfully apocalyptic vision of American art.

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The Whitney, Bührle and Thyssen collections . . . a Landseer revival . . . two Nash exhibitions . . .

This year in London we're having the unique opportunity of seeing paintings from three of the world's greatest private collections. The year began with Ambassador Whitney's pictures at the Tate Gallery, and it will end with another exhibition of similar scope, for Douglas Cooper has selected about eighty nineteenth-century French paintings from the late Emil Bührle's collection for the 1961 Edinburgh Festival, and these are subsequently to be shown at the National Gallery. The gallery is currently housing 120 pictures from the Thyssen-Bornemisza collection, exhibited under the title "Van Eyck to Tiepolo."

The place itself is unusual, for the National Gallery doesn't normally have loan exhibitions. It just happens that this year another group of rooms has been reopened with air conditioning, and this has given the gallery a certain freedom of action while it proceeds with the rehanging of the entire collection. As this is done during the year, we shall be increasingly aware not only of the magnificence of some of the pictures that have hitherto been dimly visible under glass (e.g., the Venetians), but also of the British gallery's distinction among all the National Galleries of the world of having the almost perfectly balanced collection of great paintings.

I say "almost perfectly balanced" with design, because in two respects the National Gallery's collection leaves much to be desired—in the representation of the German School and of French nineteenth-century painting. It cannot be entirely accidental that the two collections which Sir Philip Hendy has invited to his gallery this year—Thyssen and Bührle—are respectively strongest in these particular schools. Furthermore, many of their pictures which would take a natural place on the National Gallery's walls were in fact bought in London during the last twenty years.

The large first room of the Thyssen exhibition, for example, houses Cranach's delectable *Nymph by a Spring*, Dürer's Italianate *Jesus among the*

Doctors, Altdorfer's unique female portrait, Huber's *Adoration of the Kings* and the only surviving Holbein painting of King Henry VIII. Elsewhere in this room are a group of International Gothic paintings, mostly German, but including a large panel of the *St. Johns with a Donor* which has usually been considered Catalan (Post attributed to the Peñafiel Master) or even Bohemian, but is now being ascribed (by Hanns Swarzenski) to the English School of c. 1400.

The second room is dominated by seventeenth-century paintings: Caravaggio's *Catherine of Alexandria*, work by Rubens, Van Dyck and Ruisdael, and an enormous Hals family group with handling in part remarkably like the early Manet. The smallest pictures in the collection, Van Eyck's *Annunciation* among them, are hung in a little side gallery, and then in the third and largest are the Italian pictures of the High Renaissance (Carpaccio's full-length portrait of a knight, Titian's very late *St. Jerome*, the *Risen Christ* attributed to Bramante) and of the Venetian eighteenth-century (Tiepolo's *Death of Hyacinth*), together with several El Grecos and some French eighteenth-century pictures. The exhibition is called "Van Eyck to Tiepolo," but the time span runs on to Guardi, Fragonard and even Goya, whose head of the blind guitarist Tio Paquete is one of the most remarkable works in the collection.

Any review of an exhibition of this kind ends up as a list with comments, and the same would be true if I tried to write about Mr. Whitney's pictures, which about 120,000 people saw at the Tate in January. These are probably more familiar to American gallery-goers than the Thyssen paintings, which are rarely lent, though they can be seen at the Villa Favorita near Lugano in Switzerland, on certain days during the summer months.

The tremendous popularity of Mr. Whitney's collection was not surprising. Not only did it contain masterpieces by Renoir, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Seurat, Lautrec, Picasso, Matisse, Derain, etc., but they were all precisely the kind of picture which the big exhibition public would most like to possess—and probably does in reproduction. Of course I share in this envy, and this is no doubt why I found myself feeling some resentment that such works of art should be in private possession at all. Poetry and music are easily available to everyone, and yet much painting and sculpture is totally inaccessible. Does wealth entitle one to their possession? Is not the private collecting of art a kind of greed?

I would except the collector who turns to a

field neglected by galleries and public alike, as for example Denis Mahon's exploration of Bolognese painting, and of course the collector of contemporary art, who plays the quite different (and essential) role of the patron. One can also sympathize with the passionate collector—the man with a strongly defined personal taste which shows through everything he acquires, like Oscar Reinhardt in Winterthur and Count Seilern here in London. By comparison both Baron Thyssen and Mr. Whitney seemed to me to be faceless collectors with no strong preferences except perhaps for clarity in one case and color in the other (and overcleaning in both). A private collection does not need to have the kind of representative quality that one rightly expects from a museum, and if collecting pictures becomes even more of a status symbol among millionaires one can only feel gloomy at the prospect.

It is perhaps quite improper for me to say this in a country where in the past art collecting was pursued on a grand and ruthless scale, with results that can still be seen in any one of scores of country houses scattered all over the British Isles. But these are fast all becoming either empty or else provincial museums in all but name, and furthermore their treasures get a regular showing at such London exhibitions as those at the Royal Academy devoted to old-master painting.

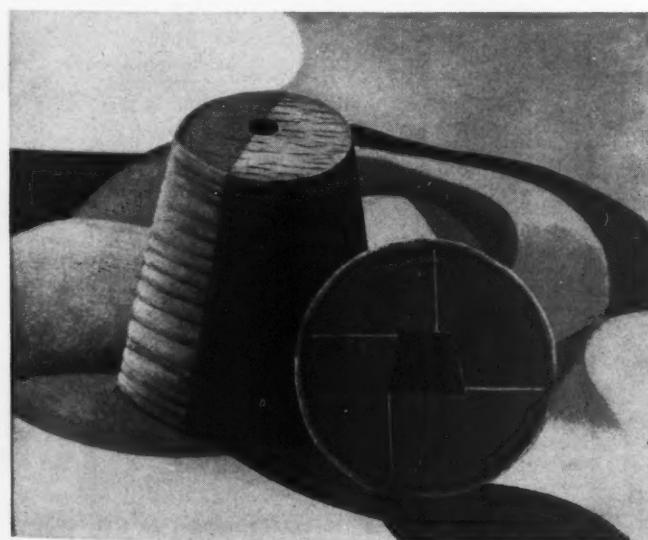
THIS year's Academy winter exhibition celebrated the tercentenary of the Restoration, and was devoted to the Age of Charles II. Though capably organized by Oliver Millar, it was something of a disappointment, for the simple reason that the concentration was on painting, which was, in England between 1660 and 1688, particularly uninspired. Apart from Samuel Cooper's miniatures, the only really memorable picture in the exhibition was Simon Verelst's portrait of Nell Gwynn, and this for reasons other than purely artistic (cleaning the picture recently had removed the clothes from the sitter's body). I was astonished that no attempt was made at a spectacular photographic presentation of the architecture of the period, for the age of Charles II was above all the age of Wren.

The Royal Academy is also arranging one-man shows of its former members, and this year it was the turn of Sir Edwin Landseer. Though he was spectacularly successful in his lifetime, Landseer's reputation slumped heavily after his death in 1873, but the "sculptor" of the lions below Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square and of a number of widely reproduced popular works like the *Monarch of the Glen* and the dog pictures (which grimly foreshadow Disney's humanizing of animals) could never be forgotten.

At the moment, however, an attempt is being made to rehabilitate Landseer as a serious painter, not so much for his big machines (that would be impossible) as for the small, fresh landscapes and still-life sketches, most of which he, like Menzel, kept in his studio until his death. Prices of these in the salerooms have multiplied tenfold in as many years (this makes Landseer a better investment than the Impressionists!), and several collectors are in the field, including Henry P. McIlhenny.

The culmination of this Landseer revival has come with this exhibition, which was selected by John Woodward, of the Birmingham Art Gallery, Derek Hill, the painter, and Humphrey Brooke, the Secretary of the Royal Academy. It might have been expressly designed to prove that the Academy wasn't so stupid in making Landseer its youngest member ever, and offering him the presidency (which he declined) in 1865.

His was certainly a precocious talent, and one is not altogether surprised to learn that his very early work (he was born in 1802) won the admiration of his French contemporaries. Géricault liked Landseer's naturalism, and Delacroix his



Paul Nash, *Mineral Objects* (c. 1935);
at the Redfern Gallery.

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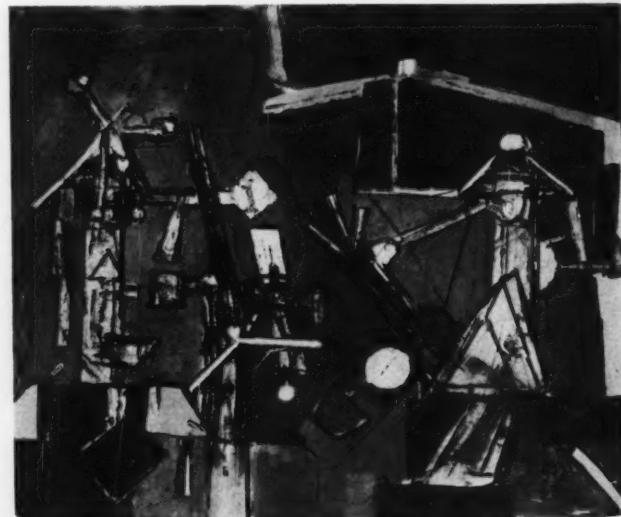
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LONDON



Sir Edwin Landseer, *Windsor Castle in Modern Times* (1840-45);
at Royal Academy; by gracious permission of Her Majesty the Queen.

handling and color, for the simple reason that it was partly based on Rubens, as Delacroix's own work was, and partly an amalgam of the more progressive British painters of the day, e.g., Ward and Wilkie. But I can't accept the suggestion that Delacroix influenced Landseer: there is no evidence for it whatever, and Landseer was, I believe, too superficial a painter ever to have noticed Delacroix's quality.

Apart from great natural facility—this also comes out in his anatomical and caricature drawings—I could see little else in Landseer. He was ambitious, adept at pleasing people, and won the favors of Queen Victoria and, in a more intimate but somewhat mysterious way, of the Duchess of Bedford. Around 1840 he completely changed his style, probably to please the Prince Consort, whose German tastes inclined to a very dry, highly finished way of painting. Landseer's work for his royal patrons has a rather charming, almost naïve quality, as in *Windsor Castle in Modern Times*, of which the Queen wrote, "It is a very beautiful picture, and altogether very cheerful and pleasing."

And yet on the floor are strewn the dead game birds, with one of which the little Princess Royal is playing. It is this streak of cruelty that today disturbs one about Landseer. There is a lot of crimson blood around—otters with fish, hounds with deer, the monkey torturing a cat—the cruel strain keeps reappearing. It was no doubt unconscious, and not remarked upon by the society which idolized him, and of course it invites a Freudian interpretation of a man who died insane and an alcoholic.

FROM Landseer to Paul Nash is a far cry, but Nash is another painter whose reputation hangs in the balance. When he died aged fifty-seven in 1946 he was widely regarded as the outstanding English painter of his generation, but his work has been little seen or talked about since then. Now, simultaneously, we have Nash exhibitions at both the Redfern Gallery and the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Nash was an English Romantic in the succession of Blake and Rossetti, who was his idol as a

young man. But having outgrown Pre-Raphaelitism—his experiences on the Western Front were decisive here—Nash had to choose between following the English landscape water-colorists, with whom he was temperamentally strongly in sympathy, or the new developments in painting abroad, which attracted him intellectually.

It was never easy to reconcile English landscape with modern art, though two of Nash's slightly younger contemporaries, Ben Nicholson and Ivon Hitchens, succeeded in very different ways. Nash himself produced some remarkable pictures under the influence of Cézanne and the Cubists in the twenties, and his interest in design and geometry brought him at one time very close to abstract painting. This is evident in the *Rotary Composition* of 1935 (which looks even a little Precisionist to me), but the picture also has the dreamlike quality that Nash could never lose in his work. It was this natural fantasy that led him to Chirico and later into association with the Surrealists.

Contact with Surrealism was a liberation for Nash, meaning in his own words, "the release of imprisoned thoughts, of poetry and fantasy." His essential concern was always for pictorial symbolism—it was part of his inheritance from Rossetti—and this fitted in with the Surrealist aesthetic. Nash could go back to his beginnings, continue to use landscape for inspiration, and remain entirely up-to-date. He began to draw from natural objects, but isolated and in a dream landscape. In 1937 he wrote that his interest was "to contemplate the personal beauty of stone and leaf, bark and shell, and to exalt them to be the principals of imaginary happenings."

This is what we see in the paintings of the last decade of his life, especially in the very beautiful water colors, because (like Sutherland, who owes him much) Nash was rarely at ease when working in oils. His work remains alive today because of the rich and obsessional quality of his symbolism, a symbolism obviously sexual in derivation—sometimes even to the point of embarrassment in the spectator. How far Nash himself realized this I do not know: it is one of the forbidden subjects of English painting.

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NATIONWIDE EXHIBITIONS

LOS ANGELES: A SPATE OF FINE SHOWS

The leading art events in Los Angeles in recent months have been the Art Nouveau and Modigliani exhibitions at the County Museum and the German and French shows at the UCLA Art Galleries. The French Masters exhibition at the university includes paintings, drawings and even costumes, and ranges from Rococo to Romanticism. It is a very impressive gathering of many of the greatest eighteenth-and nineteenth-century French painters: Chardin, Fragonard, Ingres, Géricault, Corot, etc. At the County Museum the portraits and figure studies of Modigliani give great pleasure to everyone, and one really marvels at the way a painter with a most idiosyncratic style succeeded in avoiding monotony through the delicacy of response to his subjects.

The paintings of Morris Broderson (at the Akrium Gallery) are figure compositions in a soft line-and-wash style that harmonizes archaic drawing and post-Cubist space-manipulation of the sort that Rico Lebrun has taken from Picasso and passed on to his disciples in Southern California. Broderson's manner of hollowing a bulbous mass with a balloon of shadow is effectively combined with a Surreal use of multiple-image simultaneity to produce a statement two parts spooky and two parts Charlie Brown stoical. Too often Broderson gives a conventionalized and

cartoonish reductiveness of form to his figures, and I find their blank expressions and inert postures dispiriting. But this young artist is one of the most gifted of the "school of Lebrun" and perhaps will one day find his way out of the formulas that now seem to dominate his work.

Clinton Adams shows himself an able technician and a skillful designer in his recent work at the Felix Landau Gallery. Working with worn-edged rectangular forms composed in a cut-and-paste syntax, Adams produces a very tasteful product, whether painting, collage or lithograph. His abstract imagery, sometimes related to landscape, elsewhere suggestive of the face of a television set, is enriched with a sort of *trompe-l'oeil* texture, like that of mottled stone or dried barnacles. His color is rich, solemn and well controlled.

The Ferus Gallery is showing the early pre-abstract paintings of Hassel Smith concurrent with the Pasadena Museum's exhibition of Smith's work since 1948. In the forties Smith was a first-rate satirical Expressionist. A favorite subject was tavern low life painted with tough humor and a powerful feeling for the grotesque rhythms and richly colorful extravagance of blatant vulgarity. Between these vigorously painted burlesques and anything comparable by Levine or Shahn, I believe I would choose Smith.

Charles S. Kessler

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ART-HISTORICAL CONFERENCES

THE twentieth International Congress of the History of Art will be held in New York City September 7 to 12. Twelve sessions on European and American art from the Middle Ages to 1900 have been planned. The chairmen of the sessions have individually planned their meetings and chosen their speakers, as well as the participants in small invitational seminars following the lectures.

The twelve sessions include: "L'An Mille"; "Transition from Romanesque to Gothic"; "Late Medieval Italian Sculpture"; "Italian Art from 1420-1430"; "The Renaissance and Antiquity"; "Recent Concepts of Mannerism"; "Baroque and Antiquity"; "Drawing in the Seventeenth Century"; "Metropolitan Schools in Latin American Archaeology and Colonial Art"; "The Reaction against Impressionism in the 1880's—Its Nature and Causes"; "The Aesthetic and Historical Aspects of the Presentation of Damaged Pictures"; and "Frank Lloyd Wright and Architecture around 1900."

Among the speakers in these sessions will be Carl Nordenfalk, Meyer Schapiro, Millard Meiss, John Pope-Hennessy, André Chastel, Ernst Gombrich, Richard Krautheimer, Anthony Blunt, Wolfgang Stechow, Rudolf Wittkower, Julius S. Held, George Kubler, Robert Goldwater, Fritz Novotny, Philip Hendy, Jean Adhemar, Vincent Scully, Jr. Historians of art are invited to all the lectures, to the plenary session on September 12 with Kenneth Clark and Erwin Panofsky as speakers, and to the reception that evening at the Guggenheim Museum.

More complete information may be obtained by writing to the Executive Secretary of the Congress, Mrs. J. S. Rubin, Institute of Fine Arts, 1 East 78th Street, New York 21, New York.

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Hacha, Tajin Culture (c. 600 A.D.).

Pre-Columbian Art at the Heye Foundation

In New York, the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, has just opened to the public its completely remodeled Williams Hall of Middle American Archaeology, presenting highlights of the civilizations which flourished from northern Mexico to southern Panama for three thousand years before the coming of the Spaniards. The objects on exhibit have been selected entirely from the museum's Pre-Columbian collection, which, from the point of view of archaeological coverage, is the largest assemblage of its kind in the world. Notable are the massive Aztec sculptures, the Zapotec bat deities, classic Mayan heads and Tlatilco figurines, as well as funerary urns from Costa Rica and polychrome pottery from Panama.

The Discovery of Aztec Art

After four centuries, the translation of Sahagún's manuscripts provides us with the Aztecs' own declarations on art.

BY I. A. LANGNAS

THE Grand Plaza of Tenochtitlán, a marvel far greater than the Acropolis of Athens, was destroyed by the barbarians." Thus Alfonso Caso, perhaps the greatest living authority on the Aztecs, speaking with considerable, though excusable, exaggeration. He was addressing his fellow Mexicans at the Colegio Nacional of Mexico City, the modern Tenochtitlán, in 1960, the year in which the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his country's independence and the fiftieth of its revolution were celebrated. Nor was the occasion unmarked by some—unconscious—irony, for Dr. Caso is of purely Spanish descent. He has gone a long way from Hernán Cortés, who gave strict orders that not a stone of the Aztec capital should be left standing after its dearly paid conquest.

The orders of Cortés were duly carried out. The Colegio Nacional is within a stone's throw of the Zócalo, the modern Grand Plaza. At its northeast corner, opposite the Cathedral, some foundations of the Temple of Huitzilopochtli were recently discovered and opened to public view. This is all that has been preserved of the Aztec capital. But in a little museum overlooking the ruins, a large-scale model of the Aztec Acropolis by the engineer and archaeologist Ignacio Marquina is on view, so that the visitor can make up his own mind about Dr. Caso's comparison.

Cortés drew up the plans of his new capital with his own hand. Its architecture was to be purely Spanish; it remained so until well into the nineteenth century. Indian art was banished from it, except for such indirect influence as could manifest itself through the use of the local volcanic stone and of the inherited skill of native craftsmen.

But all Spaniards did not feel the way Cortés did. One of them was Bishop Las Casas, a Dominican who defended the rights of Indians with a truly Franciscan zeal and enthusiasm. Another was a Franciscan, Bernardino de Sahagún, who set about compiling, as would a Dominican, an encyclopedia of every aspect of Indian life. What he was after was no less than a kind of *summa* of Aztec civilization, or, as he himself put it, "twelve books on the things divine—or, rather idolatrous—human and natural of this country of New Spain."

Sahagún had a sixteenth-century mind; but he used twentieth-century methods. He drew up a lengthy questionnaire and presented it to Indians. He recorded their answers; but to be quite sure of them, he conducted his experiment three times, with three different sets of informants. Art was, of course, one of the prime subjects of his inquiry; it was also a means by which he carried out his enterprise, for "all the things that we record here were given to me through pictures, which is the writing that they formerly used." These pictures were then transcribed, and Sahagún thus acquired several hundreds of folio sheets of information.

But upon the small monastery of Irolo, where he was working, fell the long shadow of the giant Escorial. Philip II was told of Sahagún's enterprise and found it subversive. He decided that it was "not conducive to the glory of God nor to

mine that things be written about the superstitions and manner of life of these Indians." Sahagún was told to drop his work and to send everything he had collected to Spain. He could not but comply with the royal order, and his manuscripts were put to molder away in the royal libraries. All that Sahagún was able to save from the debacle was a Spanish digest, in a mere four volumes. Even this was to remain unpublished until 1829-30, when the writ of Philip's successors had at last ceased to rule in New Spain.

BY THE seventeenth century, Spanish rule in Mexico was so firmly established that a gentleman could be permitted to indulge in his taste for Indian art. Carlos de Sigüenza y Góngora was a distinguished scholar as well as a gentleman; but his interest in the collection of Aztec art that he gathered was purely antiquarian and therefore safe. But when his contemporary, the nun Juana Inés of the Cross, who was the greatest woman poet of the Americas, started to write in defense of the Indians and to compose verses in Náhuatl, the Aztec language, she was mercilessly silenced.

Antiquarianism was soon reinforced by archaeology. The excavations at Pompeii created in Europe a vogue for archaeology which, though perhaps not as widespread as among the readers of Mr. Ceram's books, was not a whit less enthusiastic. By the turn of the century the enthusiasm had crossed the Atlantic. The great Aztec Calendar Stone, which now occupies the place of honor in the National Museum, was dug out in 1796. Excavations in the Valley of Mexico uncovered the pyramids of Xochicalco. Much was written about these finds, but little that was pertinent. It was mostly inspired by a vague but violent anti-Spanish sentiment that was soon to burst out into open rebellion.

Among the men who fanned that sentiment was a remarkable group of Jesuits who, with the rest of the Company, were expelled from Mexico by Charles III and found a refuge in Italy. There, moved by the sight of the great monuments of classical antiquity and by a hopeless yearning for their native land, two of them made the first serious analysis of ancient Mexican art. Not surprisingly, being men of different temperament, they reached basically different conclusions.

Father Clavijero, primarily a historian, wrote that "the sculpture of the Indians is an innocent art." The word "innocent" is not to be understood in any moral sense. No visitor to the National Museum would call "innocent" the statue of the goddess of Coatlicue or the sacrificial altar of King Ahuizotl. Rather, "innocent" meant to Clavijero what *naïve*—as opposed to *sentimental*—meant to Schiller. Indian art was to him a product of the heart rather than of the mind, of man still unspoiled by civilization. It was, in our own art jargon, "primitive art." Father Pedro José Marques, concerned with aesthetics rather than with history, felt differently. Indian art was, for him, a classical art, like the art of ancient Rome, Greece and Egypt.

The Mexican Jesuits were a little bit more fortunate than Sahagún; their writings were not suppressed. But in the course of the last century their cherished Aztec art was all but forgotten—the Mexicans had other things to worry about. Even the great revival of Indianism that made Benito Juárez the first Indian president of Mexico hardly paid any attention to art. Then came the long years of the Diaz dictatorship, when everything European was exalted and everything Indian was despised—strangely enough, under the rule of a president who was an almost pure Mixtec Indian.

IT WAS only the Mexican Revolution, which started in 1910 and—at least officially—still continues, that finally brought Aztec art into its own. Its attack was fivefold: artistic, archaeological, anthropological, art-historical and historical.

Little need be said of the artistic approach, for, contrary to the accepted view, the great artistic revival of the Revolution has had very little to do with Indian art. Possibly the reason is that its three greatest exponents, Rivera, Orozco and Siqueiros, were not Indians (Rivera had some slight Indian blood; the other two, none). Nor did they grow up in any intimate contact with the Indian artistic monuments—which do not abound in their respective regions—and they learned their art from the academies, from reproductions and from life. Siqueiros asked for imitation of old Indian art in a manifesto he published in Barcelona in 1921; he painted, in the Preparatoria, a few mask-like Indian heads in what he thought to be Indian style. But that was forty years ago, and that was all. Rivera boasted that, in his murals, he had put the Indian *huarache* (sandal) at the level of the European spectator's eye. But the only example of serious Indian artistic influence in his work is the sequence of underwater frescoes which he painted late in life in the Lerma waterworks. The pastel shades and the manner in which his figures float freely in pictorial space are reminiscent of the so-called "Terrestrial Paradise" paintings found in Teotihuacán. Orozco, though he, like the other two, often painted Indians, shows no Indian artistic influence that I can discern.

More fruitful proved the approach of Manuel Gamio, who was both an archaeologist and an anthropologist. It was he who discovered the great temple of Quetzalcoatl at Teotihuacán, now reduced to the status of a major tourist attraction. But he was also a pupil of Franz Boas, and could look at Mexican art from the point of view of the comparative anthropologist. It was he who first posed the vital question: Can we judge Aztec art by our own artistic standards, based as these are upon the classical art of Greece and Rome? To answer his own question, he conducted an experiment in the best tradition of Sahagún.

He gathered at his home a number of cultivated people, well acquainted with Western art but unfamiliar with that of ancient Mexico. He presented them with two sets of works of art. The first included the well-known head of the "Eagle Knight," monumental though only life-sized; the head of a dead Aztec that might have been based on a death mask; and a charming *chapulin* (grasshopper) in red carnelite. The second consisted of a colossal and terrifying head of the god Coyolxauhqui; a weird figure with the body of a baby and the head of a bird peeping out of a baroque canopy; and a coiled feathered snake about to strike. The consensus of opinion was that the first set represented genuine works of art, and the second did not.

The reason is obvious to anyone who looks at the pieces in question or their reproductions. The first set could be considered beautiful by the Western canon of beauty and produce enthusiasm and admiration; the second could not possibly be so classified, and the feelings it evoked were most likely terror, shock and disgust. Dr. Gamio concluded from his experiment that ancient Mexican art, like all non-Western art, should not be

judged by Western aesthetic standards, but by its own standards.

But what are these standards? Here the art historians chipped in. Justino Fernandez wrote *Coatlue*, a treatise on Aztec aesthetics. Salvador Toscano wrote another such study. Paul Westheim, a pupil of Wilhelm Worringer and long resident in Mexico, wrote several books on old Mexican art in which he applied the canons of stylistic analysis developed by his master.

BUT all these books were marred by a fundamental flaw. They all outlined what Western observers thought to be the standards of Mexican art. True, they were sympathetic observers; but sympathy, and even empathy, is no substitute for the kind of evidence that comes straight from the horse's mouth.

This evidence, strangely enough, has existed for over four hundred years, but nobody knew about it—until the historians proper took a hand, making a final and all-important contribution. Sahagún's manuscripts were, fortunately, not destroyed: they were merely buried in Spanish archives. In 1905 the erudite Mexican historian Francisco del Paso y Troncoso discovered them and published a facsimile edition. They were now available to any art historian who could read them in their original Nahuatl. No one bothered to look at them for fifty years.

At last came someone who robbed the art historians of their last excuse for ignorance: Miguel León-Portilla, who succeeded Dr. Gamio as head of the Inter-American Indian Institute. In his *Seven Essays on Nahua Culture*, published by the University of Mexico in 1958, he offered Spanish translations of three poems in Nahuatl which Sahagún had obtained from his Aztec informers. They deal, respectively, with the artist, the painter and the potter. Translated into English prose, they read:

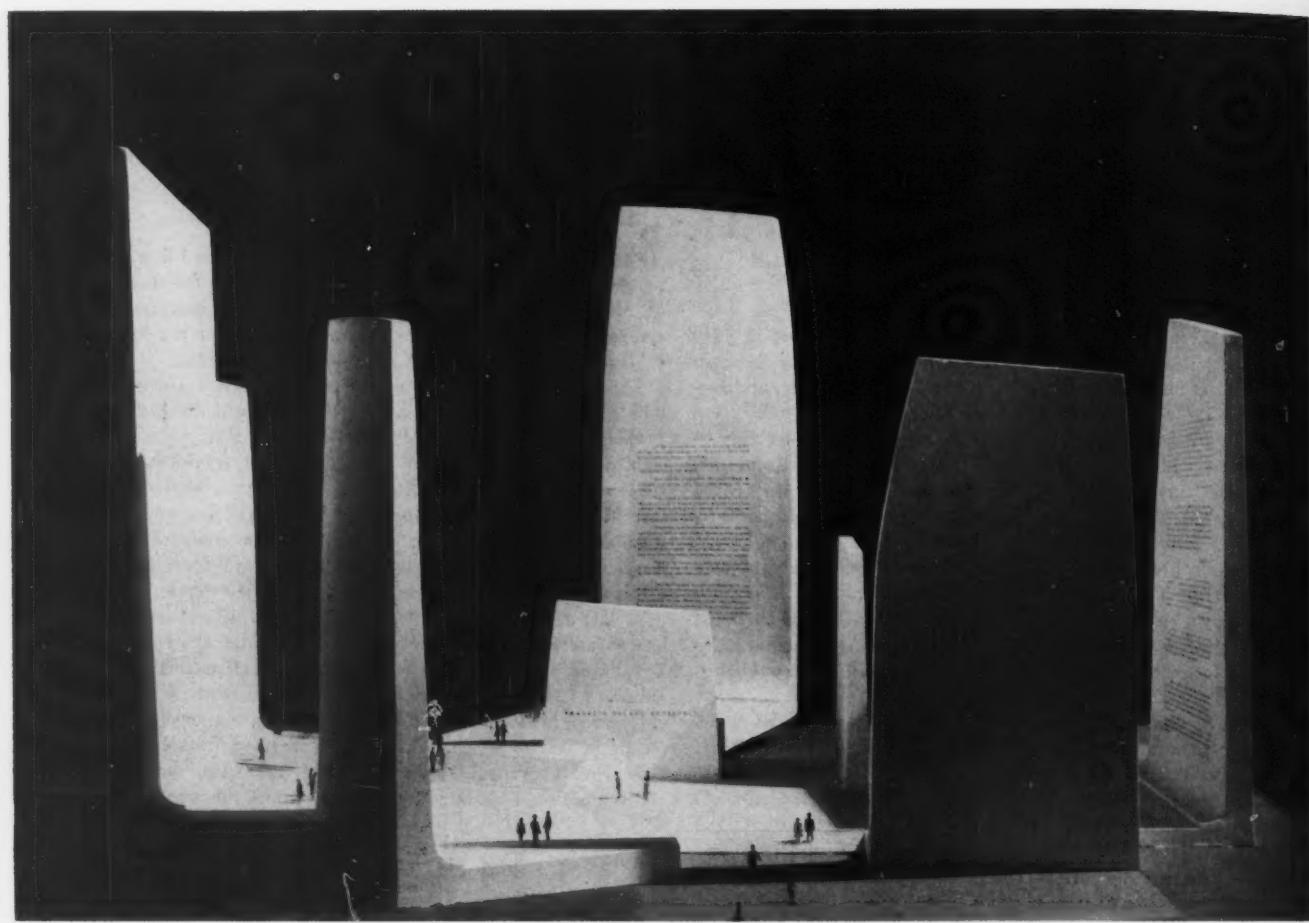
Toltecatl: The Artist

The artist: disciplined, abundant, multiple, restless.
The true artist: is capable, well prepared, skillful;
He dialogues with his heart, finds things with his reason.
The true artist takes everything from his heart;
He works with delight; makes things calmly, with a steady hand;
He works like a Toltec, puts things together, works well, creates;
He arranges things, makes them trim, adjusts them.
The bad artist: takes chances with his work, laughs at people.
Makes things dim, passes over the face of things,
Works without care, defrauds people, is a thief.

Tlahcuilo: The Painter

The painter: black and red ink.
The artist, creator of things with black water.
He sketches things with charcoal, draws them;
Prepares the black color, grinds it, applies it.
The good painter: well-informed, with God in his heart.
He makes things divine with his heart,
He dialogues with his own heart.
He knows the colors, applies them, shades them;
Draws the feet, the faces,
Traces the shadows, achieves a perfect likeness.
He applies all the colors to things
As if he were a Toltec;
He paints the colors of all flowers.
The bad painter: his heart is in a shroud,
The people are indignant, he annoys them;
A cheat, he keeps on cheating.
He does not show the face of things,
He gives death to his colors,
He puts things into the night.
He paints things in vain,
His works are bad, he makes them take chances,
He disfigures the face of things.

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Winning design, submitted by William F. Pedersen and Bradford S. Tilney, architects; Joseph Wasserman and David Beer, associates; Norman Hoberman, sculptor; Amman and Whitney, structural engineers.

The Roosevelt Memorial Competition

It has released creative talent in architects—and might have released such talent in others.

BY SIBYL MOHOLY-NAGY

MORE than two hundred years ago Vivaldi gave to one of his works the title: *The Conflict between Harmony and Invention*. Although it is comforting to realize the perpetuity of conflict between the raw originality of spontaneous creation and stylistic order worn smooth by common usage, it comes as a shock to see the evidence in a contemporary context. The Franklin Delano Roosevelt Memorial Competition is a twentieth-century variation on Vivaldi's theme. The program issued by the Commission stated that entries "should be harmonious as to location, design, and land use with the Washington Monument, the Jefferson Memorial, and the Lincoln Memorial . . . [and] should balance the other three memorials and complete them." In the very same paragraph the specifications added that "the most important thing in creating a suitable memorial . . . is the dis-

covery of a theme . . . that will far exceed any specifications . . . cast aside, at the beginning, any previous building or work of art as a model."

This contradiction between tradition and freedom was carried over into the participation rules. All entries were made contingent on the team leadership of a registered architect, and, for the finalists, on additional partnership with a landscape architect. "The participation of sculptors, painters or others" was mentioned only in passing. Consequently, the award jury included no painter or sculptor, but three deans of architecture, Hudnut, Belluschi and Rudolph, landscape architect Thomas Church and gallery director Bartlett Hayes. The a priori orientation toward architecture, regardless of potential major solutions rendered by artists alone, is highly debatable; but it re-

leashed creative talents in architects which had seemed crushed by curtain walls and space modules. In the best of these projects the architect in his original role as "universal man" did succeed in fusing architecture (i.e., the aesthetic concept of empirical spaces) with sculpture (i.e., the aesthetic concept of self-expressive form) to create a designed exterior-interior environment.

The prize winners, a team headed by William F. Pedersen and Bradford S. Tilney, conceived of eight concrete slabs, the tallest 165 feet high, "intermediate between the 598 feet of the Washington and the 129 feet of the Jefferson monuments." This rather theoretical height ratio is the only concession to existing features; a timeless monumentality eclipses all other points of reference. The derogatory nickname "instant Stonehenge" is unintentionally complimentary, linking the oldest Western testimony of man's reverence for his dead leaders with these astylar slabs whose surfaces could—and should—be inscribed with the wisdom of the future. Such an intent would eliminate one serious shortcoming of the Pedersen-Tilney proposal. It would drastically shorten the texts now chosen whose lettering is beyond the reach of the human eye. Roosevelt's greatness was not literary, and his memory would be served better if pronouncements such as "A better life for ourselves and all our fellow men" or "But above all try something" were not preserved for posterity.

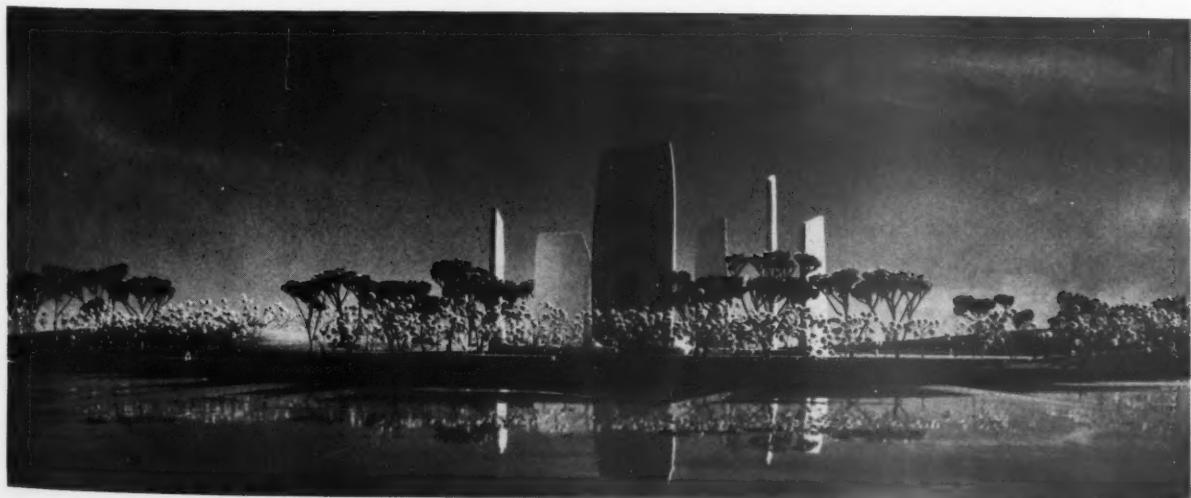
It is interesting to compare the eight perpendicular steles, connected by spatial sequences on diverse levels, with the entry of a team headed by Abraham Geller. Both projects have much in common. The use of cantilever units in concrete celebrates a structural element that is one of the two original inventions of building technology in this century (thin shells are the other). Multi-level spaces, dynamically intersecting, are at random on Pedersen's plan and ordered into "Courts of the Four Freedoms" by Geller. Both teams heeded environmental information supplied by the competition manual. Boating on the Tidal Basin assures the site a large public who, particularly in the Pedersen scheme, would be treated to an inspiring sky line; and overhead, almost one minute, pass planes whose passengers would delight in Geller's exploding-star pattern. The difference between these two outstanding solutions is psychological. The scale of Pedersen's perpendicular steles is so ahuman



Design by the Abraham W. Geller group.

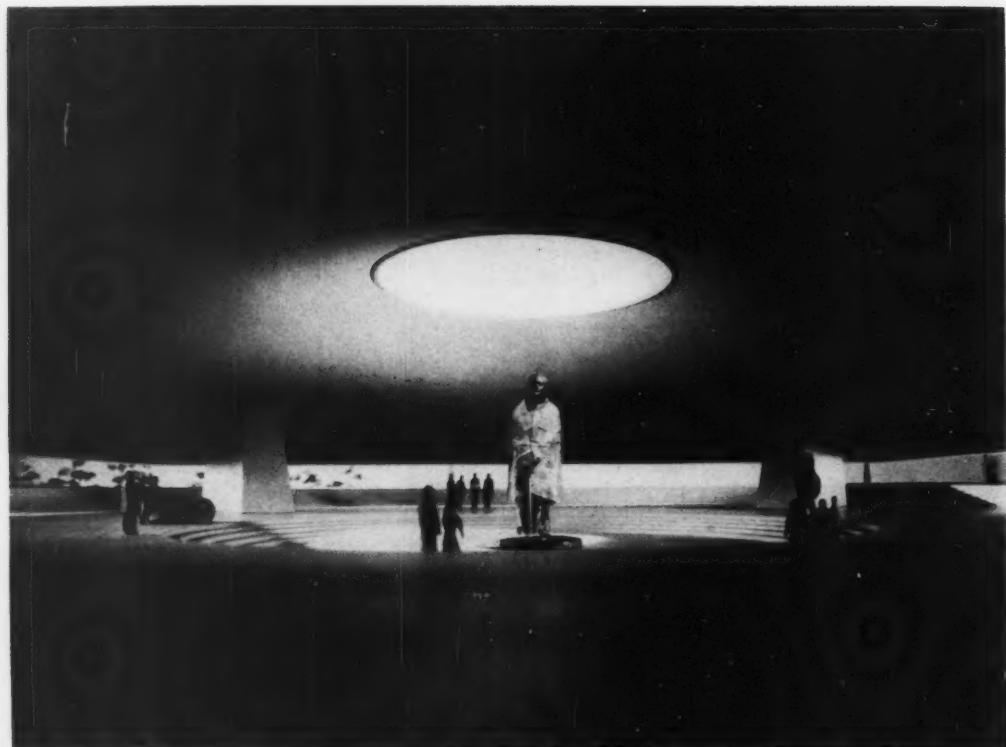
and unfocused, the glaring whiteness so unrelieved and potentially blinding in direct sunlight, that it conveys mainly grandiose isolation, as if the man to be commemorated had lived outside human bonds. Perhaps this is as it should be; perhaps the visitor should be reminded that the genius of leadership, as all genius, is tragically abstracted from the community. But the American temperament rejects tragedy and abstraction. The very nature of democracy calls for identification and participation. Here the Geller project seems superior as a public meeting ground. Monumental form-composition and the intimate scale of defined spaces provide a rhythmic experience that may evoke awed inspiration on one level and human contact with a loved father spirit on another.

Both the Pedersen and the Geller project bear clearly the



The Pedersen-Tilney design, as it would appear from the Tidal Basin.

The Roosevelt Memorial Competition



Design by the Rolf Myller group.



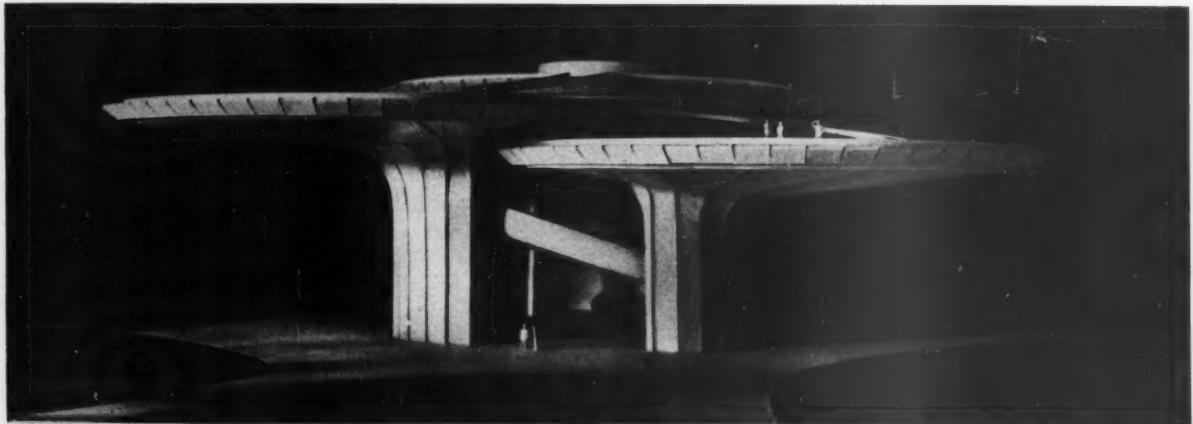
Design by the Philip Johnson group.

rough imprint of experimental originality. They jolt the eye with the unexpected. But the call for expressed harmony is answered in other, frankly classical entries, which count on a predictable emotional response. Here Rolf Myller and Philip Johnson share a similar vision. In both designs a monumental likeness is placed in the center of a rotunda, which in Myller's proposition is surmounted by a skylighted concrete box on piers. Johnson envelops the statue in a fold of luminous walls providing a stark contrast between the silhouetted outline and the mobile light effects. Both projects ignore any visual appeal to sky travelers or boaters and clearly intend to establish contact with the Lincoln and Jefferson Monuments, except for their highly contemporary structural envelopes. Despite this bow to tradition there is a truthfulness about these images that decides in the last analysis what is art. The argument over Roosevelt's political testament has been resolved. The very stillness of the figure intensifies disinterested contemplation. A man and his age have been caught in a metaphor of classical timelessness and technological actuality.

The greatest danger of the merely architectural solution lies in the expedient analogy. Our vision is geared to empirical form-function identities. The assembly of concrete shafts proposed by John M. Johanson precludes any association other than that of apartment buildings, just as numerous entries featuring stilted concrete slabs invoke that many Villas Savoie. Space must declare itself visibly as spiritual content, or else

architectural form turns into building. Under this aspect, a "three-platter" entry* may be an amusing park shelter and lookout, but it does not celebrate a hero of the mind. In a reciprocity that becomes evident in juxtapositions, space also flattens out into a commodity if it is deprived of a formal counterpoint. Two entries rely exclusively on landscaped spaces, revealing the paucity of American landscape design. The destructive influence of Hideo Sasaki and his school is demonstrated in a scheme compared to which Versailles's Tapis Verts were Sylvan groves. It is a question of personal preference whether the air traveler would have athletic or vaginal associations when looking down on the scooped oval; the visitor on foot would search in vain for a note either of exuberance or of contemplation in this denatured banality. The other landscape design, by the Wehrer-Borkin group, suggests gigantic earth-moving operations to create a succession of "grassy plains." Like an afterthought, a tiny five-sided kiosk stands off center. In front of it clusters a knot of semiabstract figures, a foot too tall for the entrance, as if some mover had left them there in disgust. Nature, made so unnatural, tightens the senses instead of relaxing them. And sculpture so carelessly placed leads to a fourth type of competition entry:

* It has been impossible to identify a number of entries because the Library of Congress, commissioned to make a photographic record, was not furnished with captions by the Memorial Commission, which has been dissolved and has vacated its offices.

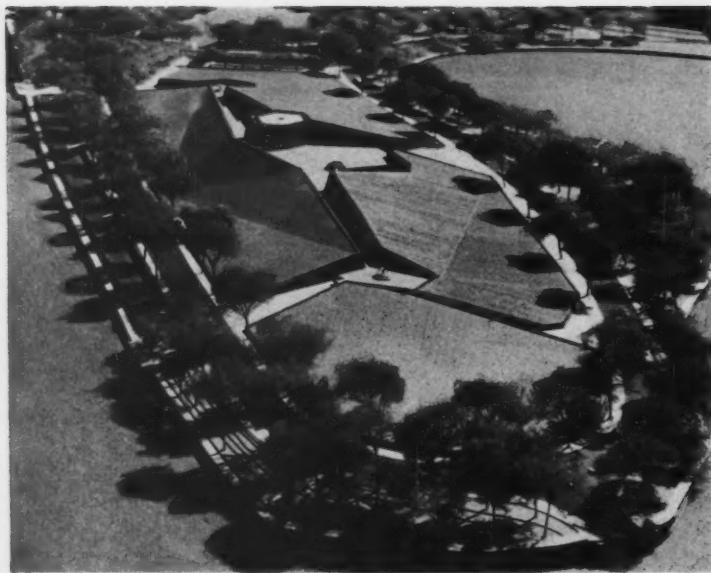


The "three-platter" design.



Design by the Hideo Sasaki group.

The Roosevelt Memorial Competition



Design by the Wehrer-Borkin group.



Design by the Davis-Brody-Wisniewski group.



The "science-fiction" design.

Because the stipulated team leadership of a registered architect was a constricting absurdity without any justification, one would have wished that the projects which approached the problem sculpturally had been stronger. The declared supremacy of the architect did not keep out the unintegrated art approach, but it must have discouraged creative talent comparable to that mustered by the architects. The team of Lewis Davis, Brody and Wisniewski created ten interlocked forms which share the curse of all abstractions. They incite irreverent interpretations such as "The Dancing Cabinet." Leonard Wolf and Karl Kocinski thought of a subterranean auditorium mounted by a panoramic circle decorated with murals. Here the freedom from accepted visual symbols that has established modern art as self-expression shows its limitations. The hermetic language understood and appreciated by a small trained audience is reduced to mere decoration in a public place. The pure rhythms of color and form do not appeal to the overwhelming majority of mankind, whose joy in art is based not on perception but on recognition. Is a national shrine, frankly aiming at this majority, the right place to break that primitive joy?

If it had been worked out in more precise presentation, one of the entries could be imagined as a gigantic spectacle of visual science-fiction, entertaining the indiscriminate masses with neon-light effects on cascading waters over fantastic forms; but immediately the features of the great man to be remembered here forbid the gaudy spectacle. These features, kneaded by suffering and insight, ask the one question on which hinges the basic success or failure of the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Memorial, regardless of the quality of submitted designs. Should we undertake the building of such a monument? Can we of the 1960's add a convincing testimony to a tradition that started with the Caesars and the concept of ordained secular leadership? The images of Jefferson and Lincoln fitted this tradition because their achievements were lasting and unquestioned. It is easy to transcribe divine providence into monumental art if its protection secured the very ground on which we stand. In our own times the acceleration of political tempo has reached a point where our historical consciousness is limited to a realization of incessant change. The Roosevelt promise, with its "objective of establishing and securing freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from want, and freedom from fear everywhere in the world," evokes today hardly more than a painful question why this promise failed. Henry Wallace's "Age of the Common Man" fulfills itself in more than the union and welfare state. Governments relying on fireside chats and televised conferences have produced a widely diffused skepticism that no longer believes in destiny. To our children a Roosevelt Memorial will be archaeological.

But it could be more. It could be a testimony to the art and architecture of our era in its purest essence—if we have the taste, the intellect and the financial generosity to select wisely from among the experimental, the classical and the sculptural talent that offered their best in this competition. After all, the Sphinx and the Colleoni are not admired today for their likenesses, but as creative high points of their epoch, as those perfect coincidences of timelessness and cultural image which guarantee the immortality of art. Congress must now vote whether the Roosevelt Memorial should be built. Let us hope that a positive decision will keep its vision fixed on more than the personal homage intended. Whether art or architecture is the medium, here is an opportunity to cast our features in shapes and spaces which future generations will recognize as specifically and admirably ours—the features of an industrial giant reaching beyond the technological envelope for a new meaning of his place in the world.

SPECIAL TRAVEL NUMBER

Going to Italy

BY CREIGHTON GILBERT

Paris: La Grande Saison

BY ANNETTE MICHESON

The Season in London

BY ALAN BOWNESS

Munich Observations

BY VERNON YOUNG

Vienna: Hapsburg to Hollegha

BY ALFRED WERNER



Going to Italy

BY CREIGHTON GILBERT

BETWEEN the wars, American writers and artists went to Paris, and so did the rest of us. But that was a pardonable mistake, induced by naïve imitation of the more timid and impoverished of the British. Today the balance is righted, and along with acquiring the American cultural empire we have learned what was known to Dürer and Montaigne, Milton and Reynolds and Keats, Rubens, Velásquez, Goethe, Corot and Degas, Dostoevski and Wagner and D. H. Lawrence. Italy is the country of the foreign artist, stimulating enough so that he produces there national masterpieces as varied as *The Idiot*, *Tristan and Isolde*, and, for that matter, the whole special world of Poussin, which is the whole of French painting. Books about travel to Italy are a whole category of the literature of every country. It does not matter, apparently, that the artist cannot find there what he can find in Paris—in certain epochs, the best local painting. What he finds there is everything else: habits of life, landscape and a sprawl of old art casually offered, from the columns of Paestum to the ceilings of Tiepolo. Three things, perhaps, make Italy especially agreeable to the visitor: a climate which can be complained of but which is usually superior to what is happening at the same time elsewhere in Europe; people who are happy to help foreigners and not disdainful of their ignorance; and good art of just about all the kinds that Western man has produced, certainly more kinds than in any other country.

An additional special quality is the variety of equally interesting places. There is no center like London or Paris which has absorbed all the best, leaving other cities with a provincial atmosphere. The most elementary kind of Cooks tour goes to more different places in Italy than in any other country, and the visitor's main initial decision always is: what cities.

This question has been sifted pretty thoroughly by the travelers of two hundred years, and the classic answers are the best. The first-time visitor, having a week or two months, does best to go only to Rome, Florence and Venice. Some of the greatest things are elsewhere; but these are quantitatively the richest places in things,

Loggia dei Lanzi, Florence.
Photograph by Rudolph Burckhardt.

and are also the places where great groups of artists have developed regional styles of the greatest power. Rome shares the liveliest modern energy with Milan (which has the best modern architecture), but Milan is a self-confident, business-like city, not particularly set up for visitors and rather cool to them. Like Berlin and Cleveland, it has most of its art in museums, and its streets are not picturesque and not even Mediterranean. The other three cities, however, have bred themselves toward the receiving of guests so thoroughly that there is really little point, in notes like these, in offering a short list of what to see. Everyone already knows about the Forum and the Vatican, the Uffizi and San Marco. So I shall mention here only a few qualities that I have always found especially attractive or necessary for getting the full flavor.

ONE of the nice things about Rome is that it has no enormous principal museum; its great paintings are evenly distributed between half a dozen principal ones. This has a good psychological effect on those frequent tourists who, without thinking, allocate the same amount of time per monument, whether it involves seeing two or two hundred things. The Borghese is the classic museum for paintings, especially Titian and Caravaggio. Many people miss the Spada, which is in the back corner of a small palazzo. Palazzo Barberini is a new and splendid museum, with works owned by the nation transferred from the old location of prewar days in Palazzo Corsini; the new location offers a bonus in the great Barberini ceiling. Besides the Capitoline, which is largely for specialists, and the Colonna, ditto, which is open once a week, the Vatican Picture Gallery is in the same category. Otherwise at the Vatican the best tip for novices is to ignore the first three miles of corridors and go straight on to the Raphael and Michelangelo frescoed rooms.

The visitor to Rome will also learn soon to save some time for pausing in squares, some of which are themselves great works, from Navona to Campidoglio. As for Roman churches, it seems hopeless to begin; a first list would contain dozens. Some are forever closed to those who start out later than seven in the

Going to Italy



Piazza del Campo, Siena. Photograph by Rudolph Burckhardt.

morning; of those that might be missed if one doesn't hunt them out, Borromini's St. Ivo is perhaps the greatest. The one best country excursion is to Tivoli, with the greatest Roman villa and the greatest Renaissance garden. And with all this I haven't started on classical antiquities.

After the spreading wealth of Rome, Florence is neat, self-contained and concentrated. It has one great age and is unified; but that age lasted two hundred and fifty years and gave the basic form of Western painting. Most of it is in a square mile. What may be its greatest focus, the Brancacci chapel, is out of the way and in a slum; those in the know won't miss it, but tourists generally do, which is rather nice. They are looking at the view from Fiesole instead, which is charming but not necessary. There are still overtones of the Anglo-American Victorian dominance to be found there, a feeling of the arty and the earnest that recalls Browning and Ruskin, and the life of Florence is not sparkling. But the objects themselves are immune from this, and greater than the Roman ones.

Venice presents a problem of comfort. It has been

a tourist city and little else for two hundred years (it was probably the first); it has no suburbs, obviously, and it is temptingly near for the Swiss and Germans. So it is appallingly crowded. And the canals can be dank. For those who are not so rushed, I recommend my own system of commuting from Padua, which is forty minutes by bus. Padua has to be visited for a day anyway, for the Giottos and the Donatello. For those who have less leisure, it is more worth while than elsewhere to take a relatively expensive hotel, and the difference between a view from the window or the lack of it is felt all the time. Besides the dozen most obvious things, many people miss the Jesuit church, for one of the greatest, most modern Titians, and San Sebastiano, where the huge cycle of Veroneses matches the better-known one of Tintoretto at San Rocco.

ON A second visit to Italy, everyone will want to go back to these same cities, to see some of the other things that were missed first and to see again some of the most magnificent. Another group of cities can now



Giotto, *Head of Christ*; detail from the Arena Chapel, Padua.

Going to Italy

be added: the first, probably, are Siena, Assisi and Naples. Siena is perfect: a late medieval town, of which there are examples elsewhere, but which is alone in bringing them to a focus in a group of great painters at one moment. Assisi has one meaning, the memory of St. Francis, and it is terribly ecclesiastical, but unique. Naples is a great city, wild and brilliant; it never quite achieved the class of Florence and Rome but is wonderful, from the world's best fireworks displays to Pompeii and Capri. Its museum is regarded by many as the finest presentation anywhere, and besides the Neapolitan masters it is superb for Bruegel and Titian.

If one becomes a little more specialized, the list can go on forever. In central Italy the little hill towns each have something superb and not to be found in any other, or anywhere else. Orvieto's world masterpiece is the Signorelli frescoes of hell; Arezzo's is the Piero della Francesca chapel, without which it is impossible to know him. San Gimignano's cluster of towers and Perugia's fountain are just about essential. I am myself looking forward to some more of these towns like Volterra and Cortona.

Sicily is a special case. Palermo is the natural capital. Nothing in the city itself is quite as impressive as

the town on the mountain above, Monreale, where the awesomeness of the mosaics is not to be equaled, I suppose, outside Byzantium. Yet an hour's trip to Cefalu produces a view of mosaics of higher refinement if less scope. On the other side of the island, Syracuse, the home of Archimedes and the great tyrants with their beautiful coins, retains the most beautiful of Greek theaters. One may sometimes see Greek plays there, and watch the ocean beyond the stage.

THE part of Italy that I feel as if I owned is the series of towns strung between Venice and Milan in a great rich plain. These are less picturesque and larger than the better-known hill towns in central Italy. They are gentle and untouristed, and their buildings and works of art still have the original suggestion of being sensible municipal adornments or ducal follies rather than sights for sightseers. English is probably rare, though heavily accented French is generally available. The most obvious is Verona, where the Roman amphitheater has a good summer season of opera. Its most spectacular objects are the turreted sculptured outdoor tombs of the medieval tyrants, and the precious orna-



Museo Nazionale, Naples. Photograph by Rudolph Burckhardt.



Michelangelo, *Pietà*; Galleria Accademia, Florence.

Going to Italy



Church of Sts. Luca and Martina.
Photograph by Stephen Siegel.



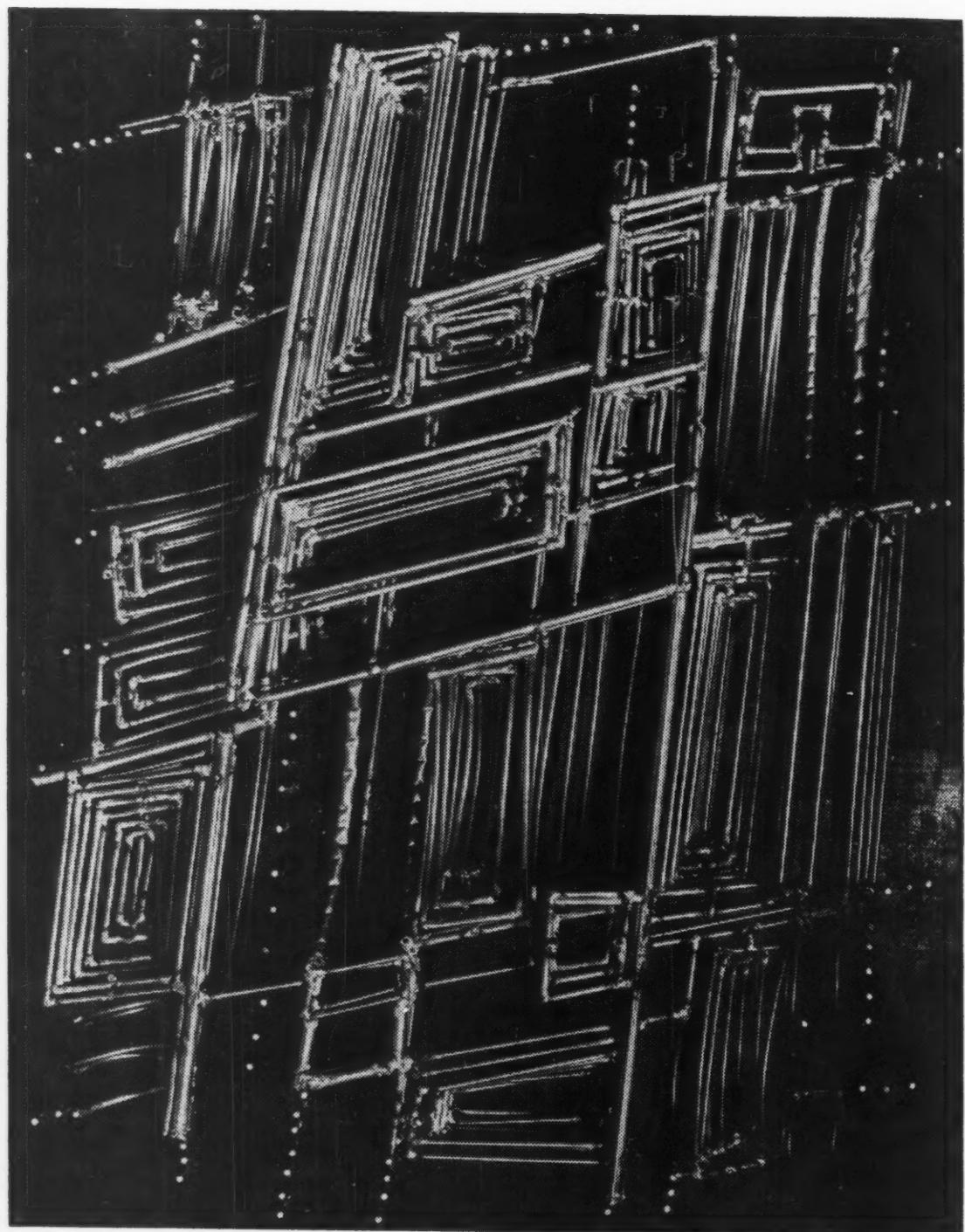
Mosaic pavement, Piazza Armerina, Sicily.

mented frescoes of one of the great decadent artists, Pisanello. A visit to Vicenza can be easily made in a day, going east from Verona or west from Padua. It is a city that belongs to one architect, Palladio, and contains everything that spread over centuries through Europe and to Thomas Jefferson's America. To see the buildings is to realize why, and to notice at once that they are everything but academic. A chapter of Rudolf Wittkower is good to read beforehand.

The ducal cities are Ferrara and Mantua. Ferrara is a bare city, stripped of most of its own Renaissance paintings by long-ago dynastic pillages. Its Romanesque cathedral sculptures are to be seen along with those of Verona and Modena, perhaps the greatest. Mantua is spectacular for St. Andrea, one of the world's most fertile designs for a church, the most intense of Mannerist villas at the Palazzo del Te, and Mantegna's masterpiece in fresco at the Ducal Palace. Parma has, with Bologna, what I consider the best food in the whole country. Correggio, whom one sees best

in Parma, is the most underrated Renaissance master; in the eighteenth century he was on the short list along with Raphael, Michelangelo, Titian and Leonardo. Bergamo, with two towns on a hill and in a valley below, is the most charming of these towns, and is the place for the special art of Lotto, as Brescia is for Moretto and the too-little-known master Romanino. And I have not mentioned Pavia or Piacenza—or for that matter Turin or Genoa—all of which are the very best places for something that is very fine, in no case second-rate or provincial. Three days in Cremona are a unique experience in looking at pictures; there are precious things in Treviso, and in Rovigo where nobody stops. But perhaps the people who would have time for these are only those who know about them.

The most interesting special events announced for this summer are a Mantegna exhibition in Mantua (postponed from last year) and in Venice, in the great series alternating with the Biennale, a Crivelli exhibition. I am looking forward to being there.



Kemeny, *Lignes et points*; at Paul Facchetti.



Paris: La Grande Saison

BY ANNETTE MICHELSON

THE Paris scene suddenly blooms in May, attains an opulence rather like that of a flowering tree. It is brief, almost oppressive in its intensity. You must get here quickly to see it and, presumably, leave before it withers disappointingly away. When I was asked to explain this—why it is, what it means—I accepted with a reticence which I now see to be even more fully justified than I then realized. I felt insufficiently informed as to the social and financial mechanisms and considerations which undoubtedly do much to determine the rush. I now feel—and did, I suppose, obscurely, all along—that knowledge of this kind is almost incompatible with the claims of that kind of critical activity which interests me most, mainly for reasons involving expense of time and spirit and which demand a somewhat ambiguous relationship to the triumvirate of the artist, dealer and collector.

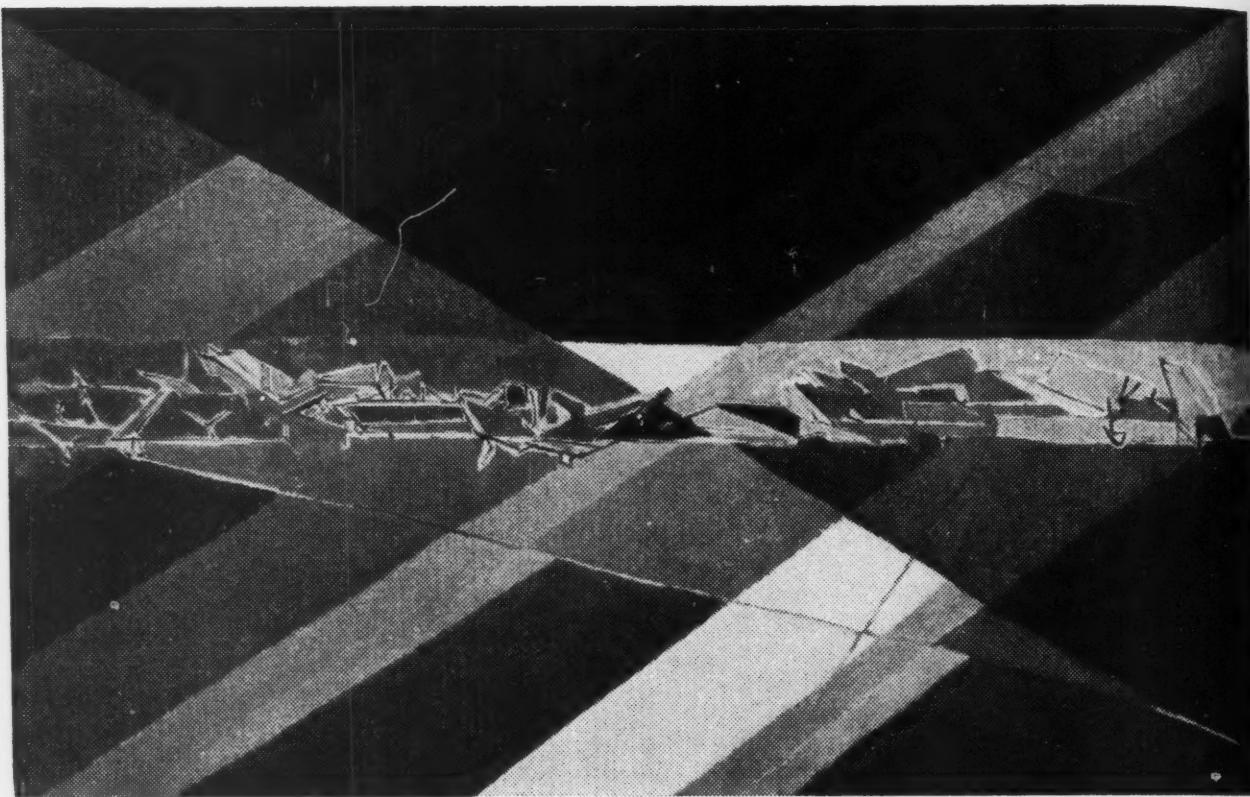
The fact is, however, that the loaded spring calendar exists, and I've undertaken to talk about it. To begin with, it is, in Paris, by no means confined to painting, sculpture and the graphic arts. Suddenly in May and June, the moment of *la grande saison*, music, *couture*, horse racing, theater—everything perhaps except publishing, which is winter-oriented for the major literary prizes—accelerate, and what might normally be considered an event suddenly assumes the aspect of a manifestation. This city, intensely hospitable throughout the year, now becomes frenetically so. Why?

One must begin, I think, by considering the relationship of Paris to the rest of the country, for her tourists are local first, then foreign. "Paris bouffe tout," as they say, and indeed there are simply no longer any other intensively active cultural communities in the country; neither Marseilles nor Lyons nor Aix-en-Provence, which have fairly respectable local literary traditions, neither Grenoble nor Montpellier, both university towns, can claim more than one's mildest interest. The post-Liberation attempt at a policy of cultural decentralization, as illustrated by the creation of the theatrical centers at Strasbourg, Toulouse, St. Etienne and elsewhere, has not been, partly for lack of money and largely for lack of any strongly expressed local need, applied on any considerable scale or with any radically conceived method. Beyond the restoration of monuments and the reorganization of some of the

very fine provincial museums, it has certainly not been in any degree applied to the visual arts. Paris is almost the only city which one visits for something other than its monuments, cuisine, landscape, regional flavor—all those things, in short, which had taken form by the mid-nineteenth century, if not by the Revolution. You will see more painting and sculpture, modern and contemporary, of quality in one week in Chicago than in a year in Lille. Paris, then, is catering to her hungry provincial audience which begins, during the immediately post-Easter season, to come on those paid vacations which were the great victory of the Popular Front in 1936, while her local population will begin emptying out to the provinces and abroad.

Within the general or national phenomenon of concentration there is a specifically local, second degree: within the city itself, within the art scene. The galleries have, of course, been proliferating here these last several years, although not, for obvious reasons, in quite the same proportions as in New York. The role of the galleries seems to be changing, however. For all the increase in number there seems to be a reduction in the quantity of really lively, growing galleries, so that one perceives, after a year or so of chronicling, that the same names crop up in one's reports. This, again, is reinforced by the tendency of certain of the major dealers to retire from the scene, or rather to change their relationship to it, devoting their efforts, in the main, to acting for a few already celebrated artists. Carré has to all intents and purposes closed his exhibition premises; Maeght, who played such an extremely important role in the first eight or ten years after the Liberation, contents himself with a very few, far-spaced exhibitions by established artists each year. One no longer goes to see what is happening at Bing's, René Drouin is suspended in a kind of limbo, and Colette Allendy's death last year meant the closing of another gallery. We are thus deprived of several of the major centers of discovery, the places that particularly counted for the generation of transition between the thirties and the fifties, and they have not yet been replaced, so that the spring months, active though they are, have not the excitement of some years ago. Well, that is symptomatic of more than the gallery situation, of course.

Paris: La Grande Saison



Jacques Villon, *Le Bourget*:
at Galerie Charpentier.

I HAVE said that the spring season is brief, but it is really no shorter than the winter period. The year follows, approximately, the following plan. The official *rentrée* (defined in administrative and union terms) begins on September 15. The *rentrée* of the galleries should normally begin a month later. The creation of the new tradition of the Paris Biennale, two years ago, however, set back the beginning of the art season some two or three weeks. It now really opens in November, slows to a stop just before Christmas, stays in suspension until about the twentieth of January, operates at a pretty low tension through the months of February and March, begins picking up in April, slightly before the insane rush of May and June. It comes to a stop at the beginning of July, and the gallery walls are occupied by *accrochages* until the resumption of the season in November.

"What does this mean?" I have been asked. "To what degree is this determined by critical reasons and traditions?" "Is this a good thing for art?" "Does the visitor receive a true or distorted view of Parisian art during this period, or is he only provided with what he comes expecting to see?"

There is one thing to be said straightway as to the importance of the "critical reasons and traditions." These, such as they are, no longer determine anything

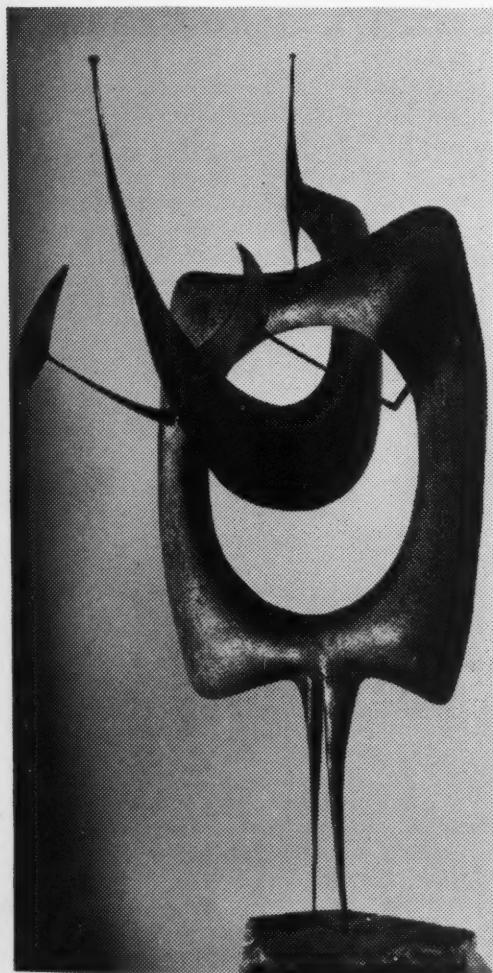
in any way at all in Paris. They are, rather, rigorously, hopelessly, shamelessly and catastrophically determined, in turn, by factors which are external to art. Criticism in Paris is either a kind of secondary secretion of the man of letters, a degradation of the tradition of Mallarmé and Baudelaire, or an adjunct of merchandising technique; its range lies between the autonomous lyric and the blurb. Perhaps (cases of individual dishonesty apart) it is the very intimacy with painting and the climate in which it has so long flourished which prevents the development of a real criticism: the Frenchman rarely feels he has to feel his way slowly and from the outside, as the English and Americans have, and they have produced, so far as I am aware, neither a Fry nor, let us say, a Greenberg—but that is the beginning of another article entirely.

"Will the visitor receive a distorted or true version during this period?" A distorted one, of course, but then so is ours, during the long, empty winter months. It is merely a question of two different kinds of distortion. The visitor will get an impression of a rather feverish activity. The established artists will be showing and the younger ones too; the Salons will be on: there will be ever so much more to engage his attention than during the winter months, which are tough on us and would be a waste of time for him (I am speaking,

of course, of the avid gallery-goer). The point is, however, that an understanding of what goes on in Paris, all year round, in that steady, grinding way which is reflected neither in the winter nor the spring calendars, can not really be derived from the exhibitions with which the visitor happens to be provided during his visit. That will come only from observation, over a longer period, of the development of movements and trends (rather than individual artists) through the really "committed" galleries. If you have access over a year or so (with the help of those American galleries which are associated with some of the major houses here) to ten or so of the key galleries (let us say, for a start, to Daniel Cordier, Denise René, Claude Bernard, Arnaud, Jeanne Bucher, Facchetti, Neuville, Dragon and the Galerie de France, to name some of them), you will begin to develop a sense of the scene. I see no other way to do it. Neither the halting, staccato rhythm of the winter season nor the spring rush corresponds in any way to the rhythm of actual work here. There are two kinds of distortion, then. To what

degree all this matters I am not sure. The visitor who has not sensed something of the reality behind the show of profusion, in his contact with the artists or their audience, the climate in which they are created, and above all in the canvases and sculpture themselves, is not likely to sense much in any case. Nor is the tourist who is not sufficiently on guard against the euphoria of spring and able to appreciate the extent to which it *nevertheless* does suggest something of a more dispersed permanent activity.

A WORD, at this point, about museum policy. It seems to involve a compensatory movement; the calendars are, on the whole, somewhat lighter during the months of May and June and for the summer, though they tend throughout the year to be not only dazzling but really nourishing. Of course it is partly assumed, and rightly so, that the permanent collections will engage the visitor's interest during the late spring and summer months. To this consideration we must add the flores-



Hiquily, *L'Indécis*;
at Galerie du Dragon.



Roel d'Haese, *L'Indifférent*;
at Galerie Claude Bernard.

Paris: La Grande Saison



Estève, *Galapagos*;
at Villand and Galanis.



Lacasse, *Peinture 1960*;
at Galerie Jacques Massol.



Chastel, *Le Bistrot*;
at Villand and Galanis.

cence of the Salons. Thus, apart from the Salon de Mai, an annual affair which, with that of the Réalités Nouvelles, constitutes the justest and neatest sampling of what is alive and important, and the Prix Marzotto (May 6 through June 10), a privately financed Salon, participation in which is limited to artists from countries represented in the Council of Europe, the National Museum of Modern Art is planning only the Maillol retrospective. This will open on June 26 and run until October 20.

The main event at the Louvre (opening on June 1 and scheduled to last throughout the summer) is the Gustave Moreau show, to be organized on the ground floor of the Galerie Mollien, which is, for the first time, being used for exhibition purposes.

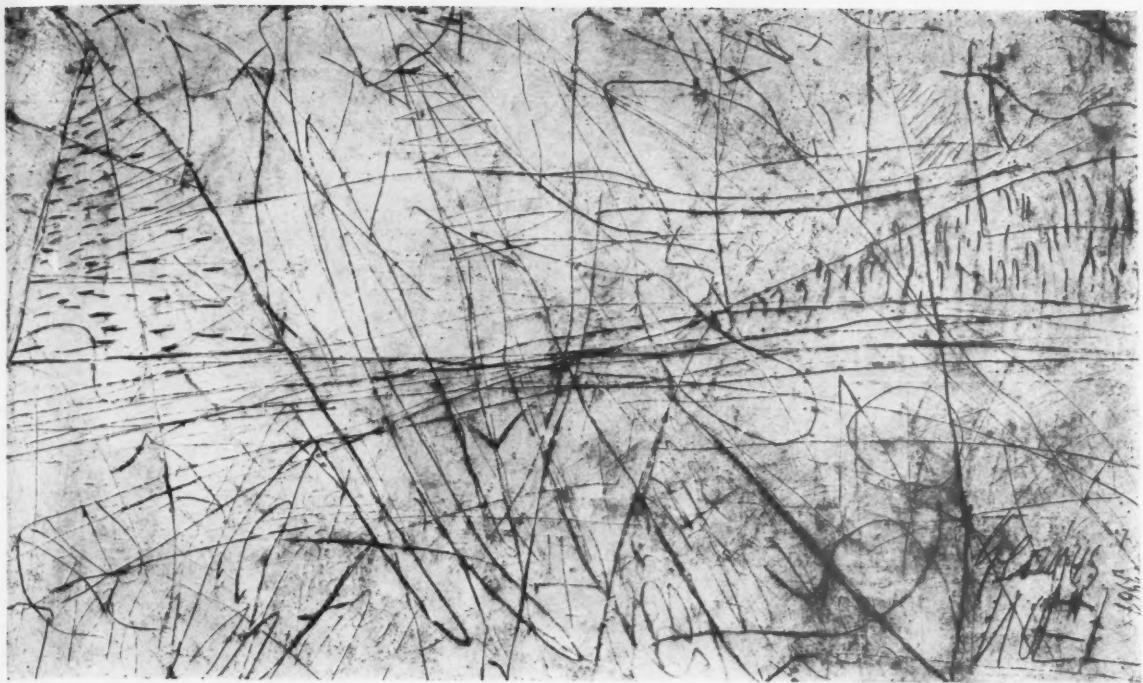
The Museum of Decorative Arts, which has during the last several years become the liveliest and most enterprising of the Parisian Museums (it has given us, in addition to the solemnly presented Chagall and Picasso retrospectives, the show of young Spanish artists, the Dubuffet retrospective and M. Alvard's riotous assemblage which went under name of "Antagonismes"), will be showing, through May 16, the late paper *découpages* of Matisse, to be followed, at the end of the month, by an exhibition of paintings by the Greek "primitive," Theophilos. The major event of the season, however, is to be the exhibition commemorating the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the film-maker Georges Meliès. This is to open at the beginning of June, will last throughout the summer and should be of interest not only to those particularly absorbed in the history of this medium, but to those who are concerned with breaking down the kind of barrier which has determined the isolation of the film from the rest of the cultural life of America. The show should, in any case, be a delight.

The Jacquemart-André Museum plans no special exhibition to follow the current Berthe Morisot show, but is reopening, for the first time in several years, its Renaissance collection, completely reinstalled.

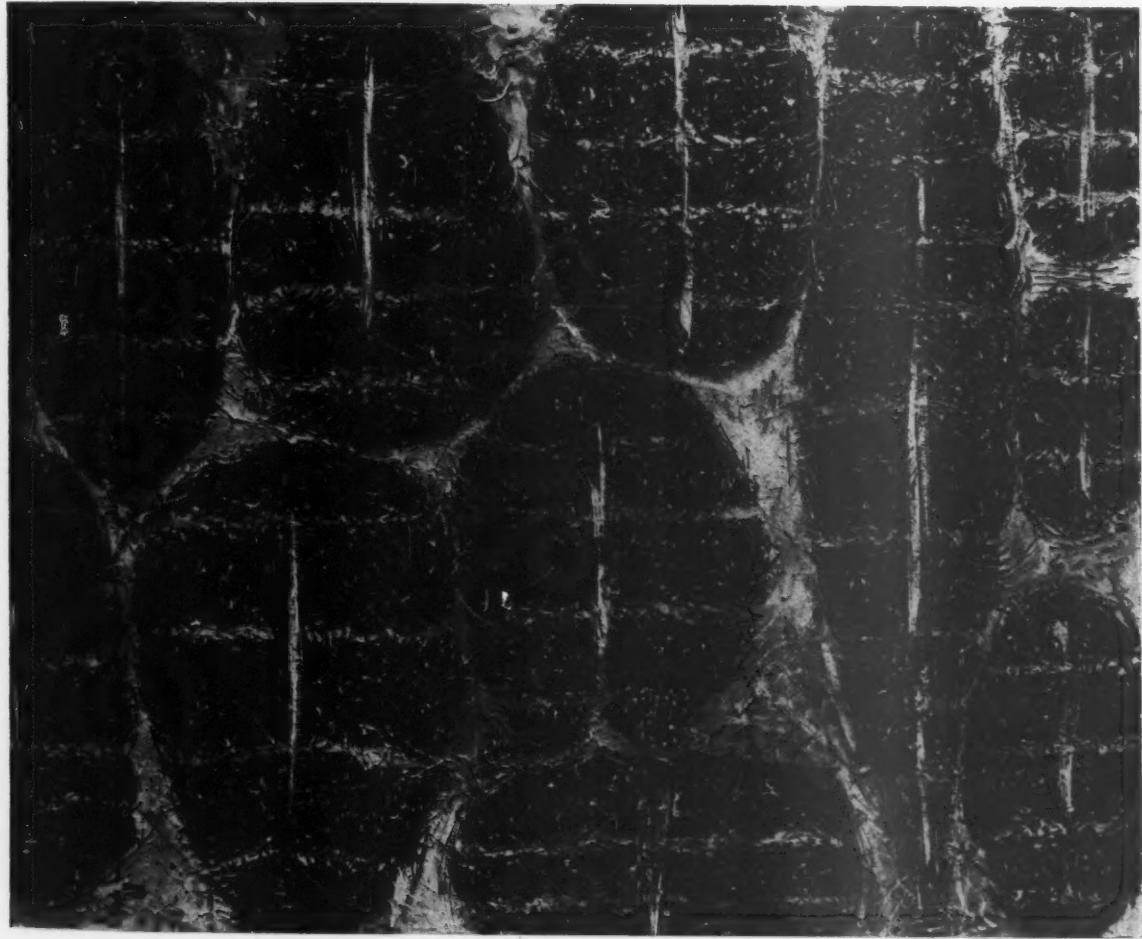
The Galliera Museum will be showing through July paintings by Japanese artists residing in Paris, and the Municipal Section of the Museum of Modern Art will be having, in addition to the Salon de Mai, the annual Salon of Religious Art, scheduled for June.

Plans for the Guimet Museum of Oriental Art are still uncertain for the summer season, but the Rodin Museum has announced its second annual International Exhibition of Sculpture for June and July.

MIDWAY between the museum and the private gallery there exists a category of exhibition premises (Charpentier's and Durand-Ruel would be the best illustrations) which has assumed the aspect of the public institution—the *aspect* only, I should say, for although the exhibitions are ambitious and accompanied by some show of ceremony, they are not always organized with the utmost care, and admission and catalogue

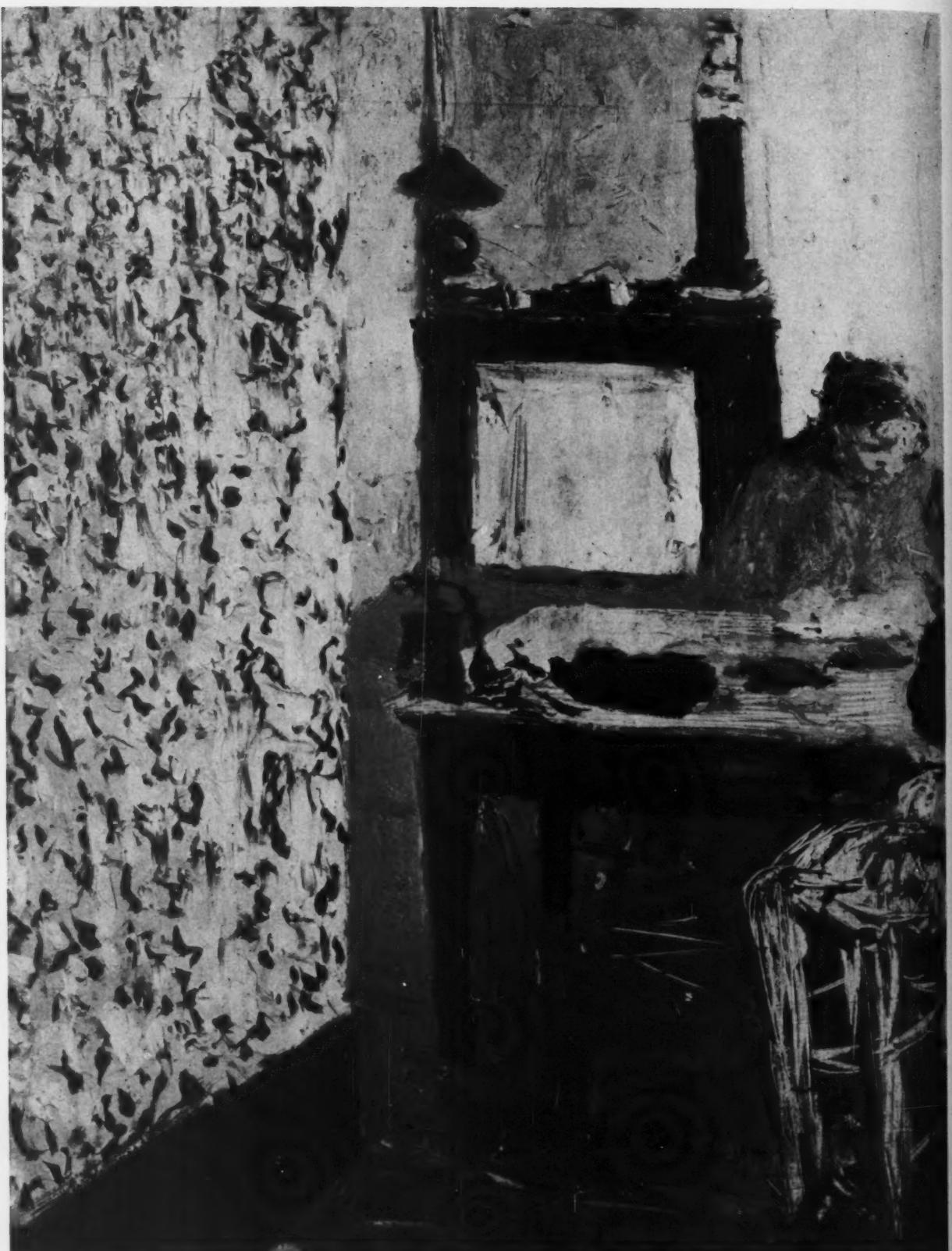


G. Noel, *Untitled*; at Paul Facchetti.



Serpan, *VSKMNIKRTLL*; at Galerie Stadler.

Paris: La Grande Saison



Vuillard, *L'Atelier de la Corsetière*; at Durand-Ruel.

fees are, for a Parisian audience, ruinously high. Charpentier, then, has promised us one hundred canvases by Jacques Villon, beginning in May and running through June 16, while Durand-Ruel, which organizes each year a major exhibition of Impressionist painting, will be showing sixty paintings by Vuillard between May 25 and October 1.

Maeght and Louise Leiris are, one feels, passing into this category of the vaguely institutional organization. The impression derives not only from the fact that they act as agents for Braque and Picasso, Miró and Léger, but from an obvious, growing disinterest in younger painting altogether. Maeght announces two successive exhibitions of paintings by Miró, composed of work done during the last five years. The first will open on April 28, the second on June 23; it will close on August 12.

Of those galleries which try, nevertheless, to reflect something of the steady work-rhythm of this city, I should mention first the Galerie de France, which will be showing Campigli (May 16 through June 10) and a Hartung retrospective from June 16 through September 17. Jeanne Bucher has announced a Nallard show to last through mid-May and a Stahly exhibition (the first here in years) to follow, until June 16. The Galerie du Dragon is to present sculpture by Cardenas through May 16, paintings by Peverelli (May 20 through mid-June) and sculpture by Hiquily for a month beginning on June 13.

The Galerie Arnaud has announced an exhibition illustrating a new volume (*Lyricism and Abstraction*) by Pierre Restany, one of our more flamboyant critics, and, in June, an exhibition by the one sculptor of the gallery, Marta Pan. Stadler will present painting by Serpan beginning in mid-May and Tàpies in mid-June through mid-July. Villand and Galanis, defenders of that immediately post-Liberation-generation attempt to re-form a School of Paris, has scheduled a show of paintings by Estève for April and May, to be followed by a Chastel exhibition which will last through June and the first half of July.

Denise René announces an exhibition centered about her publishing activity (end of April through end of May) and, beginning in the latter part of May and lasting through June, recent work by Agam, the Israeli Neo-Plasticist. Paul Facchetti has announced paintings by the Korean painter Lee (approximately May 15 through June 15) and a Kemeny exhibition to follow, lasting through July 15.

Claude Bernard will be showing paintings in a first exhibition by Leroy throughout May, and in June, a long-awaited exhibition of sculpture by Roel d'Haese.

The La Hune gallery, concerned with the defense and development of the graphic arts, announces three successive exhibitions for the spring season: prints by Puig, scheduled to be shown through May 15; by Piza, mid-May through most of June; and, finally, for the month of July, plates from a volume by Sugai, to be published this season by Georges Fall.

For those who might also wish to have another look at some domestic products on foreign soil, there will be Rauschenberg, showing at Daniel Cordier's throughout May, and Jasper Johns at the Rive Droite throughout June. Nolan, Louis and a host of the younger Americans are to be found at the Galerie Neufville.

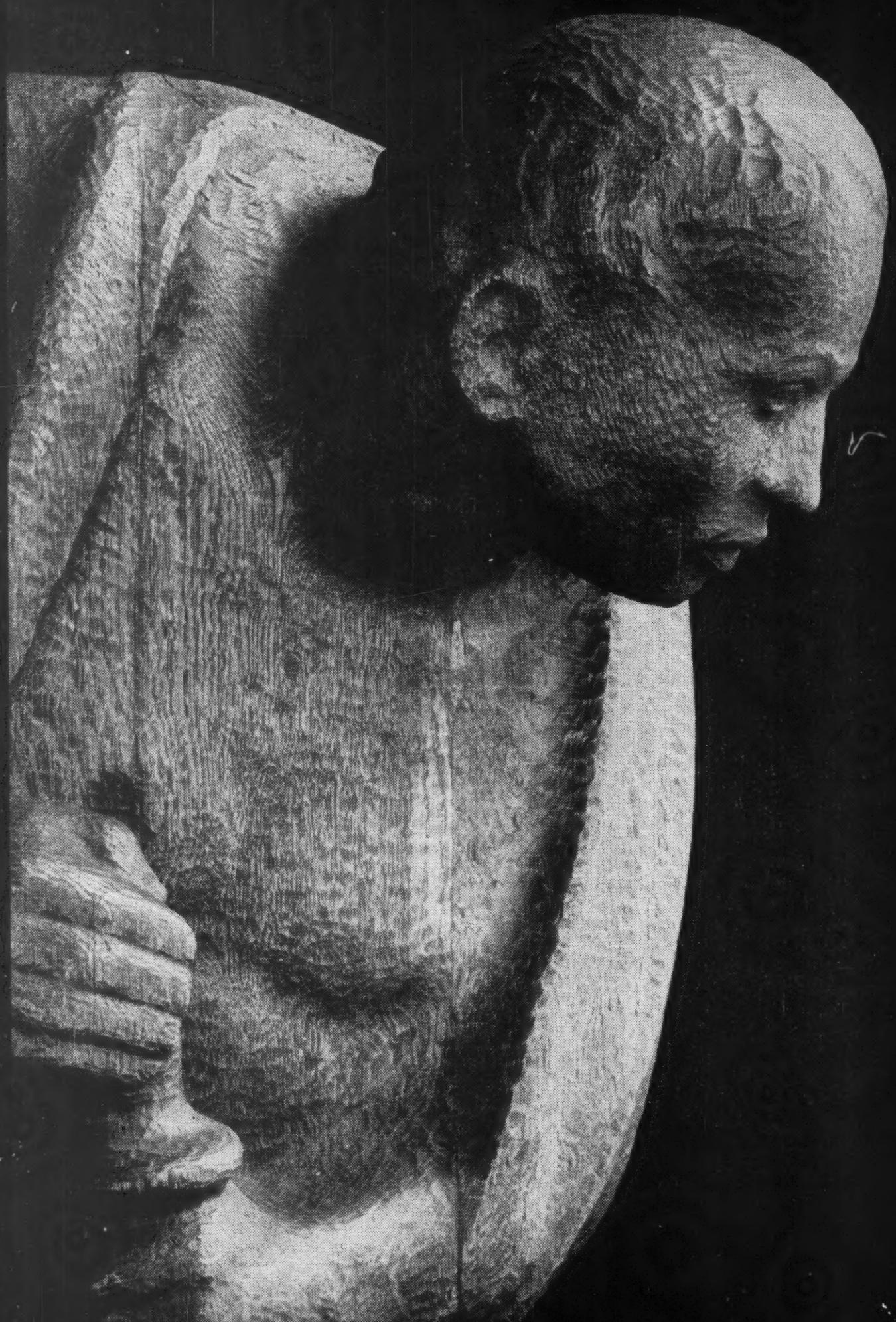
THESE galleries comprise, I think, the core of activity in this city. By that I mean, very simply, that they compose, when taken together, a fair representation of the complementary or opposing tendencies; they animate our seasons, and not only our spring. For their spring calendars are not, compared with their winter schedules, particularly heavy. With the exception of Claude Bernard, whose calendar is slightly less full, whose intentions are perhaps not quite so clearly defined as one would have hoped, they continue to function at a steady, all-year-round pace, and the importance of their artistic function seems to be almost directly dependent upon this. These galleries are acting not only as dealers, but as intermediaries between the artist and that wider public which is not that of the collector, but that of the interested lay public. They therefore launch younger artists, are concerned with both quality and novelty. To this extent they serve somewhat to modify that erratic rhythm from which the Paris exhibition scene suffers.

On the periphery of this central core there exist a number of other galleries, equally tenacious, but concerned for the most part with the survival of older traditions, past movements, the institutionalization of historical moments. Simone Heller, who will in July be showing Domela, Gleizes, Estève in a show which is characteristically entitled "From Cubism to Our Day," is one. The Galerie Synthèse, which has announced gouaches by Couy throughout the month of May, is another.

For the season's supposedly indispensable touch of chic we shall have the Mathieu show at the Rive Droite (May 2 through May 29), the opening of the new Iris Clert Gallery in May (the new premises, situated in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, near Hermès' shop, will open with an exhibition of forty portraits of Mme. Clert), and, finally, an exhibition of seven *Metasigns* by Degottex at the newly redecorated Galerie Internationale d'Art Contemporain.

The visitor will undoubtedly wish to investigate some of the newest galleries. Of these I should especially recommend the Galerie Lambert, which will be presenting, as usual, the younger Polish artists, the Galerie du Fleuve, which will be showing a new group in May and collages by Bau throughout the month of June, and the Galerie Karl Flinker, which promises a large and particularly interesting group show to celebrate its first anniversary, in May, and, for June, paintings by Hosiasson.

No one, as you see, does much about July; *accrochage* and closure are the rule, but the city, its pleasures and palaces and all that gives life to them remain.





The Season in London

BY ALAN BOWNESS

THE summer's exhibitions and the changing character of the London art scene—I can't help feeling that it's more difficult for someone permanently resident here like myself to comment on these topics than it would be for the occasional visitor. He would no doubt immediately see big differences over the last five years or so; but I don't, or at least I have to sit and think about changes that have crept over us almost imperceptibly.

However, let me start on firm ground where statements can be verified. There is certainly more public interest in art and in modern art in particular than there has been in London for a very long time. This can be proved in all sorts of ways, most obviously in the increasing number of galleries and of people visiting them. A hundred dealers' galleries now advertise in the fortnightly *Arts Review*, formerly *Art News and Review*, which is an indispensable guide for visitors to London. Some of these are little more than picture shops, but about half arrange regular exhibitions, usually lasting three weeks each, so there's a flood of painting, most of it new, constantly before the public.

A small gallery may not get many visitors, and there's less written about exhibitions than there should be, though this I suspect is due more to the lack of good critics and the general difficulty of writing about new art than to reluctance on the part of newspaper or magazine editors. But as in many other spheres, success breeds success, and the number of visitors to the Arts Council's recent exhibitions is formidable.

Nearly half a million people saw the Picasso show last summer, and 120,000 went to a comparatively modest exhibition of Toulouse-Lautrec paintings from the Albi Museum earlier this year. Mr. Whitney's collection, when it was at the Tate in January, was seen by well over 100,000 people, and Sir John Rothenstein must be delighted that the Tate Gallery's attendance in the last twelve months has been over a million for the first time ever. The National Gallery's attendance figures have also been rising steadily.

Another positive indication of increasing interest is

Ernst Barlach, detail of The Solitary (1911); at the Arts Council Gallery.

that the national collections now have more money to spend—though still not nearly enough. Money comes largely by direct government grant; our tax structure is unfortunately one that on every count discourages the private benefactor of a museum or art gallery. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has been pressed from time to time to make tax concessions of the kind that exist in the States, but so far without result. It cannot be that the government is entirely unsympathetic, for some of its members are collectors or amateur painters.

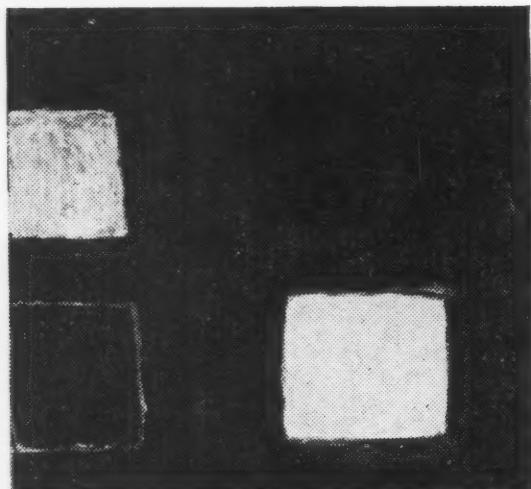
Nevertheless, the extraordinary high prices that paintings have fetched at Sotheby's and Christie's auction sales lately have drawn public attention to a situation that is not without its disquieting side. Though collectors from Europe (especially the Swiss) and sometimes even the British buy very expensive works, the market is still dominated by Americans whose purchases are often indirectly subsidized by the U. S. government. The speed at which works of art find their way into public collections also causes apprehension about the drying up of sources of supply, even if the gaps do seem to be readily filled by hitherto unfashionable or more modern works.

The impression one gets from a highly successful firm like Sotheby's (their sales continue until August) is one of great confidence in the future. They know that London is particularly well suited by language and geography to be the center of the world's art-dealing, expertise is generally at a high level, and there seems no reason why the prosperity that has spread from auction houses to dealers should not continue.

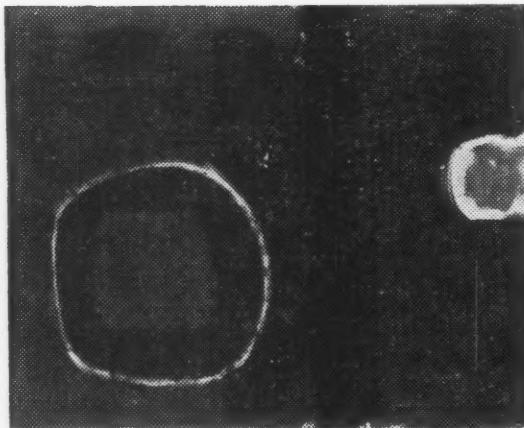
IT HAS been particularly interesting of late to notice the relatively high prices that works by living British artists have been fetching in the salerooms—Moore and Nicholson in particular, but paintings and sculpture of a dozen other artists have been sold for surprisingly high sums. It is a new idea that British art is worth something, and as a result more artists are making a living out of their work than at any time since the Victorian heyday.

Rising prices have also given our artists more confidence. Their work is wanted, and exhibitions multiply, especially out of England. One surprising new

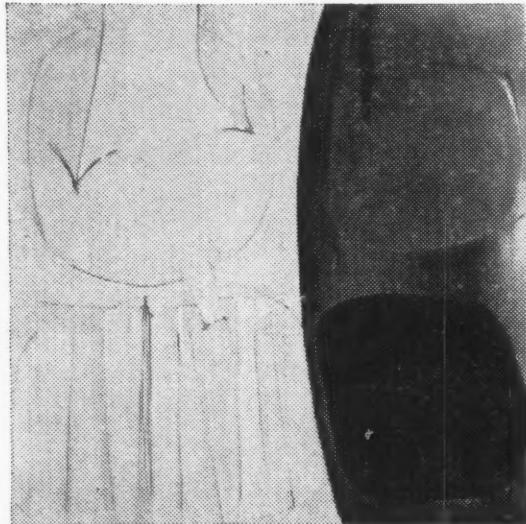
The Season In London



William Scott, *Painting 1961*; at Hanover Gallery.



Patrick Heron, *Green and Purple Painting*; at Waddington Galleries.



Terry Frost, *Red, Black and White*; at Waddington Galleries.

development has been the opening of the German and Swiss markets to English artists, no doubt owing to the comparative paucity of local talent and to the decline of the School of Paris. This has had particularly interesting results: once a British painter or sculptor begins to face up to international competition, his work often takes on an altogether new dimension—in fact, he becomes an artist of international stature. This has happened to both William Scott and Victor Pasmore recently, as it happened to Nicholson and Francis Bacon some years ago.

All four were "launched" at Venice Biennales by the British Council's astute Fine Arts Director, Lilian Somerville, who knows better than anyone that the right kind of support given at the right moment can be of tremendous value to a painter or sculptor, not so much materially as in helping his work. The British Council has been criticized for partisan policies and for limiting its patronage to a handful of artists, but unquestionably the general direction has been brilliantly correct, and Mrs. Somerville can always properly answer that she shows the sort of artist people abroad want to see. In any case the gap between British Council taste and Tate Gallery taste (if I may use the expression) has lessened considerably of late, and as their work gets more familiar so too public acceptance of artists like those I've mentioned will increase.

It is partly a question of a new generation breaking through. I am not forgetting or underestimating Nicholson and Pasmore, Moore and Barbara Hepworth, Hitchens, Sutherland and Ceri Richards, but it is a fact that the real strength of painting and sculpture in Britain today lies in those artists born between 1910 and 1920. They include the painters Bacon, Hilton, Scott, Moynihan, Herman, Vaughan, Frost, Gear, Wynter, Le Brocq, Lanyon, Prunella Clough, Mundy, Feiler, Heron, Heath and Davie, and the sculptors Butler, Chadwick, Meadows, Armitage and Adams. Some of these artists have little in common, and of course not all are of equal significance, but I do not believe that any European country, not excepting France, has such potential in this particular age-group, and these are the painters and sculptors whose work is going to be increasingly before the eyes of the world in the next ten years.

The situation seems to me to be just as promising among the under-forties (especially the sculptors): I admit that most of them would cheerfully write off almost every name I've mentioned, but that's not to be wondered at. One hesitates to assert what are the dominant trends, but as I've said before in my London Letters there's great activity on the borderland between abstract and figurative where imagery plays an important role. Some of the younger painters are obsessed with an idea of realism that always results in turbid paint and muddy color; others are fiercely dependent on American painting, with a devotion either to the so-called hard-edge or abstract classicists (Newman, Reinhardt), or to the Neo-Dadaists



Turnbull, *Eve I*;
at Molton Gallery.



Elizabeth Frink, *Bird*;
at Waddington Galleries.

(Rauschenberg, Rivers, Johns).

There can be no doubt at all, I think, that the rise to international importance of American painting has had a beneficial influence in England. I'm now thinking not so much of stylistic influence (though this has been considerable) as of the psychological effect that American independence from Paris has had on English artists. As I've previously remarked on this score, we have been subservient to French art ever since national confidence in the English product collapsed in the later nineteenth century. This was inevitable, and due as much as anything to the magnificence of the French School, but there's a certain irony in the fact that it was the American-born Whistler who did more than anyone to destroy Victorian complacency.

WHERE can a visitor see the work of these painters and sculptors I've been talking about? Most of them live in or near London, but would not readily give access to their studios. This can be too distracting, and any completed work soon gets moved to their dealers' galleries, which are on the whole by far the best place for a visitor to go. Visiting studios is rather easier in the only other concentration of artists in Britain—around St. Ives in West Cornwall, which is always popular in the summer months. If you're willing to make the three-hundred-mile journey from London (best done by night train), your seriousness is proved, but even so it's better to give some notice of your impending arrival to whoever it is you want to see.

As I've said, all the better-known artists are associated with a gallery, which would certainly show you their work. Your visit may even coincide with a one-man exhibition. Moore, for example, is showing stone and wood carvings at the Marlborough from June 15; Barbara Hepworth new work at Gimpel's from May 30 to June 24. Scott shows at the Hanover from May 17 to June 18, Frost at Waddington in June, Moynihan at the Redfern in May, and Le Brocquy at Gimpel in September.

Other one-man shows by British artists include Frank Auerbach at Beaux Arts (until late May), Nigel Henderson at the I.C.A. (April 12-May 20), Georgiadis at Redfern (June), Inlander at the Leicester Galleries (June 7-28), James Taylor at Lefevre (June) and Edward Burra there in July, Hamilton Fraser at Gimpel (July), Fidler and Crozier at the Drian (May and September respectively), and John Plumb at the Molton in July. Sculpture shows include Turnbull at the Molton until May 6, and Denis Mitchell and Elizabeth Frink at Waddington (May and July).

Unlike Paris, London does not noticeably empty in the summer months, and there's never the same widespread closing of shops and theaters. Almost all the galleries remain open throughout August, but many hang a mixed exhibition of work by painters associated with them. You might expect to find Hitchens, Heron, Hilton and Wynter at Waddington's; But-

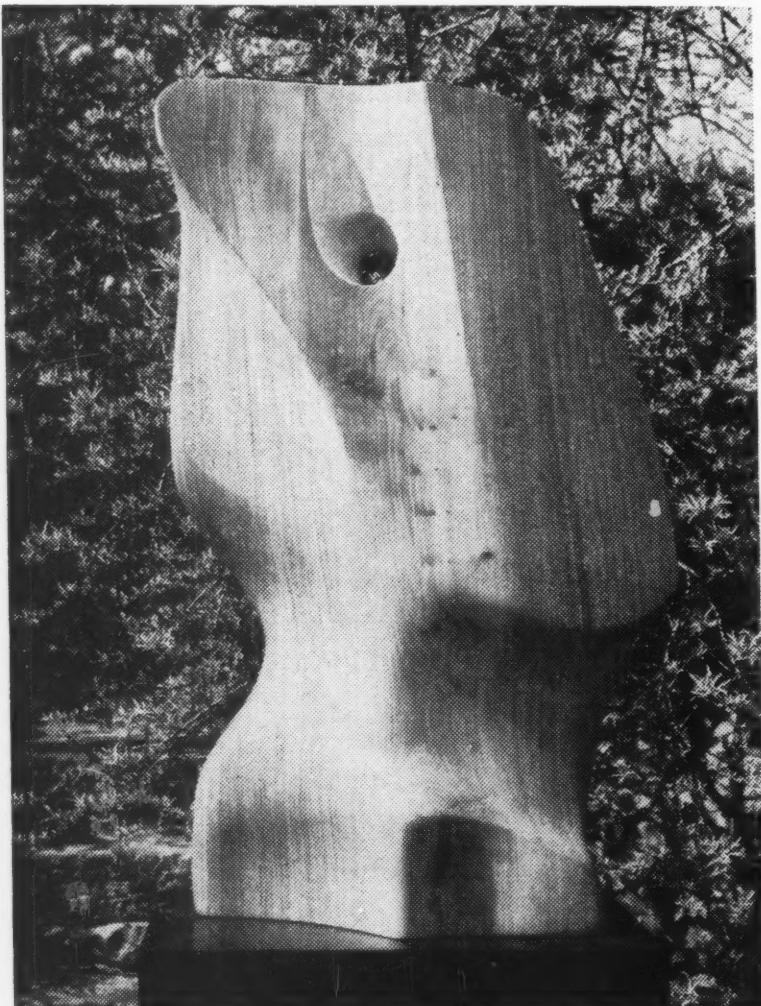
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ler, Heath and Mundy at the Hanover; Nicholson, Lanyon, Davie, Adams, Meadows, Gear and Sandra Blow at Gimpel's; Vaughan, Weschke, Prunella Clough, Nolan and Jack Smith at Matthiesen; Herman at Roland, Browse and Delbanco; Feiler, Bowen and Avray Wilson at the Redfern; Brathy and Greaves at Zwemmer's; and one of the largest concentrations—Bacon, Pasmore, Sutherland, Ceri Richards, Armitage, Chadwick—at the Marlborough or at its offshoot across Bond Street, the New London Gallery. The last-named is giving hospitality to some of the most interesting younger painters who are still unconnected with galleries—the Cohens, Denny, Stroud, Irwin, Gillian Ayres, Covello, etc. This is the group who showed in "Situation" last August, and this year the show is scheduled for August 10 to September 13.

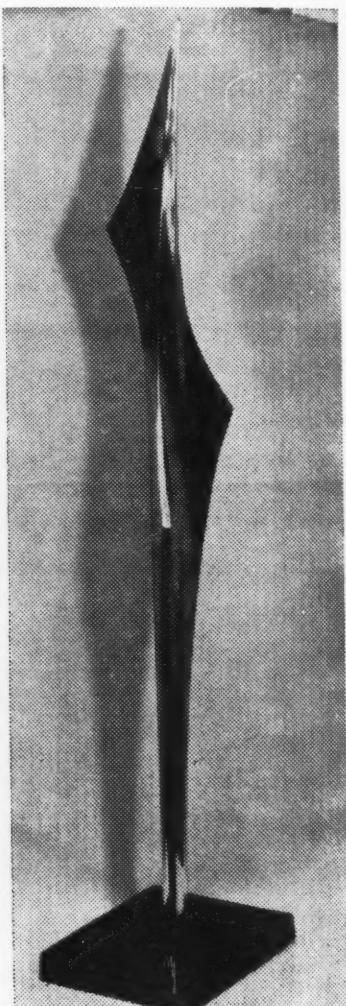
Other important exhibitions promised (need I say that all these dates are provisional and given in good faith?) include at the Marlborough Kandinsky's

"Road to Abstraction" (from April 19) and a Pollock retrospective (from May 18); at the New London, Moholy-Nagy (May 23–June 17) and Pre-Columbian art (June 27–August 5); at Gimpel's, Matta (May 4–27); at Tooth's, Asger Jorn (May 30–June 24); at Roland, Browse and Delbanco, Marcousis (June) and perhaps O'Connor (July); at McRoberts and Tunnard, Dmitrienko (June); at the I.C.A., William Copley (May 24–July 1); at the Leicester, Callianis (June 7–28); at Crane Kalman, Kikoine (May); at the Molton, Spiropoulos (May); at Matthiesen, Sergio de Castro (May); and at the Grosvenor Gallery, Archipenko (June–July), Baj (July–August) and from May 9 to June 10 a show of contemporary Soviet graphic art, which, though not abstract, at least shows an awareness of Matisse and Chagall.

Other galleries that demand a mention are the Arcade and Agnew's and Colnaghi's for old-master paintings and drawings; Wildenstein, Tooth, Lefevre and



Barbara Hepworth, *Figure (Nyanga)*; at Gimpel Fils.



Denis Mitchell, *Taut Form*; at Waddington Galleries.



Honoré Daumier, *La Parade*; collection Glasgow Art Gallery and Museum. In the Daumier exhibition at the Tate Gallery, London.

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the Marlborough for nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century work; the Hanover for twentieth-century sculpture; and the Piccadilly, Obelisk and Gallery One for often unusual miscellanies. For artists' prints, go to Zwemmer, Redfern and St. George's; the last is also taking over the R.W.S. Galleries in May for its annual "British Contemporary Printmakers" show. Other galleries like Arthur Jeffress, A.I.A., Grabowski, the New Vision and the New Art Centre specialize in presenting little-known artists.

Most of these private galleries are open from ten until six, though some, like the British Museum, close at five; the compensation for this early closing (characteristic of all London stores, except on a Thursday evening) is that none shut in the lunch hour. The dealers' galleries also close on Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday; public galleries only on Sunday morning. Even here there's a last resource: if you pay five guineas and become a Friend of the Gallery, you can spend your Sunday mornings at the Tate.

THIS brings us to the public galleries; what have they planned for this summer? The most important show promises to be the Daumier exhibition at the Tate Gallery from June 14 to July 30. Selected by K. E. Maison, the international authority on Daumier, this is designed to establish Daumier's stature as one of the greatest of nineteenth-century French painters and draftsmen. There will accordingly be no lithographs and no sculpture, but about a hundred paintings and more than a hundred water colors and drawings. Anyone who has worked on Daumier will know how great is Mr. Maison's achievement: this represents a remarkably high percentage of the artist's surviving *oeuvre*.

Also at the Tate, in September and early October, Roland Penrose is arranging a seventieth-birthday exhibition for Max Ernst. Some of the works in the current American show are coming to London, and they will be joined by paintings from European collections.

Both these exhibitions are organized not by the Tate Gallery itself, but by the Arts Council, the government-supported body for all cultural activities in England. Its Art Department, under Gabriel White, has a remarkable record of exhibitions, thirty or forty of which are all the time touring Britain. They vary in size from a group of thirty framed Klee reproductions to the mammoth Tate shows. Some are assembled from the Arts Council's permanent collections, mostly of contemporary British art (an example of direct patronage by the state); others consist of work borrowed for a six- or twelve-month tour. Wherever you happen to be in Britain, you may easily find an Arts Council exhibition. They do much to stimulate local interest in provincial museums and galleries, which too often suffer from unsuitable buildings and inadequate financial resources.

At its own gallery in St. James's Square, near Piccadilly, the Arts Council has from May 5 to June 3

the first major show in England of the sculpture of Ernst Barlach. This is one of a carefully planned series of exhibitions devoted to the work of twentieth-century sculptors; the Arts Council gave us Lipchitz, Manzú and Zadkine at the Tate last year; the Epstein memorial exhibition arranged by John Rothenstein will be held there in November; and in 1962, it is hoped, there will be retrospectives of Calder and Arp.

In August at the Arts Council's Gallery there's a show of British theater design; between this and the Barlach, from June 28 to July 29, Trevor Dannatt has designed an exhibition to show the best in British architecture over the last ten years. This will coincide with the London congress of the International Union of Architects which is being held at the beginning of July on the theme "New Techniques and Materials: Their Impact on Architecture." Meetings are in the Festival Hall, but two temporary buildings are being erected on the South Bank nearby. Planned by Theo Crosby, at minimum cost, they will remain for a month after the Congress finishes. William Turnbull, Kenneth and Mary Martin, Anthony Hill and John Ernest are all collaborating with Mr. Crosby on mural decorations and constructions for the new buildings.

The Arts Council is also responsible for two exhibitions at the Victoria and Albert Museum—the Korean national art treasures which remain on view until May 7, and a collection of Italian Renaissance bronzes, selected by John Pope-Hennessy, from June until September. The Museum itself is arranging an exhibition of Japanese color prints from May 5 until late July. The British Museum's popular "Fakes and Deceptive Copies" exhibition is likely to remain on view until the autumn.

At the National Gallery at the end of the summer (September 29–November 5) part of the Bührle Collection from Zurich will be shown under the title "Masterpieces of French Painting from Ingres to Picasso." The selection is in the hands of Douglas Cooper, and this—another Arts Council exhibition—will be shown at the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh from August 19 to September 17 before it comes to London. The other Edinburgh Festival exhibition this year is a grand Epstein show, to be staged by Richard Buckle in the Waverly Market.

Other public galleries in London have also announced exhibitions for the summer. At Kenwood House, the imposing Nash mansion on Hampstead Heath that houses the late Lord Iveagh's pictures, there's to be a Romney exhibition from early June until late September. The Society for the Promotion of Roman Studies is planning a comprehensive show of "Art in Roman Britain" from June 27 to July 22 at the Goldsmiths' Hall in the City of London, another perfect exhibition place. And at Whitechapel from June 2 until July 28 Bryan Robertson has assembled an exhibition of "Contemporary Australian Paintings," three works each by thirty artists, which promises to be something of a revelation. All in all, it should be quite a summer.



Daumier, *Street Scene*; collection Museum Boymans-Van Beuningen, Rotterdam.
In the Daumier exhibition at the Tate Gallery.



Peter Paul Rubens, *The Artist and His First Wife, Isabella Brant, in the Honeysuckle Bower*; collection the Alte Pinakothek, Munich.

Munich Observations

BY VERNON YOUNG

SINCE life is short and art takes so long—to assimilate—and Europe so underfoot and in the hair with migratory hordes as to shrink further the Season when one can Look without Listening, the passionate (and irascible) pilgrim is compelled to ask himself, faced with a choice between one city or scenic area and another, "What historically important buildings or memorable works of art does it comprise?" To be sure, the pleasure of discovery is as great as that of verification—as any touring Philistine who never discovers anything will tell you—and the memorable cannot be certified in advance. With world enough and time, one could ignore the promptings of The Great Chronology. Who ever had world or time enough? Brevity makes snobs of us all.

Munich as an expressive center of European art is not an assumption the enlightened pilgrim would readily grant—the less so if his focal points of departure, and return, are in Italy or France, or even England. For the aesthetic glutton hastening to the feast of Venice or Florence or Rome, Munich is a way-station offering no time-worthy competition. And his disdain is incontrovertible. No argument can be successfully advanced against his preference for The Source of It All. Nobody would have the temerity to draft such an argument—nobody except an incurable monomaniac, fanatically addicted to High Gothic (like many French invalids I've known). But once the primary exception has been made and if you are willing to discard as tactless a quantity-snob's incurious contentment with the treasures of the Prado or the Louvre, you have then reasonably constricted the field of discussion to a mere jungle of Specialized Interests, Matters of Taste and It Says Here.

Omitting from the present subject all unnegotiables like "The Feel of the City," "Are the Americans There to Stay?" "Is Bavaria Germany?" "They Followed Hitler, Didn't They?" I'll take up the unarguably by first recalling to the catalogue-minded that Munich is the home of the Alte Pinakothek, a familiar credit on the reverse side of a high proportion of old-master reproductions. This collection seriously challenges, even if it cannot claim to surpass, those of the Kunsthistorisches in Vienna, the museum at The Hague, Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum and the Dresden

Gallery. A numerical listing of superlatives here will be of no service to the reader, since he'll not remember a tenth, but the sovereign acquisitions cannot be lightly passed over.

It's always a special event to encounter, unexpectedly, vis-à-vis, a painting you've known of for years as an accredited masterwork, yet never seen except on the page. By then you're so familiar with its definable values, the nature of its plastic means, the precise insight it evoked on what occasion from which critic, scholar or poet, that faced with the original you're likely to think you've already seen it. If it isn't spectacular at first glance you may even murmur, "Oh yes, that one, of course," with a faint pang of disappointment. As the delayed reaction sets in, you realize that recapitulation and rediscovery are not synonymous. A great painting survives the inordinate explanations you may think have exhausted your capacity for enjoying it. They haven't; they've over-prepared your mind, perhaps, but it's with your eyes that you look at a painting. It stands to reason (and art) that what you're now, for the first time, seeing, isn't what you've known, and that it's bound to be something greater: it's the direct object of perception, whereas the facsimile of this object, the more so if it was a "reasonable" one, was simply a rehearsal of values. Confronted with the picture itself, your perception and the values cohere; their sum, stimulated by mysterious other factors, constitutes an *experience* of the painting. This is what happened to me when I encountered, at the Pinakothek, Titian's *Crowning with Thorns*, pre-eminent in a roomful of eminent Venetians—like a single Doge among the resplendent Council of Ten whose signal authority is conveyed by his quietly vibrating assumption of it.

THE placing of pictures at the Pinakothek, if not the lighting, is generally conducive to an unimpeded view; in the Venetian gallery more or less, since during the winter months visibility waits on God to repair the economy of municipal man by means of the overhead skylight. One pays for everything: the summer visitor, more likely to be the beneficiary of steady topside daylight (and the Tintoretto high on the side wall de-

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Rubens, *The Lion Hunt*; in the Alte Pinakothek.

mand a full share) will contend by the same seasonal token with the youth-hostel population surging between him and the Adriatic splendors. As the Venetian room serves also as a main ingress to other exhibits it is rarely untrammeled, and your ogling of another Familiar from the books, Tintoretto's *Venus Surprised by Vulcan*, is consequently inhibited, or at least difficult to sustain. So surrounded and nudged, you need a considerable degree of self-possession to be a bold *voyeur* of elegant *voyeurism* while telling yourself you are preoccupied with the discrimination of painterly surface values.

The Rubens collection occupies the hall of honor in this building—rather, it occupies the only hall into which, if it is to remain undivided, it could fit! The space involved is about equal to that of the largest room at the Metropolitan (the tearoom with joy pond is *not* the one I mean), and in this area are nineteen Rubens', nearly half of them cartoons executed no doubt by assistants, their subject Biblical-aerial: massive bodies interlocked and plunging downward through space, cast out of heaven by angels. At least four must be over thirty feet in height by about twenty-two (I could be off either way; I haven't slide-rule vision). They're colossal and you can't escape them while looking at the semi-colossal ones, because as I said they're all in this one "room"—and they make you nervous even when you turn your back to them, much as if you were being followed by jet-propelled missiles and trying not to notice or care. It's better

to notice them, attentively, on the principle that to face danger is less unnerving than to imagine a more fearful unknown. Their draftsmanship is astonishing, not simply the linear elements as such, but their employment to make of volume itself a dramatic agency, centrally characteristic of Baroque art. Not that you'd call any of this subtle! But supple, yes, and the heroic scale is justified by the perfect control of the rhythmic sequences, which have to be eye-followed from head to foot, as it were. The Rubens school of gigantism at its best, and this is it, mastered the illusion of buoyancy, which is one reason these vertically ranged epics are ultimately formidable instead of monstrous.

The Lion Hunt, sizable but not gigantic, is something else. First of all it's a painting, and yields the rich satisfaction of mobile substance and color. In its own world, that of the sensational subject, it's as rewarding to sight as the Titian named above. With bravura and certainly complex means, Rubens has brought into one concentratedly powerful image the idealized essentials of a ferocious physical action. The appeal is exotic, the execution irresistible. As elemental if less ambitious, and of more "conventional" size, is *The Defeat of Sennacherib*, painted with the more brushy treatment of Rubens' renown. In this picture the wind is a visibly animating force and at the same time the dividing factor of the pictorial field . . . I'll mention but one other painter, arbitrarily, before leaving a subject that could easily monopolize my survey—Albrecht Altdorfer, who made a unique contribution



Rubens, detail from *The Fall of the Damned*; collection the Alte Pinakothek.

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El Greco, detail from *The Disrobing of Christ*; collection the Alte Pinakothek.

to the emergent Germanic theme in the closing years of the fifteenth century: observed nature mystically inhabited. Two of his most extraordinary paintings are at the Pinakothek, *Forest Scene with St. George* and a tour de force of the visionary-landscape-with-figures (hundreds of figures!), the *Alexanderschaft*.

RECENT and modern paintings formerly in the Alte Pinakothek are now in one wing of the Haus der Kunst. My use of "recent" is rhetorical and elastic. Nineteenth-century German painting makes up seven-eighths of the gallery, with Von Marées and Wilhelm Leibl given majority representation. Expressionism is selectively characterized by its pre-War phase: Nolde, Kirchner, Marc, Kandinsky and Kokoschka are above all favorably exhibited, each by a few but well-chosen canvases. (The City Museum gallery shares early Kandinsky with the Haus der Kunst; excellent examples of his lyrical Murnau painting will be found there.) Among the Expected Aliens I recall noting a Cézanne still life, a Van Gogh blue and white view of Antwerp and Gauguin's Breton girls at the well, as exemplary—indeed, they are outstanding in the collection as a whole. But Munich is not rich in collections of "modern" or contemporary international art, and despite the local belief that Schwabing, the art-school quarter, is a Montmartre of sorts, I have no conviction that this is productively a painter's city. The aesthetic sense seems all to be embodied in monuments of the past, with reservations allowed for some inventively designed film-houses and for scenic art in the theater, which, by the way, is a spirited if uneven enterprise.

For anyone receptive to the traditional art and crafts of German regionalism preceding the last century (sculpture, ceramics, glass and silver ware, furnishings and the like), the Bayerische or National Bavarian Museum is of first importance, one among four of the country's regional best, the others being the Wolf-Richter in Cologne, the City Museum in Hamburg and the St. Anne in Lübeck. Mention of the latter, in fact, forces me to the digression that the Bernt Notke crucifixion group there, providentially removed from the fated cathedral, was for me the most powerful experience of its kind in North European art. Regrettably, that leaves me virtually unaffected by the comparative passivity of Tilman Riemenschneider, the South German contemporary of Notke, whose church statuary and reliefs, principally in stone, are prominently featured in the sculpture alcoves at Bayerische. Once embarked on the subject of ecclesiastical sculpture, however, the whole world of Baroque is brought into reference, and the necessary limits of this outline restrict me to a mere suggestion of the multiple directions in which that world can be explored in the Munich area and within every arc of the surroundings.

Not to slight Austria, with Salzburg as its crown, Bavaria is German Baroque (and Rococo), in abundance. Within a day's drive or train excursion from

Munich, most of the incontestable achievements in building and decoration can be visited. (You must stretch a point to include the pilgrimage church of Vierzehnheiligen on the perimeter.) The "pseudo" palaces built in mountainous or lakeside settings for the deranged Ludwig II in the nineteenth century, as architectural counterparts of Wagner's music, are contestable, but only an immovable purist could resist the fantasy and the elegance or the total scenic effect of Linderhof and Neuschwanstein. If approved pseudo-Versailles is to your taste, you may gratify it with a visit to nearby Nymphenburg, a fairly overpowering palace layout fronted by acres of park terrain and boulevards of water that appear to meet in infinity. The prize exhibit of this enfiladed cosmos is a small pavilion, Amalienburg, the whimsical offering of François Cuvilliés who was supervising architect for the royal court in the 1730's. Architecturally the building is unremarkable—a mere lodge. Its chef-d'œuvre is a central room with windows in one bay, seemingly composed otherwise of nothing but mirrors, silver and whipped cream. At first glance the scant partitioning areas must be inferred; no building substance makes itself felt, only a serpentine froth of silver entwined round the crystalline surfaces and, at the time of my visit, a diffusion of multiple-exposure cloudstuff, mysteriously still, which was soon revealed as the banked snow outside, mirrored in a wealth of perspectives.

THREE churches in Munich academically illustrate the development of German Baroque from or in concert with Italian inspiration: the Jesuit St. Michael, the Holy Trinity and the Theatiner. All of them display façades richer and more arresting than their interiors, because they all suffered severe bombing which has necessitated rebuilding or "restoring," operations that involved stripping most of what period fittings and decoration had survived. The Theatinerkirche, a pioneer effort in the Roman high-style Baroque, completed in 1675 by three Italian-Swiss architects, remains the most imposing traditional profile in the city, despite damage to its dome and crossing. Mustard-colored, and bearing twin tower-helms richly embellished with volutes that enfold memories of Venice in their aquatic spirals, it is likely to be one's quickest recall image of Munich, in defiance of the civic allegiance to the Frauenkirche whose tower summits (older and taller) persistently suggested to one observer a brace of Persian cushions.

In the opinion of connoisseurs, and in mine, acquired empirically and in a crescendo of wonder which the scholarly sources informed but could not alone have initiated, the St. John Nepomuk church, built and decorated by the Asam brothers for their private use and delight, is the consummate expression of South German aerial Baroque in miniature, you might say, and the single building in Munich, above all others, not to be overlooked. (Happily it's the only notable one that

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suffered no major damage.) The Asam brothers, Egid Quirin and Cosmas Damian, always in demand as decorators for the churches of others, were architects in their own right, with a special bent for subduing the tangible manifestations of interior construction by "dissolving" the walls, the supporting and crowning elements, even the cornices and the altars, into an illusory area of highly mobile and mystical graduations. They achieved this effect at Weltenburg and Straubing (both near Regensburg on the Danube northeast of Munich), as well as in the St. John Nepomuk, by consistently introducing their source-lighting from above only, from the dome or, in the absence of one, from concealed windows with calculated sight-lines to the high altar. By this means they "divided" vertical space into celestial and earthly zones, a distinctly theatrical strategy in the service of metaphysics.

In their Munich interior, incredibly small (about ninety by thirty feet), the light, except for a vestibule filter from the west façade window, penetrates from the upper south side alone, close to the ceiling where a parapet or second cornice conceals any windows from one's view below. The main altar is so constructed as to lead the eye to the upper level, where figures of the Holy Trinity and accompanying angels dominantly hover, especially when ignited during sunny afternoons by light that searchingly moves over the limbs of the Christ and in turn makes incandescent the gold and silver elements of the grouping. There is nothing meretricious in this interior, no confused poundage of decoration (its dimensions are too reticent to encourage the possibility). Four niches of sculpture, obliquely set, frame the boundaries of the nave, and overhead the deftly animated and dipping cornices and the pinched waist molding around the faded fresco create a dynamic longitude out of all proportion to the "reality." When you've acknowledged the church as an inspired solution of a compressed-space problem, you have only begun to explain its incredible subtlety of tension and to enjoy the variable light, always temperate, which dies downward over surfaces, pastel and imprecise, which might as well be powdered sea foam and crushed rose petals. As a building it beggars rational analysis; you finally accept it as you would the architecture of a wave breaking, or a tree elegantly contorted by the wind.

If I seem en route to have converted Munich, the city of the beer-hall Putsch, the ski enthusiast, the mountain climber (and of the grandiose museum of technics) into an almost faery abode of fastidious architecture, this is but a contingency of my selections in a special category. I can reassure the prospective visitor, if he's in need of reassurance, that Munich is a ferociously extrovert atmosphere in which to experience art or to research the less boisterous expressions of the mind. There is small chance, actually, of your being turned into a pillar of Nymphenburg porcelain or of disintegrating in the dust beams of other-worldly light.



Interior details of the Church of St. John Nepomuk, Munich.
Above, St. Peter; below, St. Jerome;
at right, the Holy Trinity.





Vienna: Hapsburg to Hollegha

BY ALFRED WERNER

WHEN I first revisited Vienna, twelve years ago, there was little talk about art in my native city, and even less opportunity to see its art treasures. The talking was done exclusively by a few feverish young men and women who were more eager to learn about developments in the great world outside Austria (from which they had been cut off by Hitlerism and war) than to obtain a slab of chocolate or a tin of coffee, though starvation had clearly etched their expressive faces. They respected but regretted Kokoschka's decision not to return to the country where, from 1938 to 1945, all his work had been outlawed as "degenerate," and they were glad to welcome another and much younger man, Fritz Wotruba, the boldly modern sculptor who had just come back from his voluntary exile. Most of the museums were closed, having been severely damaged, and repair was delayed by lack of manpower and funds.

Today, however, the Viennese, blessed with an amazing talent for the obliteration of all unpleasant memories, no longer recall the years of famine and foreign occupation, and have to think hard to remember a certain Adolf Hitler (to whom many of them had, once upon a time, given a jubilant welcome). About forty public institutions are now open to the visitor interested in painting, sculpture, the applied arts, in natural science or technical discoveries, in folklore, in historical mementos or relics associated with famous statesmen, poets and musicians of the past. Luckily, most of the art treasures that had been hidden away in 1939 survived unharmed, and could be reinstalled in buildings repaired thanks, to a large extent, to Uncle Sam's generosity. Still, two important art collections that I cherished in my youth have left Vienna for good. The Prince of Liechtenstein, whose early-eighteenth-century palace still stands in its lovely park, decided that his treasures—including magnificent paintings by Botticelli, Van Dyck, Hals, Chardin and Cranach—would be safer in his ancestral castle at Vaduz, and removed them from the Austrian capital that, this pessimist felt, might be swallowed up by the Russians any day. The Palais Czernin was bombed out

during the war, but all its treasures survive. They include Vermeer's celebrated *Artist in His Studio*, acquired by Hitler for the colossal museum he intended to build in the city of Linz, and now owned by Vienna's Kunsthistorisches Museum. To see the other Czernin pictures one must go to Salzburg, as the present Count of Czernin has loaned them for several years to the archepiscopal palace.

Thousands of Americans are acquainted to some extent with Austria's artistic wealth through the "Art Treasures from the Vienna Collections" that were seen here briefly a decade ago. In addition to old-master paintings, the show included ornamental objects, arms, armor and tapestries, and became popularly known as the "Hapsburg Treasures." Indeed, the dynasty which ruled for nearly eight centuries included several very acquisitive collectors, among them the fabulous Rudolf II, whose favorites were Dürer and Bruegel, and who eventually became so absorbed by his collecting mania that he neglected his duties and was forced to abdicate. Noticing how marvelously rich Vienna is in Venetian and Flemish art, one might recall that a large part of Northern Italy and the territory of what is now Belgium were for a long time under Hapsburg rule, a fact that must not be passed over in silence.

BUT let us now make a visit to the Vienna of 1961—which, to the art-conscious tourist with limited time at hand, means staying within the irregular hexagon called Innere Stadt. This is the more than two-thousand-year-old center from which the workers' districts and the more affluent residential sections had fanned out under the long reign of Queen Victoria's coeval, Emperor Francis Joseph I. Innere Stadt is bordered, roughly, on the east by the Donaukanal (a narrow arm of the Danube), and on the other sides by the nearly four-mile-long tree-lined, broad and elegant boulevard appropriately called Ringstrasse (it runs along the site of the *glacis*, the wide belt of meadows just outside the fortifications that were demolished about a century ago).

This Innere Stadt, Vienna's First District, is a liv-

View of the Schloss Schönbrunn, Vienna.

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Vermeer, *The Artist in His Studio*; collection Kunsthistorisches Museum.

is Studio;
s Museum.





View of the Upper Belvedere, Vienna.

ing museum of architecture, starting with the Romanesque period, as represented by the western façade of the venerable St. Stephen's Cathedral, and leading up to some very fine new buildings replacing edifices bombed out in 1944 and 1945. The emphasis is, of course, on Baroque and Rococo, on Dominikanerkirche, Franziskanerkirche, Jesuitenkirche, Kapuzinerkirche and so on, all built with verve and fervor in a period when Catholicism had recovered from the blows of the Lutheran rebellion. Baroque and Rococo are also the sumptuous mansions built, largely by architects imported from Italy, for aristocrats and the princes of the church. Behind their gracious façades and in their spacious salons Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven gave concerts to a not always sufficiently appreciative audience. Victorian imitations of Greek, Gothic or Renaissance buildings form some of the major edifices on the Ringstrasse, such as the Kunsthistorisches Museum and the Naturhistorisches Museum, the Parliament, the New City Hall and the University. Travelers who are not in a hurry should, of

course, make trips to some of the palaces located on the city's outskirts, along the approaches to the Wienerwald, especially the Schloss Schoenbrunn (in the Thirteenth District), designed before 1700 by the celebrated Johann Bernhard Fischer von Erlach as a kind of Viennese "Versailles."

Significant and fascinating works of art can be found all over Vienna—in churches, palaces, libraries, federal and municipal buildings, in dealers' galleries, in the homes of private collectors (who often extend their hospitality to an art lover from abroad) and, of course, in the studios of local artists, from the aged Herbert Boeckl to the young Wolfgang Hollegha. But for those tourists who cannot spend more than a week or ten days in Vienna, here is a list of major institutions where excellent permanent collections of art can be found:

The Kunsthistorisches Museum, whose treasures are divided into four sections—painting and sculpture in the main building on Burgring; the collection of weapons, musical instruments and Austriaca in the Neue

Vienna: Hapsburg to Hollegha

Hofburg; the collection of secular and ecclesiastic art, the Weltliche und Geistliche Schatzkammer, in the Hofburg; and the collection of old carriages in the Schloss Schönbrunn.

The Graphische Sammlung Albertina (Augustinerstrasse).

The Gemäldegalerie der Akademie der Bildenden Künste (Schillerplatz).

The Österreichisches Museum für Angewandte Kunst (Stubenring).

The Österreichische Galerie (consisting of the Museum Mittelalterlicher Österreichischer Kunst, the Österreichisches Barockmuseum, and the Österreichische Galerie des 19. und 20. Jahrhunderts) between Rennweg and Prinz-Eugenstrasse.

The Harrach Collection (Freyung).

The Museum für Völkerkunde (Neue Hofburg).

Velásquez—a veritable "Who's Who in Art before 1800." The Museum I remember from my boyhood was, in reality, overcrowded and poorly lit, but I was never aware of how badly arranged it had been until I saw it again, refurbished, with the most modern of installations possible in an old Victorian building. Much smaller but certainly worth a visit is the picture gallery of the Akademie der Bildenden Künste, which is proud of its *Crowning of the Madonna* by Dieric Bouts, the *Last Judgment* triptych by Bosch and the *Tarquinius and Lucretia* by Titian.

Those who love to pore over drawings and prints must not miss the Albertina, named after a son of Elector Frederick Augustus of Saxony. This Albert served as an Austrian officer in the Seven Years' War against Prussia, married a daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, and acquired thousands of drawings and prints, especially after having been appointed governor in Brussels of the Austrian Netherlands. The collection, which (like the Hapsburg treasures) became state property in 1918, includes some of the loveliest drawings by Dürer, as well as works by Da Vinci, Titian, Raphael, Michelangelo, Grünewald, Bosch, Bruegel, Rubens, Rembrandt and Watteau.

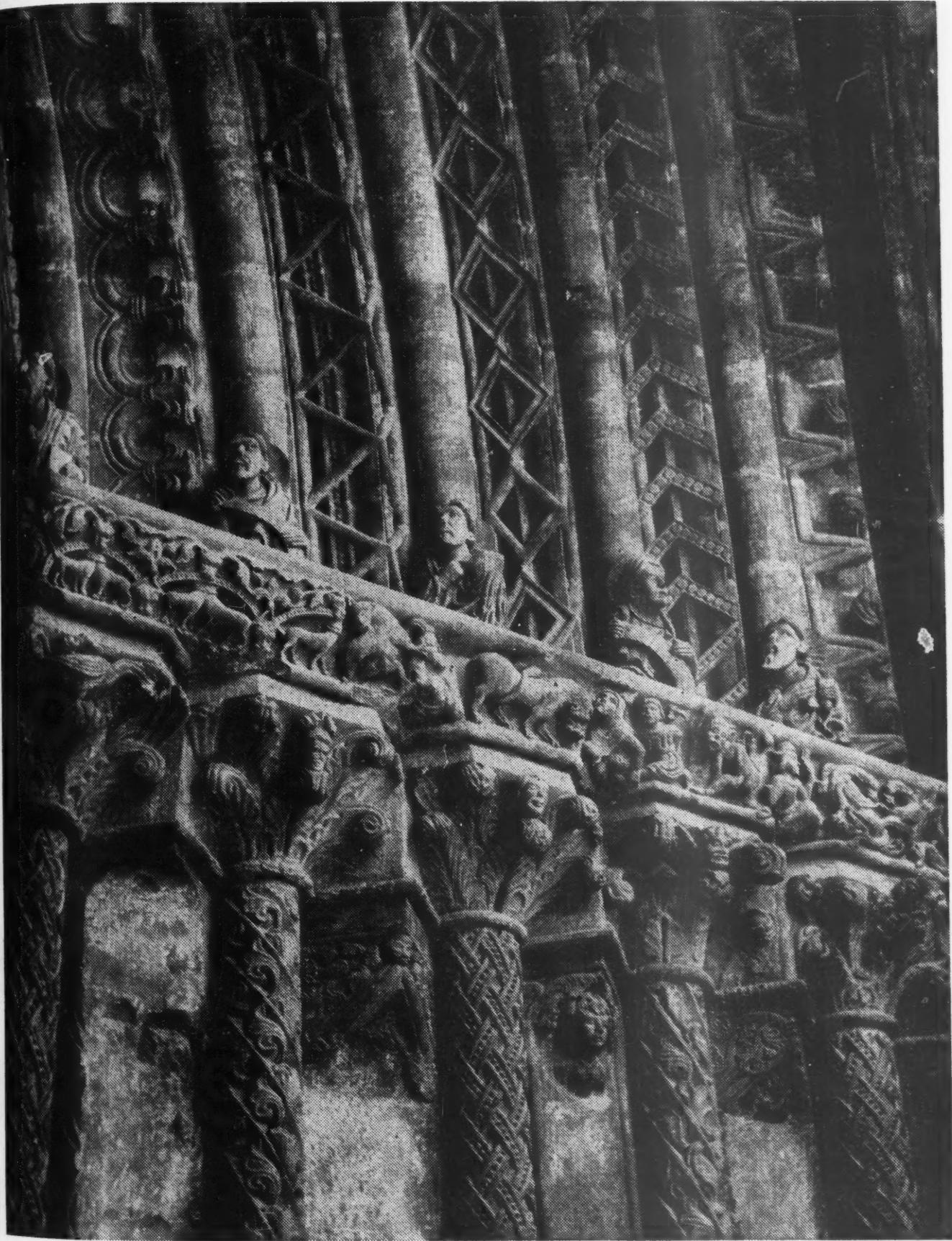
Superb Oriental carpets, Renaissance furniture, Venetian glass, Viennese porcelain, Turkish, Chinese and Japanese *objets d'art* can be found in the Österreichisches Museum für Angewandte Kunst, while Pre-Columbian, African, Indonesian and Polynesian artifacts are on view at the Museum für Völkerkunde. Special attention must be called to the privately owned Harrach Collection, which, after more than twenty years, was opened only a few months ago and is therefore not yet listed in travel guides and handbooks. It dates



Belvedere Palace.



Interior of the Barockmuseum; sculptures by Raphael Donner



Sculptural detail from the Main Doorway, St. Stephen's.

Vienna: Hapsburg to Hollega

back to the second half of the seventeenth century, when Count Ferdinand Bonaventura Harrach, Imperial Ambassador at Madrid, acquired paintings by Pacheco, Ribera, Murillo, Carreño, Coello, and, the best of all, an Infante by Velásquez. There are also magnificent Flemish, Italian, German and Dutch paintings.

THOSE who wish to study Austrian art must leave the narrow confines of the Innere Stadt and, on foot or via streetcar, reach the Belvedere in the Third District. Oddly, in the 1951 exhibition of "Art Treasures from the Vienna Collections," Austria was meagerly represented by two old masters, the sixteenth-century Jakob Seisenegger (*Emperor Charles V*) and the eighteenth-century Anton Franz Maulpertsch (a self-portrait and three religious paintings). Until recently, for twenty American art lovers who knew nearly every French artist from Clouet to Buffet, there might be no more than one able to name a single Austrian artist. They knew Kokoschka, but wrongly considered him a Czech (his father was Czech, but the artist was born in Lower Austria). The merits of Klimt and Schiele (both of whom died in 1918) have just come to be appreciated in America. But Austria has a long artistic tradition—which one can review in the treasures at the Belvedere, that apotheosis of eighteenth-century splendor, the work of Lukas von Hildebrandt. Its lower building served as summer residence for Prince Eugene of Savoy, the general who defeated the Turks and shared with Marlborough in the victories of Blenheim and Malplaquet, and, at the top of the carefully laid-out gardens, the Upper Belvedere formed a fitting background for great feasts and receptions.

The Untere Belvedere contains the Barockmuseum, almost exclusively devoted to Austrian art of the eighteenth century. The painters Gran, Troger and Maulpertsch are rarely mentioned in histories of art, yet it is difficult to match the vigor and imagination of these High Baroque masters who covered vast spaces with weightless religious, allegorical or historical figures gracefully disporting themselves amidst whirlwinds of clouds. Raphael Donner is virtually unknown outside Austria, yet the work of this sculptor has all the dramatic movement and rhythm of the best work by Bernini, and greater poise and dignity. Only one eighteenth-century Austrian has become known outside his native country—Franz Xavier Messerschmidt. This is due to psychoanalytical studies of the schizophrenic sculptor who, when his mental illness became acute, abandoned his classic restraint and produced with supreme freedom male busts and heads that are astonishing physiognomic interpretations.

Smaller than the Barockmuseum, where works by these and many other artists can be seen, is the adjoining Museum Mittelalterlicher Österreichischer Kunst in the Orangerie (the greenhouse of Prince Eugene), devoted to and especially notable for its Late Gothic sculpture. This summer the Orangerie will exhibit

Gothic illuminated manuscripts by monks of the St. Florian Abbey in Upper Austria.

Ordinarily visitors can see Austrian painting and sculpture of the last hundred and fifty years in the Obere Belvedere's Österreichische Galerie des 19. und 20. Jahrhunderts. But to make room for the large Cézanne centenary exhibition, most of the works by the Romantics (among them the charming Waldmüller), the Viennese Impressionists, the celebrated Klimt and Schiele and the artists of our day will be stored for the summer months. Yet it is not difficult to acquaint oneself with the best of the art produced in the Second Austrian Republic by proceeding to the Künstlerhaus (where through the summer there will be held a comprehensive show, "100 Jahre Künstlerhaus: 1861-1961"), the Secession, or some of the commercial galleries, among which the Galerie Wuerthle is notable.

Visitors are advised to look for the Schwarzenberg Palais, soon to be host to a comprehensive exhibition of "French Sculpture from Rodin to the Present Day." The magnificent palace was built in the early years of the eighteenth century by Austria's three greatest architects, Von Hildebrandt and the Fischers von Erlach, father and son—unfortunately, the frescoes by Daniel Gran were destroyed in the last war. At the print room of the Akademie der Bildenden Künste architectural drawings from the fifteenth to the twentieth century will be shown, while the Historisches Museum der Stadt Wien (in the New City Hall) will feature selections from its large collection of graphic arts.

A CENTURY and a half ago, Weimar's Karl August wrote from Vienna to his friend and minister of state, Goethe: "It is unbelievable what quantities of treasures have been accumulated here from every branch of art and science, and how many persons of distinction one meets here who take their possessions very seriously." What the Grand Duke wrote still holds true. The Vienna that the popular travel literature presents as a city of Sybarites, where all one can do is eat well and drink well and flirt well in a cosy atmosphere, is but one side of the city. The other Vienna is the city in which Beethoven, Mahler and Schoenberg created, where Waldmüller, Klimt, Schiele, Kokoschka and Wotruba defied academic traditions, where Otto Wagner and Adolf Loos built the first houses reflecting the spirit of the machine age, where Sigmund Freud and Alfred Adler re-examined the manifestations of the soul. That is the Vienna of the numerous galleries, libraries and museums. If the Hapsburgs were Austria's first patrons of the artists, their functions were taken over by more democratic forces four decades ago, and the treasures you can see in Vienna (and, of course, in dozens of museums, churches and monasteries outside the capital) are those preserved and presented by the Second Republic, stronger and more enduring, I hope, than its predecessor under which I learned to grasp, with a loving, yet critical eye, the cultural significance of my native land.



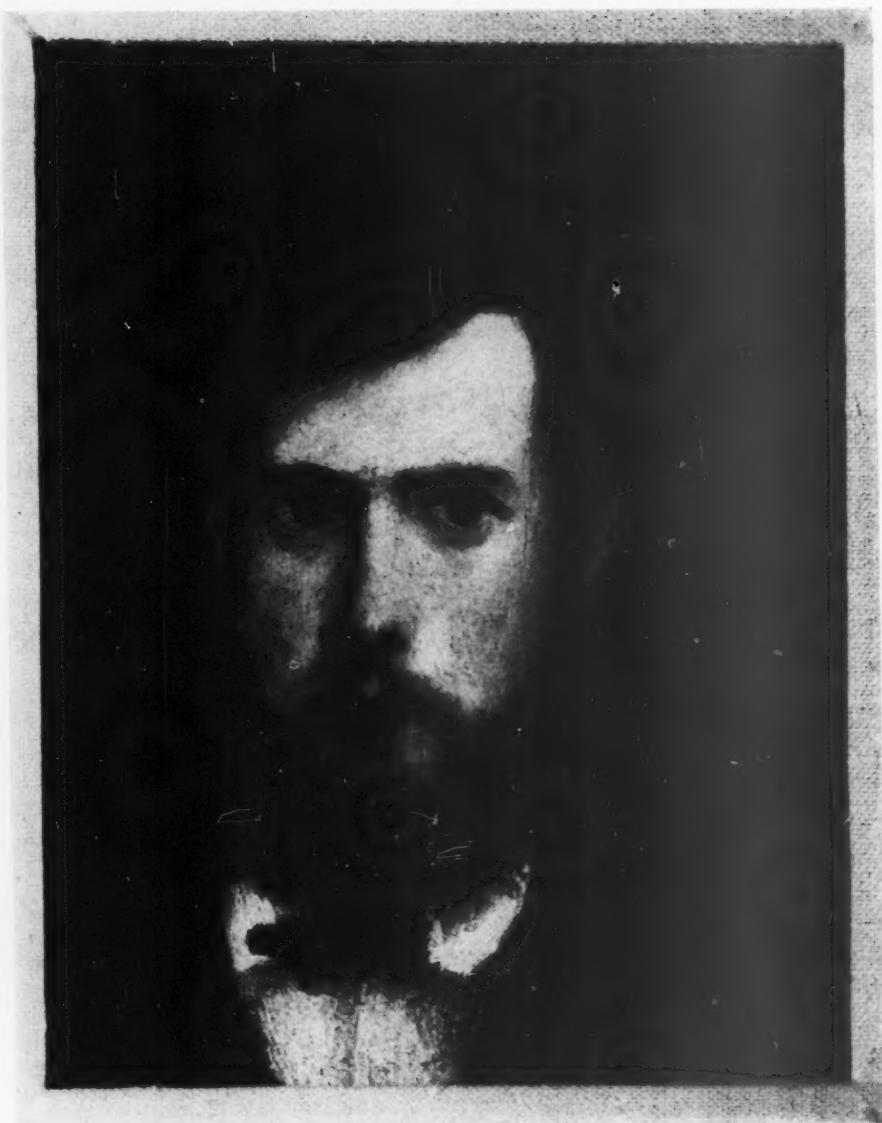
Cézanne, *The Château Noir with St. Victoire*; collection of the Albertina, Vienna. From the Cézanne exhibition in the Belvedere, Vienna.



Cézanne, *Landscape at Aix*; collection Musée Granet, Aix-en-Provence; in the Cézanne exhibition.



Fragonard, *The Sultan*; collection Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Baker.



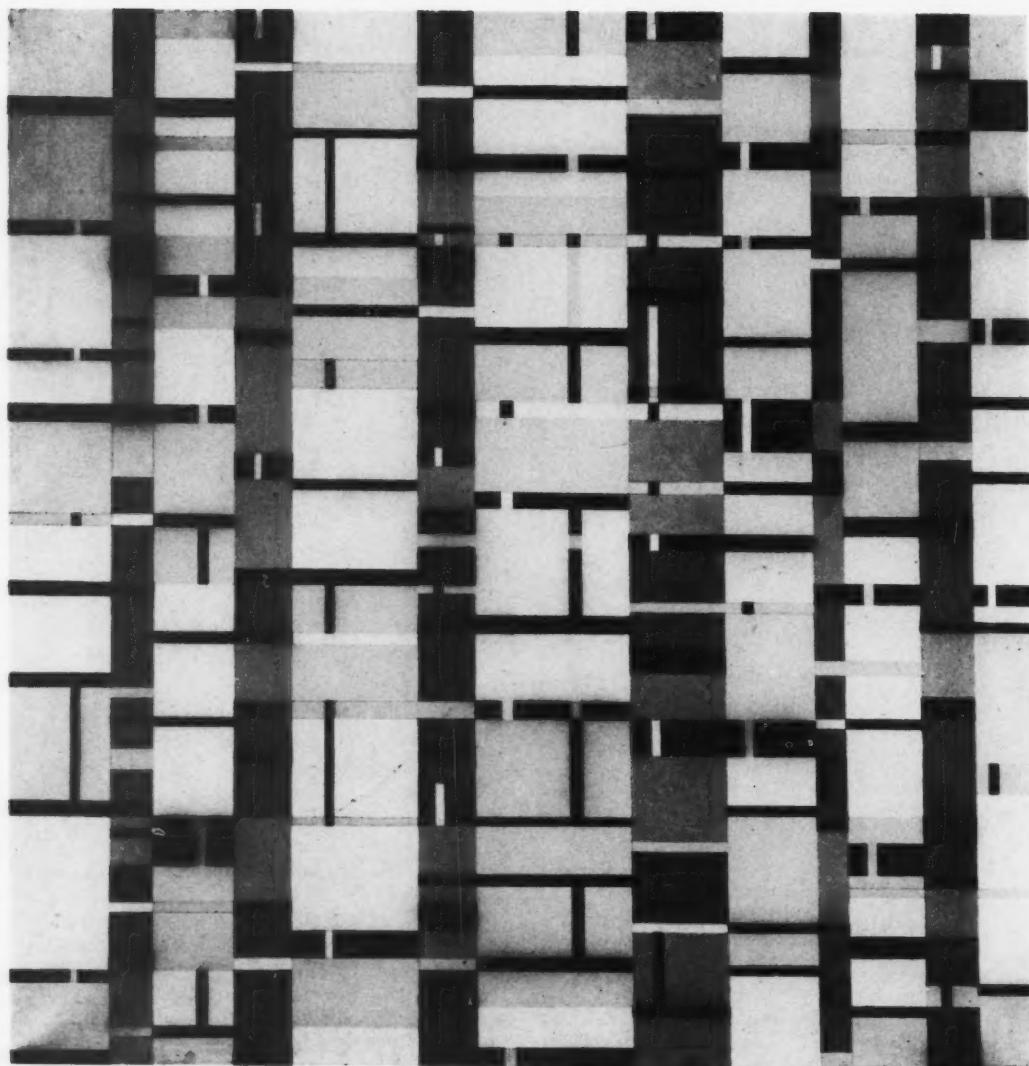
Ryder, *Self-Portrait* (c. 1880); collection Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence A. Fleischman.

Vassar Centennial Loan Exhibition

Currently on view at Vassar College in Poughkeepsie (through June 11), and later to be seen at the Wildenstein Galleries in New York (June 14-September 9), more than 150 drawings and water colors have been lent by Vassar alumnae and their families for a benefit exhibition to further the Agnes Rindge Claffin Purchase Fund of the school's art department. Chronologically the works extend from an English ink-and-wash drawing of *St. John the Baptist*, of about 1400, to Morris Graves' *Bird*, a sumi drawing of 1957. The exhibition has been organized by an alumnae committee headed by Belle Krasne Ribicoff, former editor of *The Art Digest*.

Ryder at the Corcoran Gallery of Art

In its "American Artists" series of exhibitions, the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D. C., is presenting (through May 12) fifty-eight paintings by Albert Pinkham Ryder. The exhibition has been organized by Henri Dorra, Assistant Director of the Corcoran, and is introduced, in the catalogue, with an essay by Lloyd Goodrich, Director of the Whitney Museum of American Art. Ryder's paintings, so often directly inspired by literary works, are presented, in the current show, juxtaposed with the particular verse passages in which the pictures had their origin. The exhibition is comprised mainly of works lent by public collections across the country.



Burgoyne Diller, *Third Theme* (1950-55).

MONTH IN REVIEW

BY SIDNEY TILLIM

BURGOYNE DILLER's exhibition (May 3-31) at the Galerie Chalette is his first in almost ten years, and it could not have come at a better time. It arrives on the scene when one element of the reaction against "action" painting is being serviced by geometric or "hard-edge" painters. It is generally conceded, publicly at least, that Diller was the first American abstract artist to be drawn to De Stijl and Neo-Plasticism, via the Constructivists and then Van Doesburg, whose work he saw in reproduction in 1933. At the same time, this final moment of this particular season is probably Diller's last opportunity to put in order his claim to a place in the records of modern American art in an atmosphere that can still respect, remember and evaluate his role in it. And since Diller has been absent from

the exhibition scene for virtually the entire period which saw Abstract Expressionism in the ascendant, his return is tantamount to rediscovery. He is both old and new at the same time.

I find it very difficult to take Diller's Neo-Plasticism seriously, however, not because I find the work unsuccessful, but because I do not think that that is what his work is about. Though Diller has performed the visual rites of Neo-Plasticism in a nominally orthodox way, I feel that he, like so many artists who wished to advance along European lines, was drawn to it as a way out of the stylistic impasse modern American art was faced with in the thirties when American Scene painting began to be slurred as too provincial and not artistic enough. Neo-Plasticism came with a built-in system that adequately removed any obligations to tradition by fiat. It was a way of starting out fresh, that is, "new," and it provided a set of rules which assured the artist that no messy contingencies of "expression" would arise and insist on *unexpected* decisions. In return, the artist had to accept two conditions: in the absence of direct expression, he had to make designs that were dictated by the right angle and the elementary form symbol of the plane, in a color scheme

limited to the primaries and black and white; and he also agreed to a special language that included phrases like "pure relationships," "maximum opposition" and "space determination," which were dutifully represented as answers to questions raised by the problematical nature of the style. In a newspaper interview in 1958, Diller is quoted as saying that he eliminated tonal color "not for sentimental reasons," but because he found their "relations equivocal." I rather think he eliminated them because Mondrian eliminated them.

As we used to say in the South, this is no skin off Diller's back, because in the end the paintings have to stand on Diller's own two legs. It is plain enough that he accepted Neo-Plasticism so as to acquire its *conventions*. He wanted to make a new image within a system that gave all the support of a tradition. He urged conversion upon himself so as to be able to produce. I think there was some enfeeblement of impulse, inevitably, for which a spurious intellectuality was the compensation. On the other hand, the Abstract Expressionists are no less guilty of seeking expedients to eventuate their necessities. They too withdrew from the consciousness of responsibility. The difference between the two is more of sensibility than of value; the Abstract Expressionists chose Rimbaud's path to an apocalyptic release; the geometricists chose the monastery. The extent of the damage to art because of this desperate situation remains to be estimated. I do think, however, that we are just about back where we started from, restlessly uncertain and with no place to hide and no France to offer a greener grass on the other side of the fence.

This exhibition follows pretty much the same pattern of Diller's previous exhibitions, of which there have been only three that were major—late 1946, 1949 and 1951. (I exclude an exhibition in 1933 as being outside of this discussion.) All of these were more or less forced retrospectives, since Diller has the habit of working on the same paintings, and on different motifs, over a period of years. Thus the 1946 exhibition included his work from 1934 to 1946; the 1951 exhibition, works from 1934 to 1951; and this exhibition, works from 1933 to the present—more truly a retrospective than any of the others. Nevertheless the statistics suggest that no matter how apparently impersonal the style, the emotional investment in it is such that the artist feels compelled to rework paintings over extended periods, seeing in them the unwinding fabric of personality in relation to some constant toward which he strains yet which shifts as he develops in real time. Diller's exhibition record has been erratic for this reason. He cannot follow through on his work because he himself is so changeable. He cannot develop the consistency of a Bolotowsky or a Glarner, who feel they have gone beyond Mondrian's orthodoxy. Glarner feels that he has destroyed the plane as a form symbol (which was a bridge to the past, hence impure); Bolotowsky feels tonal color is equally an advance. Since these artists are not bound by Mondrian's prescriptions, they are free to judge their works solely by their own theories.

Diller's entire *oeuvre*, however, takes as its subject Mondrian's visual ideas. Diller himself identifies three basic motifs: theme 1, the "free element" (simple but monolithic rectangles in opposition); theme 2, "elements generated by continuous line" (that is, their extension into space-binding grids, akin to Mondrian's "classical" period); and theme 3, "elements submerged in activity" (that is, their elaboration into "boogie-woogie" compositions). There has been no straight progression toward increased complexity, as was the case with Mondrian. Moving freely from one theme to another, Diller employed the "free element" in the forties after some earlier works with "continuous line" (such as *Second Theme*, 1938-40). In the pe-

riod 1955-61 he has once more resorted to arrangements of "free elements" (touching this time at the corners), but his "boogie-woogie" masterpiece—and it is the outstanding painting in this exhibition—was completed in 1950-55.

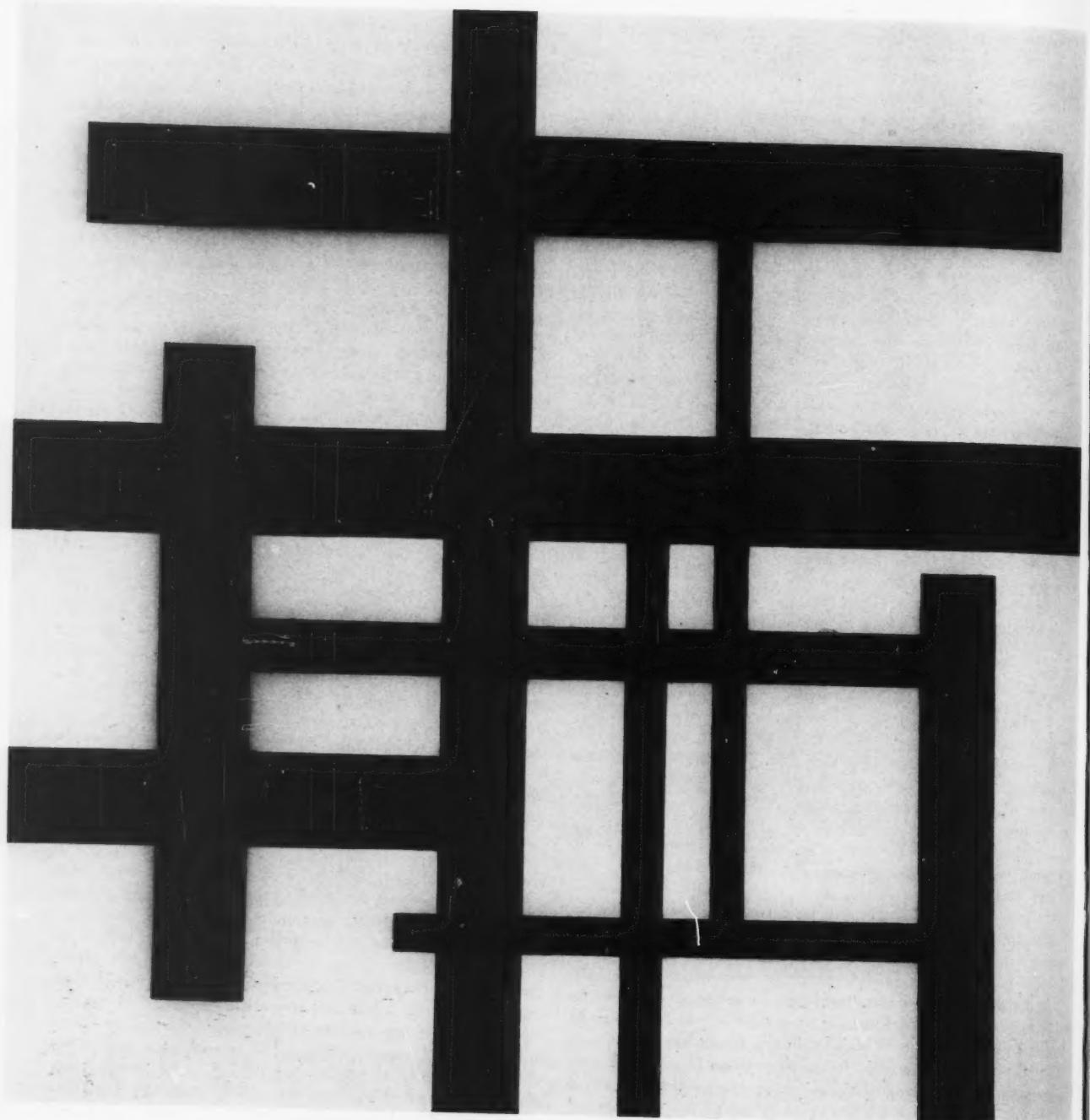
I don't consider it farfetched to compare Diller's vagrant itinerary with that of De Kooning, who has avoided anything like a "logical" development. While he has not reverted to previous motifs, De Kooning has grown by exchanging one theme for another, always keeping the road open, like Picasso. He moved from organic shapes to bursting figures to sweeping planes that smash and buckle against the surface, but his essential attitude, like Diller's, remains constant. In the improvisational side of Diller's style we will find not so much contradiction as further evidence that the premises absorbed by Diller from Neo-Plasticism were only visual premises and that deep conviction did not come with them—which is understandable, since Diller was not Mondrian. Diller was building an image, not destroying a tradition. Diller's conviction could be secured only by coming to grips with his *acquired* means. In choosing Neo-Plasticism he has to make his necessity conform to some very repressive measures. His election for variable motifs from very simple to very complex provided the margin of freedom while nominally keeping within Neo-Plastic limits.

WITHIN these limits he had his ups and downs. One of his most interesting and perhaps his most personal works is a *Second Theme* composition (1953-54) in which the surface has been divided into vertical white stripes of varying width and divided by fine black lines of which the one second from the left has been slightly thickened for about three-quarters of its length from the top. In the panel on the right a horizontal of red has been placed at about the halfway mark. The dash of red attests to the exemplary proportioning and weight of the work as a whole, for a heavier form would have completely unbalanced the composition, weighing it down on that side. The impact of the work is in its modesty (other similar efforts are not as delicately wrought, but seem merely thin). It is as if Diller succeeded in keeping the Calvinism of Neo-Plasticism at bay by compromising in his demands on the image. This freed him from absolute dependency, and a gentle personality was released.

Usually, in contrast to the drama of opposition within his images, Diller's forms tend to lie slack and overdetermined. They become shapes which overlap each other rather than engage the plane. There is too much of an *a priori* quality, especially in his compositions of "elements generated by a continuous line" (second theme), which produced a scaffolding whose asymmetrical arrangement carried the color into the lines of opposition rather than the determined planes as was Mondrian's habit. I think that Diller's oscillation between motifs had the additional function of offsetting this rigidity by making change available when necessary. The "free-element" compositions (first theme) are not so tied down to the edges of the surface plane. They set up a drifting pattern of unencumbered rectangles that locate themselves in relation to at least one element that traverses the plane from top to bottom of the canvas. The fixed and the free share between them an ambiguity which, if it seems looser in aspect, tends to be somewhat arbitrary. Diller's recent work, that is, from 1955 to 1961, is taken up entirely with free-element compositions that attempt to compensate for this relative aspect by having the different-colored and different-sized rectangles touch at the corners while introducing a dark (or darker) base plane.

A far more engaging effort, and one which summoned all of his potentialities, resulted in the most complex motifs—the "elements submerged in activity" (third theme), such as those of

MONTH IN REVIEW



First Theme (1938-39).

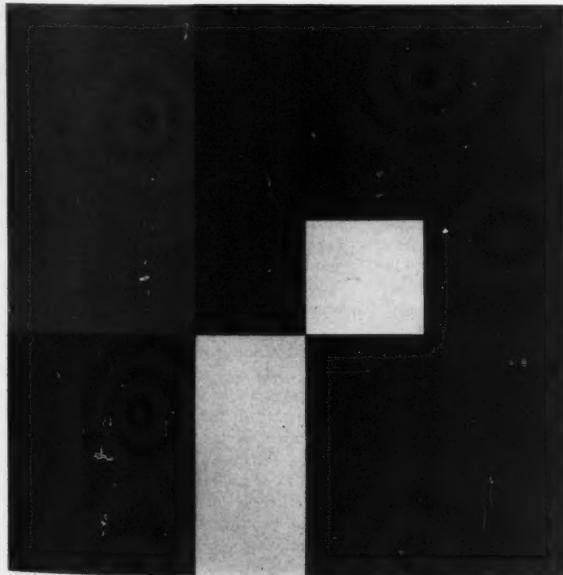
Composition (1950-55). The similarity of this work to Mondrian's "boogie-woogie" paintings does not disturb me at all, or at least no more than the similarity between Picasso and Braque in the early days of Analytical Cubism. The difference is that Diller did not arrive at this advanced stage independently, but only after Mondrian had painted a series of compositions starting with *Trafalgar Square* (1939-43) and culminating in *Broadway Boogie-Woogie* (1942-43). Diller's painting is comparable to the last except that its agitation passes through the entire plane rather than along the lines of the verticals being continuously disintegrated by the cubes of contrasting colors that comprised them. Here again is evidence that Diller was after something besides the pure plastic determination of space (if that's what Mondrian was really after). The frenetic but contained movement is in direct contrast with its pure means. The longer that one looks at this picture the more it tends to jell into a quivering image, rippling in the surface with all the repressed energy that forced the attraction to so complex a theme. Diller broke his verticals into larger masses than did Mondrian in *Broadway Boogie-Woogie* and pushed his horizontals toward their edges in a kind of weave. Its spatial ins and outs are partly an illusion, of course, yet its wicker-like construction brings out an action whose intensity and whose diffusion of surface mass are the greatest Diller has been able to achieve. I think it is an admirable painting.

YEI am somewhat troubled by its leanness and by Diller's comparative indifference to paint quality in general. Diller uses paint as a filler for the molds which his gestures can become. His forms do not have the physical (one might almost say the plastic) weight their elementary, hence primitive, character should have provoked. Mondrian's surfaces are pure dreams of contentless passion, if I am justified in imagining something like that. The difference is that I think Mondrian was capable of sublimating his instincts throughout every aspect of the work, Diller only in part, and that part was the image. Diller's "boogie-woogie" composition does have some of this succulent paint quality, but many of the others are merely coated while Diller's concentration is focused on the interacting organization. I gather that

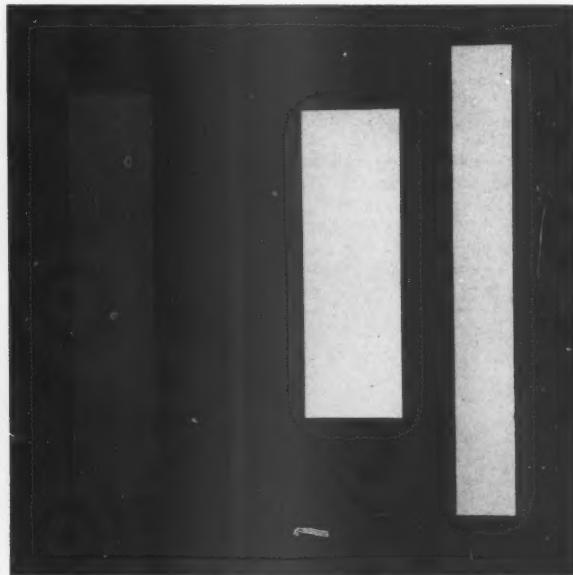
Diller's constructions, all Neo-Plastic in aspect but only one of which I was able to see (a recent one to which I could not respond), provided him with a direct involvement with his materials. I have seen several of Diller's earlier constructions in color slides, and not only do they recall Diller's interest in Constructivism which preceded his discovery of De Stijl, but their projection into space exteriorizes his energy in palpable masses whose physical properties could hardly be ignored.

Because of the variable elements of Diller's paintings, I found myself returning periodically to a remarkable group of small sketches in black and white and colored pencil. All of Diller's motifs are assembled here, toyed with, multiplied, fused. A few of these Diller subsequently worked up into full-scale paintings, but most remain preliminary studies that have taken on independence in time. They seem, in fact, more complete (that is, less strained) than a number of the paintings, for a very simple reason: the amount of time that went into them. The spontaneity of the sketches precisely calibrates the tension of the specific moments required to get the idea out on paper. In them spontaneity is divided between approach and image. The forms have the mass that is the immediate consequence of a gesture.

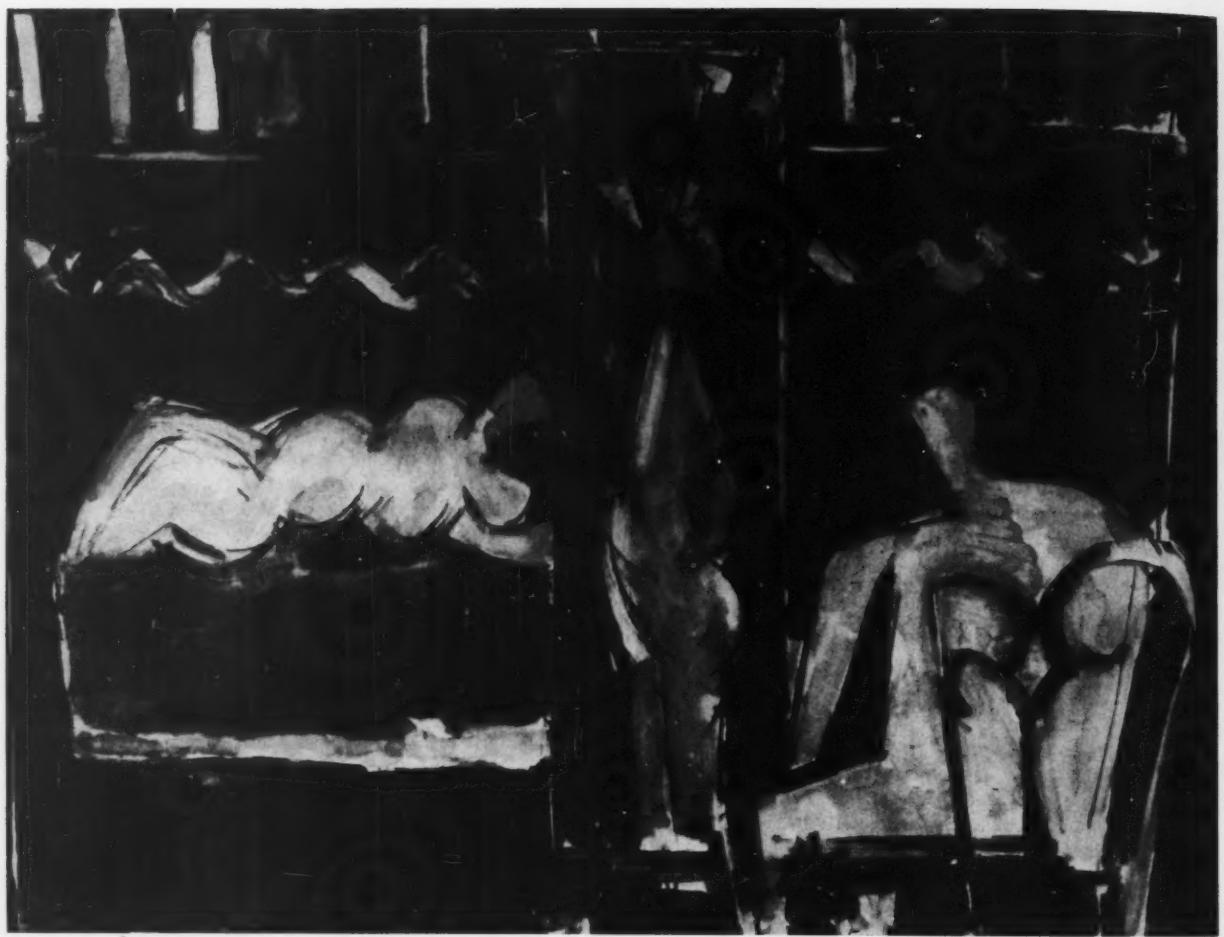
Diller hasn't helped his cause any in this exhibition by including a rather technical-looking pair of charts (in the catalogue) which purport to explain the components of his art, his aims ("to retain the basic plane" and then to add to it "movement—and constant opposition"), and the course of their development from a first theme to a third theme by showing their connections, digressions and their over-all interrelationship. His explanation rationalizes as choice a natural selection for variety, for the challenge of and response to degrees of complexity. There is no causal relationship between his motifs but a quantitative addition or subtraction, corresponding to his capacity at a given time. The forms are drawn into different combinations by logical attraction. The end is symbolic because abstract art is symbolic. Challenge and response come together as the manipulation of the monolithic parts toward affective densities and combinations that resemble the weight of experience. Why experience had to be expressed this way is another issue, but the synthesis of the parts in a variable order of tension is the proof of some psychic release.



First Theme (1960-61).



First Theme (1960-61).



Manfred Schwartz, *The Studio* (1958); at Brooklyn Museum.

IN THE GALLERIES

Manfred Schwartz: Schwartz was a student of John Sloan's and a highly popular artist in the forties. He exhibited at the Durand-Ruel Gallery for a number of years and—apparently—then went into semi-retirement from the exhibition scene. We remember his distinctive presence in only one or two group shows. Meanwhile he taught at the Brooklyn Museum Art School. This exhibition celebrates a decade in that post, during which time he has wrought a remarkable and provocative change of style. He has extrapolated the Baroque mind from Cézanne, whose inspiration is apparent in three earlier paintings from about 1940, and turned out a sensitive account of it in his own modern terms. The bulk of this exhibition consists of works completed since 1955. They all reflect an abiding interest in mobility that extends to shape, color and, inevitably, to the handling of the paint itself, a plastic unlimbering finally apotheosized by tumblers and acrobats falling through space. There are a series of paintings based on knights and what seems to be medieval pageantry, a number of compositions with birds suffused with the most ingratiating kind of color and figures reclining in cultivated arcadas. The drawing in its heraldic simplicity edges toward Matisse, though the muffled contours of Cézanne are preserved more for their agitational value than as perceived evidence. The color

may also be sponsored by Matisse, but the surface is articulated in terms of the planes liberated from the conventional style in which the early portrait of José de Creeft was painted. The portraits already entertained the transparency of tone that now so brilliantly accommodates the sense of elevation, movement (even when vertical) and flight. But so taken up with these Impressionistic issues are the new paintings that composition is pretty much overlooked. The Baroque collides with twentieth-century, where space flight needs more of a boost than mere wishing. Schwartz is compelled to provide a trampoline to justify ascendancy. When he calls this "modern Baroque" he means "bourgeois Baroque." It was already grounded in an early work in which a Rococo statuette becomes an element in an otherwise "classic" still life. But Schwartz is an painter, in love with his craft and profession. These paintings can also be looked at as plasticity that wants to fly. The figures merely embody a desire that has already taken wing. Why has he been slighted? (Brooklyn Museum, Mar. 22-May 14.)—S.T.

George Bellows: The "guts" which Henri demanded from his students came out as bravura. Bellows, who studied with the Socrates of Ash Can Realism, absorbed it manfully, but drained it of its Continental traits, none the worse for its

domestication. Bellows' moving portrait here of *Grandma Bellows* (1919) is closer to Copley than Manet or Hals. Bellows gradually left Ash Can Realism behind to develop a grander, you might say classical, style, retaining all the while his affection for the provincial scene. The fifteen paintings in this exhibition work their way from 1906 to 1924, the year of Bellows' untimely death at forty-two. The earliest is *River Rats*, a group of boys swimming in the East River at the base of an enormous facing of rock, clearly an ungentlemanly subject but memorable for the way in mass and scale grow naturally under a loaded brush that catches the mobile little figures with a few swift highlights. *Excavation* (1908) follows it, a night scene similarly approached. The last is the *Nude with a Hexagonal Quilt*, the antithesis of bravura with its firmly modeled nude and detailed treatment of furnishings. In between there are a number of landscapes and a large portrait of Waldo Pierce—all with many exciting passages but also some lapses into haste which led to abbreviation rather than presentation. Bellows could be uneven, blurring passages of detail that might be troublesome or which failed to concentrate him with a gesture. He was better at drapery than trees, better at figures than anything. His best paintings are rightfully American classics. (Allison, May 1-31.)—S.T.

De Hirsh Margules: A biography of Margules would amount to a biography of an era, a state of mind and a legend. He is something of all of those things himself, with a career as painter, prophet and promoter straddling the last four decades of modern American art. Margules, now sixty-two, long ago came to the parting of the ways with complete abstraction, but his appetite for theory is unabated. It is as if he still lives and paints in a world of cafés, taking out on his art the afternoon's debate. He had for long been preoccupied with something called "time painting," which amounts to a simultaneous representation of a subject in day and night settings. To do this he divides a canvas quadrilaterally, then subdivides it into triangles and uses the colors of the spectrum to signify the passing of time. His vertical triptychs of still lifes, sailboats and dancing figures move in a sundial world, following the sun, moon and stars which appear simultaneously. Now the plain fact is that all that this comes to is another design. The subliminal geometry, vividly colored, passes through the subject, holding it to an abstract plane. The forms are stocky, the handling of the paint rich to the point of crudity; the color is overwhelming but tasteful, yet the drawing is ingenuous, almost naïve. It is also a bit French. Margules established his reputation as a water-colorist, and the influence of his close friend, Marin, crops up now and then in the lines of force from suns, roofs and sails that mushroom the composition forward from a deep perspective. Of the individual paintings, only those in casein flow freely. The oils are bound by contours, and for all their meaty brushwork and deep-dyed palette, seem oddly cramped. (Artists, Apr. 15-May 15)—S.T.

Abram Schlemowitz: This is Schlemowitz's first one-man show, occurring belatedly (he is fifty-one). A decade less, little fault could be found with the development of his welded sculpture. As it is, some objection can be made to the elements used in common with others and to the diversity of the nature of the work. Schlemowitz is not the compleat sculptor although he is a good one. In the most abundant type approximate rectangles are constructed of vertical stripes, two copper bands welded with brass and the dark space between each such sinuous ribbon. The rectangles are staggered and superimposed on a lateral scheme to form a vertical and generally frontal work. There is no problem of skill or breadth. It is probable that the alternation of solid and void is Schlemowitz's invention. The linearity and florid color are Lassaw's or at best public domain. The staggered shapes are somewhat short on tension—which is only partially explained by the intent to maintain indeterminacy and avoid obvious construction and conspicuous movement. The latter difficulty is shared to a lesser extent by two wall panels composed of rectangles of radiator core. The sharpness and fragility of the honeycomb produces an unusual austerity. The most impressive work, in all respects, is one of two joined columns of diamond shapes, one about nine feet high and the other about four. Each unit, on one side, is constructed of two concentric diamonds of wide copper band. A plate closes the inner diamond. The two concentric edges form a surrounding depth. The other side of the sculpture is a solid around a void. It has no lack of power. Its kind of power does not allude to that of constructionism and does not raise that style's demands. (Wise, May 2-27.)—D.J.

Mary Callery: There were more than thirty welded sculptures here, ranging from several very small works to one almost the size of a compact car, and all done in blazing brass and steel. The title of the show, "Symbols," seemed to merit a quick carp because it instantly aroused a desire to know what they were symbols of. That of course starts you nibbling away to get at the significance embedded in the objects, and, as

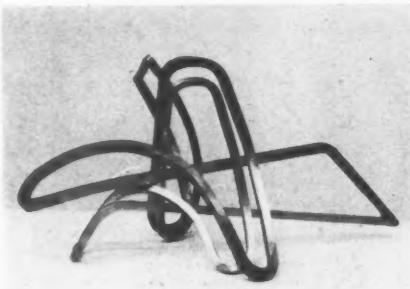
Perelman once said, in a totally different context, "one little nibble leads to another," so that in no time at all the work of art has been consumed, leaving a few crumbs representing its essential meaning, its date, and the artist's *real* intention together with influences. Passing up symbology then, Miss Callery's sculpture seems divisible into two distinct categories: the first concerns organic shapes that suggest polypous marine life, in which she generally uses sheet metal, mesh and rods that are round in sections. Though they were most skillfully fused into groups that appeared to be still growing, there was an insistence on the textural variations of the components that seemed to detract from the whole. One felt the other group related to her earlier figurative works (many of which grace public-school architecture across the country) and preferred them for that reason. In these she had used rods rectangular in section, occasionally with mesh, and had bent them into hard, intertwining shapes, which were infinitely pleasing from all angles. The word "calligraphic," which has been so often applied to her sculpture, does not really describe these adequately because there is nothing two-dimensional in the way these powerful architectural forms enclose beautifully shaped space. (Knoedler, Mar. 28-Apr. 22.)—V.R.

César: The more recent and unusual of these sculptures are those compressed into a mass. The automobile parts, mechanical and light, are squeezed into something animal and dense; the polarity between the two states is disquieting, oppressive, and strong. As with most work of an accidental nature there is a key discrepancy between what the objects and surfaces are in the complexity of the work and what they are by themselves. *Compression Dirigée A* is a slab, two by three feet by four to six inches, of compacted copper band, rolled on one edge. The rolled edge runs horizontally for the most part but is occasionally an arched welt or a circle forced by the pressure to face the surface. The surface has the live-dead, congealed rubberiness of dogfish or octopi in a bottle of formaldehyde, as the distortion of the slab suggests. The force of the press which made the piece seems imminent, momentarily liable to unsnap it. *On Est Trois* is a small and massive twist of radiator mesh followed in its swirl by an embedded exhaust pipe. After being compressed the two major parts were rearranged. César runs the gamut on the extent of his manipulation of the objects and accidents. The earlier works are constructed and are insects and various images, mostly drawn from the English sculptors. Intermediate ones retain the shapes somewhat, but the objects are larger and more important. *Moteur I, 1960*, for example, is an insect become a motor, one on a dolly wheel. In addition to many derivations—valid, since, like revolutions, success justifies them—a reason why these pieces are less distinctive than they might be lies in their simple and standard silhouette. *Compression Dirigée A* is too easily a slab; the twist of *On Est Trois* is better. Anent biography, César was born in 1921, is French, is established, and works in Paris. (Saidenberg, Apr. 6-May 6.)—D.J.

Sir Jacob Epstein: Coming virtually on the heels of another show of portrait busts by the late American-born English sculptor, this exhibition provides largely the opportunity to comment on the difference between Epstein's handling of children and adults. He sculpted the former more buoyantly than the latter. The volumes are freer and larger, not because the children are unmarked by age but because he responded to their adaptability as human beings by making them over as ideas of delight. The surfaces flow vividly and joyously, fairly rippling. The grownups—like T. S. Eliot and Einstein—show the marks of experience. With them Epstein broke up his volumes more, manhandling them. They are no less animated



Abram Schlemowitz, *A Night in Tunisia*; at Howard Wise Gallery.



Mary Callery, No. 19; at Knoedler Galleries.



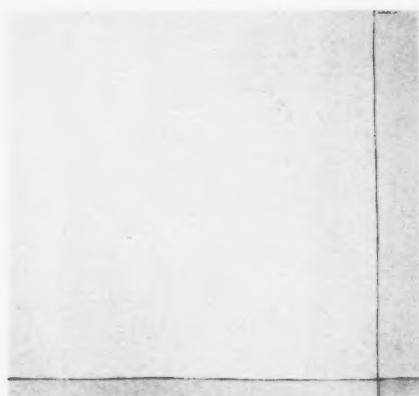
César, *Compression Dirigée A*; at Saidenberg Gallery.



Jacob Epstein, *Jennifer*; at Bernhardt Crystal Galleries.

ait here of Copley than at Ash Can you might while his fifteen paintings from 1906 until his death at a group of the base of an ungentlemanly way its a loaded gun with a follows it the last is the synthesis of and detailed there are a portrait of the passing passages led to ab- gulls could that might concentrate rapery than g. His best classics. (All-

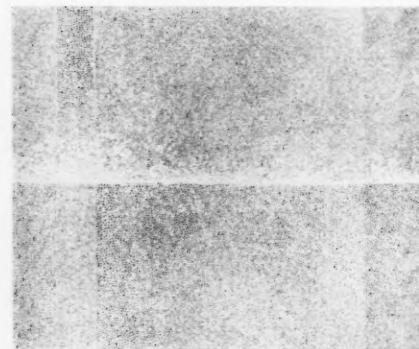
IN THE GALLERIES



Ludwig Sander, *Untitled*;
at Leo Castelli Gallery.



Robert Motherwell, *Black and White*;
at Sidney Janis Gallery.



Yayoi Kusama, *White A, B, 3*;
at Radich Gallery.



Joan Mitchell, *County Clare*;
at Stable Gallery.

as sculptures, but the pathos of the sitters stays the sculptor's fluid invention, which becomes simply craggy. He becomes more purposeful, more conscious, concerned with meeting the singular personality of the fully formed adult with an equivalent singularity of his own. They are perhaps more moving, but somehow restrained. The children, by comparison, are abstract. This was another fine group. (Crystal, Mar. 20-Apr. 8.)—S.T.

Ludwig Sander: This is an odd kind of geometric painting, nearly outside that category. Since its elements are all more traditional than those of Mondrian, Newman or Reinhardt, to whom there is an affiliation, remote in actuality yet near in derivation, the style might be expected to have preceded theirs. Yet it occurs now, a hypothetical link which was never necessary. The several areas of each painting are planes, in an old sense, a Cubist one, although considered as an enlarged close-up, frontal and flat in a more recent way. The juncture of the lined horizontal and vertical axes, somewhat off level, is usually placed in one corner, often the lower right one. According to the drawing of the lines, the way the juncture is offset and the color of the planes, the whole surface frequently protrudes or sinks slightly at that point. Recently Sander has closed the span of the colors and values; *No. 11-1960* is more or less French and plain ultramarine blue and the latter mixed with cobalt and "halo" blues. This is a rather obvious sequence and has little to do with the near but highly contrasting color of Reinhardt, a much more developed idea. *Summer No. 1-1960* appears to be folded back on its vertical line, flat black as is usual; this effect is partially due to a wide band at the bottom being offset as it crosses the vertical; the band is of a dark blue and shadowy green—all a somewhat literal rendering of a phenomenon. One work in near blues and greens is depressed slightly at the extreme lower right by a small, greenish-blue rectangle superimposed on a narrow band of ultramarine; the rectangle is lined only toward the right in order to move it that way. This is clever and competent, but it seems too "familiar," although it has never appeared before. (Castelli, May 2-20.)—D.J.

Robert Motherwell: Since the show of three or four years ago in which several of the paintings had *Je t'aime* written across them, Motherwell has shared the problems which have recently troubled some of the other participants in the American revolution. Too briefly, these are a sequential type of space, a residual naturalism, and the tendency to further these by the larger shapes in which they are interested. Unlike the others, Motherwell's work has always been made of layers, one surface before another. He has been changing this to an equivalent type of surface, and the expression as well to a more rarified version of the accidental manifestation of dominating, exclusive form. This exhibition explains Motherwell's difficulties and is better than any since the *Je t'aime* series. Five additions to the now epic *Elegy to the Spanish Republic*, while strong and clear and expertly detailed, are somewhat hard and sharp in comparison to the non-elegiac work and a bit obvious in the black and white sequence. In memory they also seem a little brittle compared to the earlier ones. The dominant shapes in the others have been painted a reticent color, which produces a curious, divided sensation of something powerful and once evident, yet now suppressed. The subdued color enables the bare canvas or surrounding color to become nearly as positive as the major form. This is much more consistent. *Black and White*, painted in 1961, is primarily two large swinging arcs crossed in the center, a free and unorthodox X. Apparently the X was once cobalt blue; it is now flat black. Another large painting, *California*, is conspicuously ambivalent. A wide area left of the center is yellow ochre tending to

Naples yellow. The remainder of the left side is a chalky cobalt blue of nearly equal value. The intensity of the blue and the arched span of the yellow ochre compete. The right is mostly bare canvas bordered by orange. The inconspicuous rotundity of the whole surface is finished by an astute meander of cerulean down the raw canvas. Several fine collage and oil works are also included. (Janis, Apr. 10-May 6.)—D.J.

Yayoi Kusama: Last October this young Japanese artist made her New York debut with a group of remarkable white paintings which resembled nothing so much as the meshwork of a finely spun net. This aspect remains unchanged except that it now occasions an almost expected increased variety of motif and texture. The net creeps across the surface, loop by loop, compounding and implementing its plan to drive everything before it, including space. By altering its density, by permitting some sections to congeal, by leaving blobs of paint behind on the skin, Kusama creates textual variety that offers some respite from the implacable monotony of her image. Yet the impassive façade is in full contrast to the force behind it, for the intention is to remove the distractions of anything remotely reminiscent of reality and confer upon a symbolic surface an optimum condition of uninterruptedness. Kusama does not want her paintings to "end." This desire has borne fruit in the form of a thirty-three-foot canvas, and of course one wonders inevitably, Why stop there? If it is an effort to realize a scale that symbolizes the sense of totality she is striving for, it also becomes something of a substitute for "interest." The abiding force of Kusama's compulsive act remains, but it now enters a critical phase. The problem is how to retain the force of negation while implementing it with signs of a deeper involvement. They may be mutually exclusive. She is finding perhaps that negation exhausts its alternatives at a single blow, that reinforcements are variations rather than amplifications of the original and that additional visual substance comes at the expense of her defiance of space and time. The point is that her idea, or her necessity, is more interesting and more complex than her invention. She has tried color too, but while a red may offer a temporally different emotive facet, it does not effect either her basic plastic issue or her visual direction. Nevertheless, she remains a wholly remarkable personality which for the moment seeks the peace of an elemental, all pervasive Gestalt. Time will be very telling. (Radich, May 2-27.)—S.T.

Joan Mitchell: Painting for Miss Mitchell, a leading younger Abstract Expressionist and one of the purest, is a series of frustrations. She is faced with the immense difficulty of sustaining an abandoned style according to a concept. She wants a sense of organization wholly in keeping with the free character of the paint which is also the issue of her sensibility. Her extravagance depends on resistance, and in each of her paintings there is a mass or two which acts as a foil for the exfoliating brushwork that climbs bramble-like over the surface. As she moves toward the perimeter of her image, her strokes become weightless and helpless, drifting beyond the sphere of gravity of her dominant masses and clusters. She is attacking a symbolic center, the indisputable nexus of sense and sensibility. These are truly "action" paintings, and the way in which her seemingly willy-nilly brushwork adds up to something more than annihilation testifies to a concern for some ultimate semblance that identifies her with some facts, even though they are all her own. Nature is a second choice, and those paintings in which a top, middle and bottom are apparent indicate the periodic fatigue from her intense effort. She relapses into atmosphere, she leans on a central monolith for support. She makes signs, becomes a bit ordinary. Her color too is forged under internal pressure. It glints like precious gems, hard

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and refractory. And because it scintillates, the action must show a corresponding delight. Yes, delight. She pursues a dream of elegance and happiness. The surface acts like a trellis for an entwined profusion and we daresay she admires Watteau. In *County Clare Cythera* might be beyond the deepest plane. *The Green Book of Barlow Guest*, our favorite, springs from scrubby planes into a vault of smashed lines. Hers is a Rococo in Levis. (Stable, Apr. 24-May 13).—S.T.

Kurt Seligmann: One of the elder generation and a participant in the beginnings and development of Surrealism, Seligmann easily merits this retrospective. The Second World War brought him to the United States, where he has lived ever since. The changes in his work are clearly shown in the forty-two paintings, sculptures, graphics and collages. Seligmann is interesting in the twenties and thirties and is interesting recently; the changes are in direction rather than in quality. He is a good but subsidiary painter. *Equilibrium*, an oil done in 1930, is a portrait of a woman with an extended Arpian bust, a spiraling oval as a head, and a balanced cerulean hat. The forms are simplified, somewhat modeled, and placed on a reddish sienna background. The modeling, often done by spraying paint, and the strong indentations are typical of Seligmann's work at this time. He is rather advanced in his wish to give equal importance to the shape and to the background. Such colors as spattered gray against light blue or slate blue in yellow ochre further interlock the areas. Beginning with *Dance* of 1935, still broad and simple, Seligmann's style changes to the strange figures suggestive of Callot and Bellange. Some paintings are drab and overrealistic in detail. Others are not, including *Baphomet* of 1948. The painting is clear and metallic. The figures are human in pose, scale, and in some parts, but are Surreal in others and are clothed in a medieval, lobate drapery. Their gray, occasionally purplish, is set against green boxes and walls, occasionally orangish. (D'Arcy, Apr. 18-May 13).—D.J.

Rhys Caparn, Henry Botkin: Although Botkin's abstract painting could be divided into three stylistic groups going back to 1956, they are all similarly spontaneous expressions of a single personality. In this respect the paintings do reinforce one another, and we get a long look at personality; there are fifty-six paintings overflowing the gallery into the hall and down the stairs. The attitude is either completely offhand or action-paintingly forceful, with some scribbling that is probably less nonsense psychologically than artistically. Rhys Caparn's two dozen bronze and stone sculptures cover more than thirty years' work. The simplified animals and birds from the thirties and forties have more love than disengagement from the subjects, but they still reveal the economy and seriousness that is most prominent today. Of the recent work, the whole series of *Mountains*, and the very different fantasy, *Marsh Birds in Moonlight*, are advanced and ambitious works of the highest caliber. (Riverside Museum, Apr. 2-30).—L.S.

Oskar Kokoschka: These drawings by the great Austrian Expressionist are unique, less because they have never before been exhibited than because of the sustained virility of their draftsmanship accommodating particular passion at a particular time. They were all done in 1924 and all are portraits and figure drawings of a young girl about fifteen named Lotte. Because they are shown in a body and because the subject is the same, they provide an exemplary opportunity to study a spontaneous style that never loses its grip on vision. Kokoschka's line here is both a slash and a cascade from whose intense motor excitement one recovers to find that relatively few lines have been used to describe the essential mass and that

these are invariably incisive. They are powerful notations of personality and form. A few show impatience with the monolithic form, as if it did not provide enough room for invention as a landscape might. A drawing of Dr. Köhler (1912) and a water color of a reclining nude (1919) are also shown. (Bayer, Apr. 4-May 20).—S.T.

Howard Fussiner: A rare type of painting intelligence is offered here, which is food both for the eye and the mind. Fussiner has not tried for a self-conscious originality, but has instead spent his time assimilating everything that Cézanne and the Faune Matisse have to give. He has then applied it to figure groups taken from old photographs, usually of the famous, and has restated them in staggering but controlled color, tapping in the process his own wellspring of originality. In the smaller works, blue, green and red figures are arranged in solid masses on, say, a chrome-yellow ground, while in the larger an excitement seizes his brush, and he loses himself in a storm of broken color. He is at his very best in *Imperial Family*, where the red, blue, green and purple figures are most convincingly balanced in their complementary setting. There is, besides, a poetic and infectious jollity about this large body of oils and related crayon drawings, and they are well worth a visit. (Nonagon, Apr. 22-May 17).—V.R.

Priscilla Roberts: There can hardly be any doubt that Priscilla Roberts is the most talented and accomplished Magic Realist in America. But she has never had a one-man show, for the simple reason that she could never assemble enough new work for one. Now forty-five, she produces no more than one major painting a year (sometimes it takes two years), and it is snapped up before the paint is dry. The Metropolitan Museum owns three of her works, all of which are included in this loan exhibition which marks a long-overdue public appearance. It was the "Met" that Miss Roberts haunted years ago when she visited a Vermeer exhibition every day and stayed all day. (Finally, the guards admitted her free of charge.) In Vermeer she found the father figure of her style. Yet her work is completely personal, original and finally a bit Surreal. Her world, which exquisitely records the psychological temperature of the contemporary nostalgia for the past, is not so much private as simply the one she prefers. It is a world of antiques, faded posters, old photographs and letters, old trunks, period dolls and cobwebby attics. She works not so much with her imagination as with carefully arranged props that stand proxy for it. Her imagination is at once dominated by stunningly rendered detail, yet freed by the interiorized atmosphere they project. She uses light bewitchingly (now and again too theatrically), emphasizing the almost frozen calm of the most peaceful moment she can summon through her art. To this writer, her masterpiece is the Metropolitan's *Carpetbag Days*, in which a few Reconstruction mementos draw the light inside where time is stilled. Miss Roberts is hardly the colorist Vermeer was, being quite literal, nor a master of mass. Her genius is to make detail a necessary enrichment of mood. A certain waxiness dulling her precision is creeping into her later work along with some bizarre props—like life-sized marionettes and a tiger rug—that are hardly required to implement an already fantastic art. (Grand Central, Apr. 18-May 6).—S.T.

New Acquisitions: Only a subsequent generation, free of our appetite for culture heroes, will be able to regard a Couturier, a Barbier, a Seyssaud with anything like objectivity. Lucie Couturier adopted the short stroke of pointillism and just the musk of its color science to paint the pink and white flower piece we find here. André Barbier's coastal scene is dated 1902 and might be described as cool Monet. René Seyssaud was eighty-seven when he died in 1952, but his Pro-



Oskar Kokoschka, *Lotte*;
at Bayer Gallery.



Howard Fussiner,
Inauguration of Woodrow Wilson;
at Nonagon Gallery.

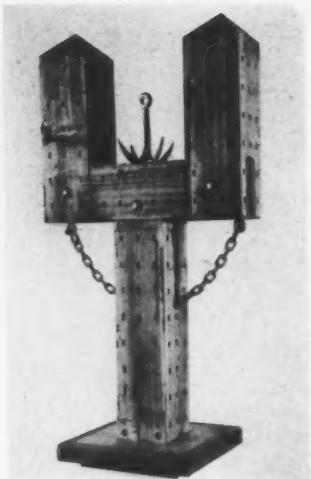


Priscilla Roberts,
Carpetbag Days;
at Grand Central.



Puvis de Chavannes, *La Vie Antique*;
at Schweitzer Gallery.

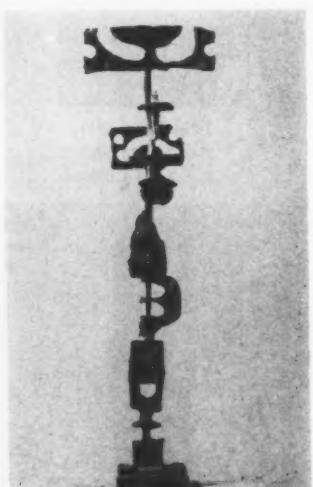
IN THE GALLERIES



H. C. Westermann,
Marina, No. 2;
at Frumkin Gallery.



Luciano Minguzzi,
La Fine del Guerriero, No. 1;
at Catherine Viviano Gallery.



Mirko, *Motivo A Incastro (B) 1960*;
at World House Galleries.

vençal landscape is thick with Van Gogh. Yet all seem more than merely camp followers. We must admit, however, that the company they are keeping, in this immensely informative exhibition, hardly helps their cause. Puvis de Chavannes's study for *La Vie Antique* is a spellbinder, since in it one encounters Degas's candid space and the early Neo-Classicism of Picasso. Various figures are situated about a woodland scene, some just sketched in, and the eye focuses on an old man seated on a fallen tree, beyond Arcadia, already a beggar in Bohemia and an elder saltimbanque. A Pont Aven landscape by Emile Bernard also brings one up short. It has less of the chromatic subtlety and warmth of Gauguin's Post-Impressionism, but is built like a Cézanne, firmer than anything we can recall by Gauguin. Corot, Constable, Renoir, Vallotton, Laurencin, Lebourg, Lucien Pissarro, Raffaelli and—because business is business—Palmarioli (a Spanish contemporary of Gérôme) and Pushman (*chinoiserie* still lifes) add fuel to the debate on the fickleness of taste. (Schweitzer, Apr. 1-May 31.)—S.T.

H. C. Westermann: It is strongly insisted that Westermann is no neo-Dadaist, and it is true that there is nothing ready-made about his beautifully and laboriously crafted objects; but if any one has flipped open a dictionary again to give a new label to the new wave of object manipulators, it has not yet gained common usage, while Dada refuses to drop out of date. Anyway, Westermann is supposed to be with it, not against it, as far as industrialized mass culture is concerned—which is why he makes objects as gloriously vulgar and superfluous as juke boxes and vending machines, their only point being their pointlessness and tastelessness. The symbols which may be read into them and the morals which may be pointed out are not part of the program as the artist conceives it, for he evolves his works without specific image or message in view. His works are unique in appearance, resembling no previously existing phenomenon, nor shaped according to any aesthetic canon, yet fashioned with the utmost care and painstaking workmanship. The silvered "body" of *The Angry Young Machine* is meticulously constructed of laminated wood, screwed, bolted and glued together; a tongue unfurls from the blatant red lips, several faucets are strategically placed on the pipes of the supporting structure, and a caricature is scrawled on one side, lest the object look too pretty. The statuesque *Silver Queen* has a ventilator for a head, and *The Swinging Red King* verges on elegance in its resemblance to fine cabinetwork. *The Womb*, again in laminated wood, has a door with a sentimental inscription on the inside and tiny painted figures all over the interior; *He-Whore* has a toilet bowl sunk into the top of its head and money for eyes and a shape which leaves little doubt about its function. Each piece has its identity and does not depend on associations for its impact, and it is an impact which does not recede quickly; in fact, on the basis of this work alone, Westermann should have a secure place in contemporary art history. (Frumkin, May 1-30.)—M.S.

Luciano Minguzzi: In his groups of figures Minguzzi sets up shieldlike shapes which shift angle and axis slightly for each figure, giving a subtle rhythmic alternation to the frieze-type arrangement. His work is generally carried out in terms of planes, suspended or intersecting at various angles, with little regard for volumes, or for detail, which has been gradually eliminated through simplification. The forms are more sharply clarified and more eloquent than in his previous sculpture; particularly concise are the various versions of the double-pronged *Eco*, in which the proliferating forms are firmly contained within the dominant, sweeping wingspread. Recently he has turned again to working in the round, at least in

the *Guerriero* pieces, which are hollow, faceted heads flanked by projecting shields; here the textual interest is more pronounced, although in all his sculpture the surfaces are finely worked. Amid the archaizing impulses of a host of contemporary Italian sculptors, Minguzzi appears to be independently engaged in the search for an idiom suitable to his era, yet not in disharmony with his ancestors. (Viviano, Apr. 11-May 6.)—M.S.

Mirko: Although most of these bronzes involve light flanges interlocked into a slender core instead of the simple masses of the previous work, the degree of achievement is about the same—passable. The parts are mildly reversed, offset and matched. Most of their shapes come from early art, often Shang-Yin bronzes, especially from the T'ao-t'ieh design, and the occasionally imprinted markings, which were rife in Mirko's monolithic work, resemble those of Mesopotamian cylinder seals. Nostalgic primitivism is an inadequate idea, but granting it Mirko's work merely suffers, further since the power of his borrowed forms is far less than that of the originals. The flanges of *Motivo A Incastro (B) 1960* just stick out, while those of Shang-Yin ritual vessels are among the most dynamic forms ever invented. Nor does the whole structure bear close comparison to its recent sources, the vertical sculpture of Smith and of others. However, the work is attractive, and the basic failure is obscured by the pleasant patina and texture, the reasonable variation and the equability of derived forms which have the appearance of intelligence without its difficult vigor. A number of wax pastels are also being shown. (World House, May 2-27.)—D.J.

Stephen Greene: In his new paintings Stephen Greene appears to have resolved the essential qualities of the imagery in his previous work with a new formal idiom which has been independently evolved. The agony, the sense of man against the void, the need for roots in time which have been apparent in earlier works now make themselves felt through a wholly invented and, if you will, abstract vocabulary of forms and emotionally charged color. The painting itself is enormously accomplished, since each sweep of color must stand as it falls, without correction, and must to some extent dictate the disposition of subsequent strokes or color forms. The directness thus partakes of elements of action painting, but it is in a sense more daring because its end is clarity, not ambiguity, a connotative image, not spatial tension. A fabulous blue, opaque yet suggestive of infinite depth, all but fills two of the large canvases, *Le Ciel Amoureux* and *The Beginning*; in the former a wild, craving shape thrusts yawning upward, and in the latter a crevice of light sweeps across the canvas and a small budding shape makes a tentative appearance. In *The Dream* a hammer-like streak of red slashes into the large, soft oval which is partially partitioned into organic shapes and exquisitely colored with yellow, green and red-violet. In the process of gradually freeing his art from lingering traditionalism, the artist has more firmly entrenched himself in the great tradition in which he alone is in command of his canvas. (Staempfli, Apr. 25-May 13.)—M.S.

Seymour Lipton: There is something reassuring about the positive quality of Lipton's imagery and the single-mindedness with which he translates it into strong and forthright forms. His metaphors may be complex, with a multiplicity of allusions, but the fact that he is able to resolve them in convincing sculptural form, stressing growth rather than dissolution and the organic rather than the machine-produced, sets his work apart from much of the fragmentary and negative sculpture currently being produced. His wholeness of view is expressed in the self-containment of his sculptures; each functions as a unit, incorporating and enveloping its own space, but massive and intense.

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gral as it commands the surrounding space. Most of these recent works are involute, folding inward and turning outward again to emphasize the continuity of interior and exterior and to suggest the continuous process of closing and unfolding which is part of the life pattern. The aggressive upward and outward thrusts are masterfully stabilized and counterbalanced. A completely new form was attempted in *Manuscript*, a large horizontal work consisting of three partially joined sheets of Monel metal richly coated with bronze, with irregular projections in front and back suggesting the polarities of order and chaos or of ignorance and knowledge, and the three slightly curving metal sheets standing for the medium through which this transformation has been brought about through the ages. This recently completed piece is not only a tour de force in itself, but it augurs interesting possibilities for the future as the artist responds to the stimulus of his new-found forms. (Parsons, Mar. 14-Apr. 8.)—M.S.

Leonard Baskin: First, this is poor Baskin. Second, Baskin is mediocre anyway. His most notable work is so rudimentary in "composition" as to make the use of the word debatable. The expression is maudlin and a mockery of the anguish it attempts. These ink-and-wash drawings, except for *Sea Bird*, lack even the continuity of ornamentation usual with Baskin. The standing figures, in the majority, with or without heads or arms and sometimes with a feathered and beaked head, are merely scattered bits of line and infrequent dark splotches. These are without a consistent surface or space. The center line of the torso is always emphasized. The sternum and the groin are darkened to concavities. Yet the holes and the outlined anatomy do not connect to form an intelligible line or to articulate the body. Baskin is wasting three thousand years of work on that line. The other drawings, equally inert, are of heads, plants and birds. *Sea Bird* is immeasurably superior to the rest. The whole shape of the bird is in a wash of a middle value, as occurs in Rodin's drawings, even though the foreshortening is extreme—the head, breast, and feet are way to the left and enlarged. (Borgenicht, Mar. 28-Apr. 15.)—D.J.

Antonio Tàpies: Tàpies' excavations are like a social climber's idea of what an aristocrat should be and almost never is—handsome, exquisitely tailored, majestic. There is a great deal of art (and a pinch of artifice) in his production, for he knows where and how to put everything so that it all looks like evolution rather than creation. Indeed, any one of his works could goad architects to build around it, much as they build around aged trees. Although he acknowledges the influence of Magdalenian art, via Altamira, it would also seem that he has been impressed by what can be done in nature—given a few million years and some sand, wind, rain and heat to work with. Apart from an occasional spurt of shocking red, the colors are burnt earth, sand, charcoal—they may even be the materials, though he appears to be growing slightly more interested in the flatter surface of paint alone. It would take a greater sensitivity than this reviewer possesses to see in him the "troubadour who sings for all people," because each of his statements has a massive presence that frowns rather than invites or entertains. In fact, this, together with the skill and finish, may be what arouses suspicion—or is it that we have really come to believe that talent has to be served uncooked, inept and self-revealing, otherwise it can't be sincere? The cadet branch of this gallery, belowstairs so to speak, is also showing Tàpies, in the form of some very fine lithographs. (Jackson, Mar. 15-Apr. 8.)—V.R.

John Rood: Two of the most desirable but least achieved aspects of contemporary art are found abundantly in Rood's metal sculpture. First, he



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YVES

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IN THE GALLERIES

has worked with inventive knowledge in a new and completely modern technical field, melting and burning styrofoam plastic into open, natural forms, and then casting them in bronze. What makes everything including the experiments worthwhile is the great seriousness and mature gravity of Rood's ideas. Even gravity will have to have a slightly different meaning here, because the abstractions sit comfortably and solidly, floating in space. The castings from plastic especially look like barnacle-encrusted undersea life hovering near the ocean floor. The delicately pocked surface recalls spongelike plants, but they are even more open and spatially complex. The welded-steel pieces are slightly larger and less delicate. The charred, black form of *Sky Image* seems as ominous and deadly as an atomic cinder from Hiroshima. The largest and most impressive piece in the show is simple, heavy bronze, *Salamanders*. It is an open grid, about three by four feet, but only about one foot thick, like a free-standing relief. The bars of the grid are molded into powerful twisting lumps. The character is Romanesque—very structured and contorted with emotion at the same time. It seems to "float" like the other pieces, and is even more serious. (Feingarten, Mar. 1-Apr. 1)—L.S.

William Baziotes: This show consists of thirteen paintings done mostly in the past year—with a few examples going as far back as 1958, such as the exceptionally strong *Dusk* from the collection of the Guggenheim Museum. The new work is in the same style that has become the artist's trademark; if anything it is more "Baziotes" than ever. Irregular, amorphous shapes, usually two of them, are put in a balanced relationship and set off by a thin, stringy line, dancing, waving and falling through the delicate drama. The shapes are ambiguous in the best sense, implying many specific things through their own abstract character. The long spaces of breathless "nothing" are kept alive by the fine intermingling of extremely light and subdued, but often apposite, colors. Such simple components seem so right—that is, so personal and flexible—that their appearance over and over again, like a recipe for picture-making, passes almost unnoticed. In a few of the new paintings the flickering texture seems a little overemphasized, at the expense of the forms, and the character is softer and weaker than before. On the other hand, the beautiful *Serpentine* is one of the largest and latest and is second to none. (Janis, Mar. 13-Apr. 8)—L.S.

Stanley William Hayter: This is now a surprising name with which to begin a review, especially one of paintings. Hayter, now sixty-one, brought his Atelier 17 to New York in 1940 and during the nine ensuing years instructed a majority of this country's present printmakers. Their complex and excellent technique, as well as its excess and chilliness, is due to him. In one decade he was omnipresent, and in the next, since he re-established the Atelier 17 in Paris, he was unseen. The remnants of the wirelike lines of his etchings are about all that distinguish these fairly large oils as Hayter's. These lines are combined in several ways with a loose plane of fluid diagonal strokes, usually multicolored. The success of this is variously little, partial, and complete—this last in only one case, *Forest Fire*. The painting is modest but is also free and unified. A skein of yellow is overlaid with green and pink hatching centered on black strokes over an orange spot. A more interesting work, although hesitant, is *Calm Center*, which has a tensile network of curiously neutral gray-blue lines over bright colors. Other works are too casual—which is new to Hayter—and unfeeling—which has always been his difficulty. (Wise, May 31-June 30)—D.J.

Milton Resnick: There's no use pretending these very big abstract paintings don't look like late

Monets. One supposes that makes them seem more impressive than they are, but the results really have no relation to his ideas, which cannot be pieced together except by exploiting the family resemblance as a conclusion. Resnick has to paint large canvases because intentions tend to grow when the object of them remains either obscure or elusive. He blankets his surface with cascading strokes, a cursive improvisation which builds until masses begin to form. Then more paint is laid on these until they are opaque or nearly so. Resnick's refinements over the past year are solely in the area of technique, in a more sensuous shaping of mass and perhaps subtlety of color. Those works that do not look like Impressionist landscapes have a modicum of independence. *Coffee* emerges as a sea of Riker's beige, and *Swan* exposes a burgeoning gray mass beneath a flock of calligraphic strokes which produce an occasional roped-off contour, much like the shocks of bright color that gleam from the depths of his bosky groves. Space is ambiguous always, stretched fore and aft without disclosing an actual position. Inevitably, the paintings seek to gain from effect what they lack in direction. (Wise, Apr. 4-29)—S.T.

Georgia O'Keeffe: These recent works remind us of how often the best American painting—representational or abstract, with figures or without—is pervaded by an excruciating loneliness. Miss O'Keeffe's works are steeped in solitude and insist, as her pictures seem always to have done, that their creator is the last (or first) human being on earth. Whether this is a national characteristic or not, spending time in the presence of this quality could make *Guernica* almost a comforting experience by comparison. A good many of her pictures concern a form resembling a river joined by a tributary, as if seen from above, while *White Patio with Red Door* is another reversion to purely geometrical forms; in a more obviously representational vein, there is a flower study, and primeval-looking landscape of serrated blue mountains rising behind a lake surrounded by grassland. It is a kind of paradox that such a feeling of detachment can be combined with a passion for nature, which expresses itself so nakedly in undulating forms that are flat and pure in surface, and in variations of color and tone that are sometimes delicate, sometimes crude. (Downtown, Apr. 11-May 6)—V.R.

Sir Henry Raeburn: The reigning Scots painter of the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, Raeburn was knighted the year before his death in 1823. Though eventually elected R.A., he spent virtually all of his life in Edinburgh. The impression gained from these fine paintings, two group and three individual portraits, is of a man of much plainer stuff than the more fashionable artists of his elegant period. These paintings, at least, are unfettered by drapery and the Grand Style. The folds are few and stylized, the figurative and sartorial description below the neck virtually spherical in the *Group Portrait of the Haig Children*, where interest is centered on the five brightly alert faces while the simplified forms below open an otherwise crowded composition. Yet the volumes are overplain, and the style seems inconsistent to the point of affecting draftsmanship in certain places. Nonetheless it has more plastic force than the other portraits, where the character of the sitter dominates. There is a decided Colonial quality in *James Harrow with His Wife and Son*, while the portrait of *Mrs. Ferguson* is painted against a light background which enhances, even concedes to, her femininity, the unidealized part of which verges on the sentimentality that was soon to succeed the ideal as a period quality. Portraits of *James Skene* and *James Wardrop* are included. (Duveen, May 1-31)—S.T.

Donald Carrick: There is a strong illustrative streak in Carrick which may ultimately lure him

on to a reef; he is, in the meantime, painting some very charming landscapes—these are of Vermont and Ibiza. His paint has a blurred quality, as if seen through slightly frosted glass, the color is luminous and slightly on the sweet side, and he composes in a sure and easy style. The Vermont scenes are superior to the others, perhaps because the nature of the countryside lends itself more to starker arrangements, while those done in Spain have less scale—though a picture of a grove of gnarled trees is very powerful. It is in the figure compositions that the illustrative tendency shows most, namely in a study of a peasant woman picking flowers, where the figure is tilted dramatically across the canvas, and is balanced by an attendant goat. Nevertheless, one admired his talent for elegance—most apparent in a study of a family group, in which the plump patriarch is reading to his beautiful wife and child. It is quite well drawn and contains some attractive passages of paint. (Morris, May 3-27.)—V.R.

Nuala: To a sensitive person in a semibarbaric society, maturity can produce a slightly aloof, pure character, like an artificial garden. These pastel drawings have somewhat the hothouse character, but within it they are as finished and perfect as could be imagined. They are usually abstract, although a strong suggestion of a sail, tree or bird appears at times, and about half are done on a super-sensitive napped paper. Subjects are transformed into a floating design of smooth dark lines, impeccably curving to enclose on themselves. Inside, the transparent planes are drawn not only with exquisite taste, but with a much more serious eye on the unity and variety of aesthetic form. With this extreme delicacy there is a strength that recalls illuminations from the Book of Kells, or at other times, Kandinsky or even Léger. And, as with the Northern medieval Bibles, there is some tendency for the curving lines to get out of control, into a refined but expressive confusion. The showing is mostly of work from the last two years, but includes pieces in a less definite style back to 1954. (Feingarten, May 15-June 3.)—L.S.

Burton Hasen: These paintings have some of the free and fragmentary Surrealism of Masson and Pollock during the 1940's turned toward an overtly emotional expression, a romantic one, although dire and grimy. This is a considerable and fortunate change for Hasen, whose paintings not too long ago were a textured and opulent Cubism. One of the reasons for the subjective quality of the paintings is the frequent use of grayed and tonal color; less would be better. Another reason is the variety of intensive brushwork. This is the most compelling aspect of the paintings. The composition is most often central; an amorphous, animalistic shape is successively enclosed. *Bessarabian* is of this kind: the periphery is yellow and gray; the visceral center, marked red at random, varies from thick, rotary strokes of black and white to thin washes of gray. Sometimes the expressionism tends toward an imagistic kind, such as Appel's, as in *Black Earth*, in which a reddish sienna surrounds a furred or feathered black form. (Grand Central Moderns, May 9-27.)—D.J.

Gabor Peterdi: The huge barren roughness of Western landscapes is stressed in Peterdi's new series of intaglios. The artistic merit of the large etchings rests on the stark punch of simple, boldly abstracted rock formations and the infinitely fine build-up of their textures. The darks are often solid black aquatints. Every other form is constructed of innumerable layers of engraving and hard- and soft-ground etching, just as the real mountain is composed of a million little pebbles. Sometimes the textures really act to build forms within the larger shapes, and this seems stronger than the Oriental all-over pattern. In either case

Peterdi's technical work always shows knowledge and polish perhaps exceeding any other American printmaker's. The half-dozen black-and-white oil paintings in the show attempt just about the same thing as the prints. A rocky foreground, textured by tiny calligraphic brush strokes, slants up to be stopped by a value change at the horizon. They are as light as the too-simple prints, but they are not superficial. (Borgenicht, May 9-27.)—L.S.

Rudolph von Ripper: Rudolph von Ripper, who died last year, is described as having led a stormy life as propagandist, soldier, lecturer and *bon vivant*. He was imprisoned for anti-Nazi caricatures in 1933, fought with the Spanish Loyalists, served in the French Foreign Legion, the U.S. Army and the O.S.S., once worked as a circus harlequin, and all the while pursued his career as an artist. If he lived as a man of action, he painted as a man of contemplation, at least in the last decade of his life, which is covered in the present exhibition. Most of his paintings are based on the Majorcan landscape and consist of flat mosaics of shapes in variegated colors and textures which suggest the hilly contours and characteristic vegetation. The shapes tend toward rigidity and the dappled surfaces are a little ornate, but the color is radiant and there is a gentle note of fantasy which transforms the given landscape into paintings which are quite out of the ordinary. (Viviano, Mar. 21-Apr. 8.)—M.S.

Raimonds Staprans: Both landscapes and still lifes are simplified in form, for Staprans' main concern is with color, which he uses with painterly exuberance. There are several tables crowded with bottle shapes usually described in a wide range of red, orange and yellow, and they emanate a generous, expansive hedonism. The landscapes are quieter in mood, and conveyed more to this reviewer because the fewer colors had been made to work harder by more cunning juxtaposition, and there seemed to be more interest in relating them to the mackerel-like shapes of boats, moored in zigzag arrangements on water bathed in moonlight. Staprans appears to have found great delight in his paint, applying it in a broad way, not too dissimilar from the later De Staëls, but the pleasure is short-lived for the viewer. Lurking somewhere in his work is a sense of satisfaction with present achievement; one felt he had already stopped looking—a great mistake, since his very approach depends just exactly on this—and it is very evident in the head of a girl, *Sandy*, that he has barely begun to draw. (St. Etienne, Apr. 17-May 13.)—V.R.

Aline Porter: In the art of some women, their femininity seems to be drawn to forms of an almost archetypal simplicity. In Cubism Marie Laurencin found a way to paint flowing costumes without a distracting fussiness that would have been beside her visual point. Mrs. Porter, who lives in Santa Fe, seems to pull as much flat space as possible into her abstract paintings to empty her forms of superfluosity. Her sense of mystery is genuine if not extraordinary. She favors a bushlike shape usually attached to a perfect reflection of it and centered in a vacant plane. Sometimes it is surrounded by quiet little polka dots, and sometimes these dots are carried into the shape, which then resembles a heraldic fruit tree. She prefers blue but uses greens and ochers also. When she tries something more overtly cosmic, the effect becomes too literal, that is, vaporous, and too unshy. She is soft-spoken, but a man trying to pull this off would seem prissy. (Section 11, Apr. 25-May 13.)—S.T.

Peterdi's new work is composed of large, simple, boldly drawn shapes, infinitely fine strokes are often used. The form is conical, engraving and drawing as the real little pebbles. It is built forms and seems stronger in either case.

Jean Tinguely: This well-publicized Swiss-born artist extends the push-button civilization to the thoroughly secularized domain of art—which is only a loose term to cover what is shown in museums and galleries rather than in department stores and circuses. One of our real misfortunes

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IN THE GALLERIES

is that, with all barriers down, the joy of blasphemy is no longer possible, and we can only regard Tingueley's ingenious contraptions as another gimmick. There are twenty-seven pieces in the show, all electrically wired so that when buttons or pedals are pressed, a tedious grinding and clanking and gyrating ensues, designed to grate on the nerves and possibly, when all are operating in concert, to blow up the building (there may be a subtle point to this show after all). The most devastating instrument of torture has a built-in radio emitting a jumble of words and static; the most amusing is a beaded curtain that shimmies like the fringe of a belly dancer's costume. There are a lot of fresh ideas here for dedicated tinkerers and amateur electricians, a few minor titillations for gallery-goers, and, according to a lot of pretentious prose, a message, if anyone wants it. (Staempfli, Apr. 4-22.)—M.S.

Ben-Zion: Nature has played an increasingly important role in Ben-Zion's work in recent years. Where he was for long preoccupied with Biblical prophets and patriarchs, and where his settings were merely documentarily relevant, now, suddenly, Ben-Zion turns up in Iowa. And if his tossing *Thistles in a Storm* and windswept *Wheatfield* have lingering Old Testament associations, his *Iowa Spring* abounds with the *simcha*—the happiness—before the temporal fruits of the earth. Ben-Zion is essentially a Messianist who seems increasingly willing to understand deliverance in more secular or temporal terms. He continues to paint old folks at prayer and ancients re-enacting their fateful moments—as in *The Dream of Nebuchadnezzar*—but his basic lyricism seems to fill out more in a Canaan of flowers and fields. His forms are as robust, firmly held and bluntly foreshortened as ever, though his palette has noticeably brightened. His spidery contours relieve Hartley's contours of their Puritan restraint. His ardor is no less vital; it is simply transformed by the awareness that the soil under his feet—there is a splendidly simple composition called *Black Soil* which, like *Road to Sodom*, matches Avery for plainness—is the Zion of actuality. (A.C.A., Mar. 20-Apr. 8.)—S.T.

Alvin Ross: It is a pity that reviews should not properly include intuitive observations on the painter's personality, for in this case it looms large with a most unctemporary gentleness and charm. Indeed, looking at his very small works, beautifully painted in fairly low-keyed, glowing color, is like reading a diary, for they are so unself-conscious. Among them is a bunch of pink sweet peas, a sliced muffin alongside a jar of English marmalade, some exquisite studies of sunlit glades, and a perceptive portrait of a tabby cat in the tea-cozy position. Of the larger works, one preferred the landscapes and still lifes to the figures, which seemed frozen, and whose color and texture were uncharacteristically muddy and slippery. *Fishing on the Arno* might be the best in the show—the small figures are placed so well, standing in and beside a broad expanse of nearly white water, on a bleak and wet day. But Ross presents a problem with some of his pictures: critical etiquette forbids approval of a study of a Cardinal on the telephone, in what looks like Contemporary Dinette setting, but the idea is irresistible, especially since it includes that tabby cat again, standing in the foreground. (Isaacson, Apr. 4-29.)—V.R.

Ethel Magafan: As the contrary characteristics of these mountain landscape paintings are resolved the result becomes very dense and rich and often remains surprisingly clear. The painting itself appears loose and free at a distance, almost like action painting, while actually the tempera is applied with almost minute delicacy. The design is built of a sum of detailed observations, which, except for the color, are quite realistically

described. It is these carefully busy details of rocks and foliage that make the work seem not only quite casually painted at a distance, but almost totally abstract, until the larger ridge and valley forms become gradually more discernible. In a few of the paintings the point of view seems to have been so near the subject that these larger contours never do appear, leaving a veil of pleasant confusion. In the strong formal context of the best paintings, *Remote Lake*, *Meadow* and *Mountain Place*, even the multitude of intense, man-made colors fit curiously well with the natural images. (Seligmann, Mar. 11-Apr. 1.)—L.S.

George O. Hart: Though these drawings could cause some speculation as to whether Hart's travels and monetary difficulties did not take more out of him than his work did, they are remarkable for their observation, and for the amount of ability crammed into a small frame. Mostly in pen and wash, they are in the main a fragmentary record of his travels in Mexico and North Africa, with a few caricatures, nudes and American scenes included. In some, such as a sepia wash drawing of horsemen on the seashore in Tangier, he comes close to Guy's in liveliness in the loving variation of tones, and in the grouping of figures. The more linear nudes are also very graceful. *Connoisseurs*, in bold black pencil, shows the side of his character that was apparently drawn to Daumier, and it shows clearly his opinion of dealers who slaver over works of art. There is probably a nice irony here, since his is the kind of art to arouse just those covetous instincts in people who want to collect in a small way. (Zabriskie, Apr. 17-May 4.)—V.R.

Lundy Siegriest: Ambition has led this thirty-five-year-old artist into presumption. He would capture the vastness of the Western desert, its shimmering heat, its antediluvian aridity and its incongruous oases and fleshpots with a style that would be every bit as impressive as the natural scene. We find rocky strata bending and flexing under a convulsive abstract attack, a desert town hanging tremulous in space like a mirage (and a bit like a Guston mirage at that), Tahoe offering a cooling sanctuary beyond the tampered image and Reno gaudily profaning the Western night with strips of stylized incandescence. Since Siegriest is showing in New York for the first time with an absolutely staggering list of exhibitions and awards behind him (no less than 114 exhibits, including sixteen one-man shows and thirty-six awards), we wonder if he can be convinced that his performance is being ruined by the competition for top billing between subject and style. The result is an exaggerated and hammy image. (Bolles, Apr. 19-May 12.)—S.T.

Charles du Back: At times there seems to be no way of avoiding mentioning influences—Du Back can hardly be unaware of his debt to Milton Avery. Just the same he draws well, and his single figures laid on a flat ground, composed of horizontal shapes, are very subtle character studies. (This preoccupation with horizontals would seem to connect with his previous abstract phase, and even in the delicate pastel landscapes, proved not so fascinating to this viewer.) His *magnus opus* is definitely the figure of a girl standing with one hand on a balustrade. Du Back has paid exquisite attention to the cut of her navy-blue dress, beautifully describing how it fits her figure, and has made her both humorous and pathetic in her mousy, neat conventionality. He sneaks up again on the figure's character in the painting of a more arty, free-as-a-bird kind of girl with long hair, set against a landscape. These laconic, texturally dry canvases pack an efficient punch that lingers on. (Area, Mar. 10-30.)—V.R.

Aaron Kritzer, Allyn Amundson: The spirit of Kritzer's small interiors and still lifes conflicts

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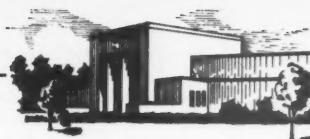
The spirit of
lives conflicts
—June 1961

Alfred Duca: Several of these figures are done by a new method—polystyrene foam vaporization—wherein the original shape is carved in what looks like window display snow, and is converted into various metals by means of sand casting. Duca took some five years out of his life perfecting this technique at M.I.T., and the results are interesting. The forms of a crucified figure, for example, hanging by one arm, have been scooped away, leaving a sinewy framework, and it is cast in ductile iron which looks like pumice. But one couldn't help wondering if roughly the same effect would not have been achieved by just an armature, though the figure is undoubtedly impressive. There are also some small bronzes such as Stoic, which is a sensitively modeled mask, and a couple of lively horses, together with a large griffin-like creature, and it is hard to understand how the author of these could also produce the small, squat figure of Albert Schweitzer, which like many of the others is viewable from the front only. (Downtown, Mar. 15-Apr. 8.)—V.R.

Maurice Golubov: In another day Golubov's multiple-figure paintings would have been regarded as studies or cartoons for major works. The concepts are grandiose and would lend themselves to a far fuller development, while the treatment is that of an oil sketch in which light-dark effects and figure poses are worked out roughly in a shallow space. To go beyond this point of sketchy fluency to a more penetrating analysis of the figure, to a heightening or intensifying of a theme's dramatic potential, while retaining a painting's fluid, shifting quality, appears to be one of contemporary painting's most difficult hurdles—perhaps, to some ways of thinking, an unnecessary one. Judging from the command and the inclination manifest in this energetic work, Golubov has the capacity to extend his painting greatly beyond its present limitations. (Mayer, Apr. 4-22.)—M.S.

George L. K. Morris: Using the same spiraling space, the forms corkscrewing inward from the canvas surface toward a central vortex, which has been his preoccupation for some years, Morris displays his old tricks with a few new twists, on an array of canvases, a piece of carpet and a weathered barn door. Having staked out his illusory space and thoroughly tamed it, he is now amusing himself by flinging bits of matter into the twister, or by painting flowered patches like scraps of wallpaper into his spatial diagram, or breaking up a subject, like the *Artist in His Studio* or *Luncheon Table*, into similar spirals. *Spring Sun* looks like a Hartley landscape set in revolving motion. A handsome sculpture in marble and glass consists of three interlocking arches which spring gracefully upward and outward. (Alan, Mar. 27-Apr. 15.)—M.S.

Ben Nicholson: Nicholson's international success, particularly in the realm of the big awards, is easily attributable to the suitability of his work for compromise candidacy. Pallid, reposeful, hard-



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IN THE GALLERIES

edged yet soft-textured, mingling nonobjectivism with representational elements, his paintings and shallow reliefs have the virtue of satisfying most factions while offending none. The lack of fuss is ingratiating, as is that firm, easel-like line which traces out his favorite jug and urn shapes against the rectangle of an upturned table top, but perfection of form without conceptual rigor can result in a very diluted art. The absolutism of his earlier white reliefs, of which two from 1936 are shown here, seems preferable to the heterogeneity of the recent work. It is only natural that against such purity anything more diversified appears slightly tainted. (Emmerich, Apr. 4-29.)—M.S.

Leonard Kesl: Kesl comes fairly near to imposing something of his own on these still lifes and figure paintings that have elements of both Buffet and the Byzantines—mainly in his very rich color. His carafes, glasses and fruit are dotted about the tilted tabletops, all subordinated to a pattern of lowering reds, purples, blues and greens. The little brown figures, lying or sitting, nude or in bikinis, often against a precisely patterned background, are a bit cute with their mad white eyes. But Kesl has a small and compact talent which he makes the most of. (Highgate, Apr. 26-May 16.)—V.R.

Tom Doyle: Call this sculpture Baroque Constructivism—with a limp. From stable, thrusting axes, looping movements are flung outward, describing an undulating orbit whose carving action in space complements the structure of the works themselves. They are built of raw timber, cut, joined and modeled in a very expert way. The principle is basically that of the cantilever, of thrust opposed by weight, but the worldly sweep of the concept runs afoul of the bluntness of execution. Divided between simplicity and elegance, the pieces barely pull themselves together. Doyle, a young Ohioan appearing in his first New York show, has given them titles from Civil War battles. He is also showing some sketches which have been roughly chipped into spotless formica panels with an electric tool—Andy Jackson in the White House again. (Stone, Mar. 28-Apr. 22.)—S.T.

Elias Friedensohn: Friedensohn can draw, and he manipulates thick pigment with skill, using a restricted palette through which he explores warm and cool grays exhaustively—either in dabs that follow the forms of the figures, or in longer, brisker strokes that include areas of glazing. The lighting of the figures, who loom as presences rather than people, is often from above, and it gives the pictures a severe, mystical-religious quality. One standing female nude half-emerges from the background into a warm light that seems to creep all over the canvas while you watch, turning it all shades of pinkish red. His curious blend of Hellenistic sensuality with a frigid spirituality eludes satisfactory description, but it does combine with his technical proficiency to make some distinctive painting. (Isaacson, Mar. 7-Apr. 1.)—V.R.

Marguerite Stix: The most outstanding virtue of these little bronzes of women is the authenticity of their attitudes. Though not at all primitive in style, they nevertheless have an innocence and directness in the way they have been stood and sat, and in the observation that has gone into the small gestures of hands and feet. They are truly sculptural in the sense of being complete from every angle. Two portrait heads indicate that Mrs. Stix is not confined in her scale, and though one is not entirely in sympathy with her desire to portray Abraham Lincoln, she seems able to approach the subject as freshly as if she had never so much as clapped eyes on a four-cent stamp. A study of a small boy askew on a chair most succinctly summarizes this sculptor's ability to capture character and mood—an instinctive ability that does not appear to carry either the stigma

or the sophistication of tutoring. (Krasner, May 8-20.)—V.R.

Ce Roser: Massings of paint touches, freely and directly brushed, convey gardens, rich in bloom and fragrance, tenderly recollected by a young woman of Chinese descent who has lived in many cities in the Orient as well as in Europe and the United States. Softened by nostalgia and filtered through the imagination, the waves of color seem to well up through the distance of time and place to be fixed in paint as one of those transient garden moments which have haunted human recollection since the apocryphal origin of the species. The paint is very thin, very much on the surface, with a good deal of white showing through, but apart from a few irrelevant drips, it is handled with a blithe, skimming touch which may not build up to monumental compositions, but which has a pleasant and individual freshness. (White, May 9-27.)—M.S.

Maria Martorell: To those who are not more one way or the other by geometric abstraction, these may prove the exception. They don't move into the optical-illusion department, but they do have a little magic to hold the eye. Miss Martorell, a painter of some note in Argentina, is interested mostly in ovoid shapes. Using black and white, with deep pinks, grays and yellow, she makes the shapes intersect, or ingeniously break them up, and suggests solidity only by her contours. In a black and white composition, a band of spheres and ovoids undulate across the canvas, their shapes broken, yet described, by a ribbon of white. They are complemented above by another band of similar forms, made up of fine black lines. It is reminiscent of some half-remembered primitive pattern, is appropriately called *Rhythms*, and looks as though it might have some mystical significance. (Collectors, Apr. 25-May 13.)—V.R.

Doris Caesar: After spending time with these bronzes, it seems to matter less that their idiom is so firmly rooted in the twenties, and while you may not agree with Miss Caesar's conviction, it is impossible not to respect the force with which she puts them over. Her half-life-size bronzes, done over the last two years, continue to deal mainly with an ideal of female nudity, which could be described as the antithesis of Lachaise's aggressively viviparous woman. Her figures stride, sit, recline, in a lithesome and attenuated way; their heads are tiny, their bodies lean and legs long, and she seems to have close control of the shape from the beginning of the armature until the lashing down of the last flowing form. Although the forms are punched and tautened to give an almost male brittleness, the subject is undoubtedly Woman, though of the career variety. (Weyhe, Mar. 6-Apr. 29.)—V.R.

Sherman Drexler: There is more substance to the paint than there is illusion of substance to the flesh of the nudes which loom across the dark grounds of Drexler's obsessive figure paintings. He paints the same painting over and over again, always a little differently, as though his preoccupation with his theme were inexhaustible. His figures may be single or paired, in wrestling, embracing, running or standing poses, but they are always, finally, immobile, enmeshed in their dark spaces. The works have a touching awkwardness of silhouette and a strange interplay between the pronounced materiality of the textured paint surfaces and the immateriality of the figures. The vision is above all an authentic one, and as such has its own haunting power. (De Nagy, Mar. 28-Apr. 29.)—M.S.

Calvert Coggeshall: In his last show Coggeshall's canvases were treated in an all-over fashion with evenly distributed small squarish units.

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his new work the areas are larger and slightly more varied in size and shape, although always tending on the rectilinear, and greater emphasis is given to the broad, brusque strokes of the brush. Both the color and the orientation of color areas lend themselves to evocations of landscape and cityscape, but there is no insistence on specific locale or mood; rather the principal drive—and it is not a very forceful one—is toward the balancing of the diverse painterly elements. (Parsons, May 1-20.)—M.S.

Douglas Snow: A former Fulbright fellow to Italy (1950), Snow comes from Utah and is having his first New York show. He bends a presumably regional landscape to abstract designs that have a worldly polish but little personality. For wide open spaces, Snow is attracted to broad, dramatically inflected masses stuck up with patches of dense impasto, muffled spots and screaming lines of light. There is some rummaging about for a style, and his appeal goes out largely to those clichés many abstract landscapists are making out of Impressionist mass. More genuine Romantic support is provided by Graham Sutherland, whose prickly trees and formal trellises inspire derivative but bold, shallow-spaced nature designs, with much orchestral writhing that is at least as particular as it is atmospheric. Of these, *Trees with Bird* is the most impressive. (Feingarten, Apr. 25-May 13.)—S.T.

Skating: The elaborate polychrome wood carvings in this show quiver in nervous jagged lines like those used around comic-strip characters when especially startled or frightened. In the major pieces three or four panels are arranged in depth, each a mass of quivering lines and spiny apertures and each painted a different color on the broad surfaces and on the edges, so that when seen together there is a maximum effect of motion of a trembling kind. Indian themes are the artist's particular preoccupation, and she has chosen appropriate color, shapes and material, combining them in a blend of painting and sculpture which is uniquely her invention. (White, Mar. 14-Apr. 15.)—M.S.

Lilli Gettinger: The least bizarre element in this startling exhibition of papier-mâché sculpture is the mosaiced polychrome, courtesy of *Life* Magazine advertisements, the irony of which accumulates in a setting of love, death and unconscious humor. Miss Gettinger has one foot in the Middle Ages, the other in German Expressionism. From the former come the squat, compact figures that want a certain tautness; from the latter come the pungent, emotional color-schemes like the warm shadows under the eyes. They are vivid with conflict. A magician embodying the burden of the imagination rides a resigned woman piggyback; an underworld agent, like some Inca demon, carries another woman off. There is a Jester communicating his melancholy to a flower, a *Columbine Bereaved* and an earlier, more conventional bronze, *The Disinherited*, of man and woman that is very poignant. Miss Gettinger's drawings, pastels and water colors are equally intense, and yet the whole effect is dominated by its grotesquerie, like the effigies used in some European festivals where ritual exorcism and propitiation turn into folk burlesque. (Horn, Mar. 28-Apr. 30.)—S.T.

Anton Refregier: Like Shahn and Evergood, Refregier uses a fine, stylizing line to animate patterned masses. It is clear yet general, like the social issues with which he is dealing. These small paintings are done in casein, a medium that would be naturally attractive to a man who has done many murals: it has the graininess of a wall. Similarly, the stamp of the muralist is on his design—in the statuesque motifs (for heros), the mostly close-knit compositions (for

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IN THE GALLERIES

power and fraternity) and the stylized figurative "types" (for universality). The color can get shrill; it exists somewhere outside of his drawing and is "coloring." His is a style of impositions—of line on mass, of color on shape, of ideas on subjects. It is a too-insistent art, though less so than others of its kind; and when it relaxes—as in the naked little girl in a field—the sentimentality pokes through. (A.C.A., Apr. 10-29.)—S.T.

Emilio Greco: Greco is one of the Italian sculptors who became known a few years ago with Marini and Manzu. The major pieces in this show are large female figure studies, composed with exquisite taste and a slightly distorted cool sensuousness. The distortion, aside from graceful elongation, appears in Greco's device of squeezing the hips and breasts of the figures with a tight thin bandage. Where the flesh bulges out on either side, the soft, human, sensuous feeling is greatly emphasized. The device makes the figures seem slightly uncomfortable, but they also seem much more a part of our culture and society, like Degas's bronze dancers, than the native virginity of a plain female nude. Besides the figures there are half a dozen rather stern heads, some smooth and flashy drawings and a wonderful little pair of bird forms, reversed on both sides of a clear plastic sheet. (Contemporaries, Mar. 6-25.)—L.S.

Charles Levier: Older than Buffet but younger than Venard, Levier is forced to assert his identity amid the stylistic homogeneity these three French artists share. But Venard is merely a stylist and Buffet has fallen into formula, though it appears he is once more purging his art of Gallic good manners. Levier is fortunately closer to Buffet, but the similarity also points up his faults. It's an odd way of putting it, but his skeletal style is only skin deep. He practices the same outward economy, but there's no intense emotional need that corresponds to it. His forms, especially in his still lifes, seem to want to leap out of the strait-jacketing contours. As it is, they are too large for the repressed means, while his color can sour a bit under the strain. Only his white architectural townscapes, where the impersonal, cubic façades absorb line without insult do style and content reach an amicable settlement. Buffet, meanwhile, remains *chef d'école*. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, May 15-June 15.)—S.T.

Constantin Terechkovitch: The last time Terechkovitch exhibited in New York was in 1939. He is a sturdy artist who paints wholesome pictures communicating a sensuous delight not only in appearances but in his adopted tradition. He is a Russian who has spent most of his life in France and now, nearing sixty, is still content to explore the avenues that were just opening up when he came to Paris. He was friendly with Bonnard and Soutine, and their influences are apparent in his work. His color lacks the totally suffused quality of Bonnard but is bright, warm and ingratiating. His drawing is free, but without any particular urgency except that of pleasing. His still lifes hold together best because the "classic" motif checks his tendency to euphoric flights that sweeten perceptibly in his figures, where he becomes stylish—genus Vertès. He is an Expressionist of simple pleasures. (Acquavella, Apr. 22-May 20.)—S.T.

Florenzo Giorgi: A talented young printmaker from Florence and a resident here for the past two years, Giorgi fits—with the proper contextual changes—the famous description of a promising infielder that was once sent back to the home office of a major-league baseball team: "Good field, no hit." Giorgi's color-etching and aquatint technique is superlative, sharp and very stylish. Adding various objects and substances to the plate, he gets a kind of fool-the-eye collage. He takes an approach whose experimentalism is usually flaunted as an attribute for its own sake, and

makes it look easy. When he scrapes up a plate with incidental graffiti and Dubuffet-type grotesques, his technique is no less masterly. But there's the rub. There's just too much polish for the emotional bite latent in his image. Giorgi has good taste but no meat. Nevertheless these are prints at which it is at least a pleasure to look. (Roko, Apr. 16-May 10.)—S.T.

Tim Deverell: Humanity—with nothing to do no place to go and nowhere to hide—swarms over these landscapes and townscapes by a young (twenty-two) Canadian, now a New York resident, who is making his local debut. Deverell has borrowed the mob scene from Ensor but stripped it of its malicious masquerade. Its people are the victims. He packs them in so tightly that only their heads show most of the time. But they resemble nothing so much as piles of lurid jelly beans. For Deverell merely indicates what he should draw (the designs are stronger, though they hardly correct the imbalance), and his efforts to impose a metaphysical dilemma on a Malthusian rat race expose a cleverness robbed of depth by as yet a technically unsupported ambition. (Barone, May 9-27.)—S.T.

S. Gorelick: These large, lugubriously colored figure paintings are still another attempt to wed Abstract Expressionism to realism. Both subject and painting suffer. The figure sits in a world that is pictorially over four hundred years old; the style was born yesterday. The image is shredded to accommodate a preconception of the abstract organization, and the point is emphasized by the reduced color schemes. To history is left the chore of rehumanizing the figure. Some loaded brush drawings are more successful, because when the line breaks, it breaks according to necessity. (Angeleski, Mar. 29-Apr. 15.)—S.T.

Marisol, Howard Kanowitz: Though some of Marisol's bronze structures resemble Buddhist stupas, most of them seem to have Pre-Columbian affinities, and all are, in fact, conglomerations of rambling, scrambling little people. The one on top of the pile is often holding up a victory stool. *To My Dead Dog Sebastian* is more a memorial pagoda, encrusted in the same way, and is one of those that rest on wheels. Their charm, which is irrefutable, would have been further enhanced if the wheels had been made movable. Kanowitz' irretrievably brown paintings are only occasionally helped by flashes of yellow, green and blue, and they appeared nonobjective in every sense. (Great Jones, Mar. 20-Apr. 9.)—V.R.

Dong Kingman: It would make an interesting thesis for someone—the discovery of the exact hour when the crevass opened between fine and commercial art. On blacker days it would certainly seem that the fine side is all heart and no art, while the commercial gets dangerously near picking up the marbles for both sides. Pursuing this reactionary line, let it be said that Kingman, who is presumably classifiable as a commercial artist, has done some very beautiful water colors of Hong Kong. Those available for review (the exhibition comprises some forty works) are mainly in deep grays, blues and greens, and contain exactly the right amount of significant detail—junks with faces painted on the prows, a Gothic church with blazing windows—and they give a clear and at times poetic report on that dying institution, the free port. (Wildenstein, Apr. 15.)—V.R.

Richard Lytle: A current misconception is that art is free of its history and capable of being reused in a fairly recognizable form. Lytle combines elements of the Baroque and especially Tiepolo with aspects of present Expressionism. A consideration of either source suffices to disqualify the union. Parts of figures, such as that of Christ

Verging, a deposition, remain sketched in umbrella-type ground; other areas are infused Tiepolo drapery, light and crinkled but not quite identifiable; the more spatial parts of the canvas are Sargent-esque slashes; the most nearly abstract are the flat fragments of color superimposed on everything else, such as bright green over cadmium red medium in *Penumbra*. The quality of crispness produced by these brittle edges and by the Tiepolo crinkles is the best thing that can be sorted out of the mélange. (Borgenicht, Apr. 18-May 6.)—D.J.

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James Suzuki: Another latter-day Impressionist, Suzuki does work similar to Herman Cherry's. But he is young and may reform. Although some of the paintings are indecisive, most are sure and rich, based on simple diagonal masses and few colors. The color does much to form the space, and the two parts have a curiously similar solidity. The particular resonance of the color is obtained by joining warm, full color with an astringent one and the two with black. *The Force That Tries the Green Fuse* has a high oval of orange impasto on yellow flanked by greenish cerulean. The black is in a corner. In contrast to much of this type of work, the bare canvas, which is the bottom of the diagonal of which the oval is the top, is as solid as the painted area. (Graham, May 2-20.)—D.J.

David Jacobs: The dense, curved, evenly gray iron of this *objet-trouvé* sculpture contrasts oddly with the witty statuary it comprises. The parts suggest the serious sensuousness of Müller's work and the whole a cigar-store Indian. It is all something of a play on folk art; Jacobs teaches in Ohio, where pitchforks and Americana are plentiful. In comparison to Stankiewicz this is neither as subtle nor as structurally ingenious. It is amusing and proficient. A small gas tank, a pedestal and round iron legs are the fruit on a reversed metal base which is the compote. *Portrait of the Gay Young Blade as a Rusty Old Rake in the Rain* is a circular saw blade capped by a rake, set on a pick as shoulders and accompanied by a pitchfork. *Crusader* rides standing on a stove-base turtle. *Fallen Warrior* has two iron spikes driven through his exhaust pipes. (Barone, Apr. 18-May 6.)—D.J.

Rolf Gérard: The flower pieces show Gérard's ability more clearly than the still lifes; they are usually composed of attenuated blooms (lilies, gladioli) that make striking and sinuous shapes against a background of bright red or yellow. Still lifes comprise objects dispersed about the canvas rather than within it, and they are usually set in a landscape—bananas and a pineapple in front of a distant yellow cityscape, for example. Though not exactly Surreal, they all have a dreamlike

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IN THE GALLERIES

quality which even extends into the study of a standing female nude, also in landscape. In spite of the settings, there seemed to be a lack of feeling for objects in space—a curious failing for so accomplished a set-designer. (Wildenstein, Mar. 15-Apr. 15.)—V.R.

Marvin Cherney: To judge from a self-portrait drawn in oils some ten years ago, Cherney was an Expressionist who put feeling before style. But now his feeling is submerged beneath a suave layer of technique. In these drawings in charcoal and oil, his figures are supplied with roughly the same introspective mood while he affects a classicism of form. Eyes, noses and mouths are rather formalized, and mass becomes more immobile than firm. His sitters keep their arms pretty much to their sides. Shadows are used to soften the whole, but all other aspects being imprecise, a further loss of clarity results. (Crystal, Apr. 10-27.)—S.T.

Elaine De Kooning: This show of small drawings confirms the present opinion that Elaine De Kooning's reputation is exaggerated. Drawings such as these have been done by art students for decades. Chessman, Thelonius Monk, bullfights and the poems of Margaret Randall are each a cause for a series. The style ranges from realism to abstraction and the quality from none to good. A figure and the space around it are equated somewhat by leaving holes in the former and marking up the latter. This is a very lax idea of abstraction. At best, as in a purposely crabbled portrait of Chessman, in which the clasped hands radiating the lines of the arms form a segment of a circle with the arc of the back, the casual idea allows a substantial generalized form. It never allows anything unusual or rigorously consistent. (De Aenle, Apr. 4-30.)—D.J.

Harry Bertoia: Strummed like a harp, certain of Bertoia's constructions—lengths of flexible rods in symmetrical cradles—make music. Apparently it is not a soothing melody they make, for the horns of disagreement swarm from their nest at the suggestion that these gilded objects might be sculpture. This metallic topiary of stainless-steel dandelions, of golden hedgerows, of welded macaroni on a shaft, of coiffures of wire and a tree that looks as if it had been mashed by a hydraulic press—sculpture? They are just things. In any context they are execrably banal, but if they are sculpture they lack any formal embellishment, content to emulate the structure of natural form in a totally imitative way. (Staempfli, Mar. 14-Apr. 1.)—S.T.

Bernard Chaet: Like worn and faded tapestries, Chaet's paintings are abstract tableaux with guillemots of blank canvas filtering through the designs. The cascading forms cling to the surface like bits of moss. Chaet seems to sketch the shapes in loosely with charcoal and then fill them in with paint. They are quite static despite the movement implied by their sloping down or across the surface. The movement is largely an afterimage of profusion. The colors—all lavender, all green or a streaked mixture of red, yellow and green—merely index rather than express the forms. The entire motif has the air of a deliberate creation rather than one that has been worked through or freely released. (Stable, May 15-June 3.)—S.T.

Donald Cammell: Although the young Scottish painter Donald Cammell has been living in New York during the past year, he appears to have remained relatively uninfluenced by the prevailing local style. Horizons and bridges are his preferred themes; but the arched shapes suggesting bridges are functionless, except as a relief from the severe horizontal bands of his paintings, and the horizons are multiple, so that they have no finality. Earth colors predominate, and there is a gradua-

tion of texture from heavily plastered areas to thin washes. The paintings are spare and stark and closely associated with the earth in its less fecund phases. (Schaefer, May 1-20.)—M.S.

Henry Muhrman: Very little is known about this man, beyond his birth in Cincinnati in 1856 and his death in Meissen, Germany, in 1916. He visited both France and England and is believed to have exhibited with Degas and Whistler in Paris. His pastels on dark gray paper appear sometimes to have been worked over a preliminary drawing in black chalk, and include a wharf scene on the Thames, a study of the inn on the Elbe where he lived for some while, some very fresh landscapes and a flower piece. They are charming, and a little mysterious—though this may be due to his obscurity. (Zabriskie, May 8-27.)—V.R.

John Koch: Optically "real" painting in the manner of Andrew Wyeth still has competent practitioners. Their grandly complete style may be more interesting than ever now, because it is so isolated. Koch succeeds remarkably well with his technical devices; the materials and receding space are deceptively reproduced and the compositions are clear enough to make them more true than a photograph. Half the paintings proudly use and distinguish between artificial and natural light sources. Koch's pictures project a matter-of-fact kind of American well-being. They do not attempt the poetry of Wyeth and are exactly like a clean, crisp illustration for *The Saturday Evening Post*, except for a little nostalgia and just enough candid cigarette butts not to be completely false. (Kraushaar, Apr. 17-May 13.)—L.S.

Lithographs by New York Artists: About fifty prints are shown here by artists who are not regularly lithographers. All use a new process of drawing on inexpensive, plastic-base plates developed by Reginald Pollack. Although new textual effects are claimed for the medium, no one in the present show explores special printmaking methods except Pollack himself and Jane Freilicher and Walter Murch. Aside from the technique, there are a lot of good drawings, especially the still life by Joel Goldblatt and a hand-face fantasy by Marisol. The long-de-emphasized practical qualities of printmaking are pointed up by a show like this; it makes for a large edition of "originals" at a reasonable price. (Peridot, Apr. 17-May 13.)—L.S.

Ansei Uchima: A group of modern, Oriental color woodcuts and a few drawings are shown here by an artist now teaching at Pratt Institute. The prints, black and gray with three or four colors, use a confident and apparently easy invention of shapes, lines and textures that is surprising and beautiful. These prints are virtually abstract, but could be roughly divided according to their relation to nature. *Impression of the Midwest* seems to come from memories or ideas of nature, and appropriately is more geometric than *Tranquil Garden*, which seems derived in the traditional way from visual reality, and here produces the most natural and solid results. (M. Chou, Apr. 21-May 20.)—L.S.

Anne Brigadier: There's not much to say about these Oriental paper-and-encaustic collages except that they are nice. Nice, that is, in the department of sensibility—and skill that would be impossible without concentration within limits. The papers are torn, cut and shredded in pursuit of specific possibilities: color keeps its place and the associations—*Autumn*, *Fantasy*, etc.—disturb no current conventions. That's just the trouble. They are too orderly, too well-mannered, too low in emotional calories to add meaningful weight to what they are but the signs of. (Roko, Apr. 3-26.)—S.T.

Giorgio Cavalloni: These are quite nice, in a

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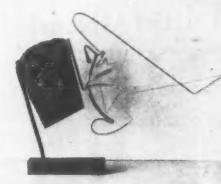
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IN THE GALLERIES

constructions, the feeling is less like a story-book illustration of history. (Rosenberg, Mar. 6-Apr. 1.)—L.S.

Jeanne Lister: No actual configurations crystallize in these fluent and restrained water colors, but each faintly evokes a mood or a season or a motion, like leaves in the wind, or a fragment of nature. The handling is at times close to modern abstract calligraphy, but it is softened by thin washes and colors blurring into each other. A few large oils are shown, together with about twenty water colors; the oils are pleasant all-over abstractions, but they have not the accomplished look of the water colors nor their nuance of color. (Meltzer, May 9-27.)—M.S.

Frances Pratt: The artist is an authority on Pre-Columbian art and borrows from it in her own painting, particularly in her archaic *White Figures* and her banded, apparently narrative painting which is reminiscent of Peruvian weaving. The show ranges back through twenty-three years to early realistic landscapes and stylized water colors of animals, but the freshest and most satisfying work is the group of flower pieces done in the middle fifties, in which gay pennants of color enliven the brisk charcoal drawing and the white surface. (Meltzer, June 6-30.)—M.S.

Ralph Dubin: Dubin is quite obviously a student of Ben Shahn's and seems to have learned many valuable things from him. In these paintings, however, he lacks the real sting that can make Shahn great, and the one straight presentation of a still life actually moves toward Bonnard. The subjects are most often physically or artistically veiled humans, with the essential qualities brought out by the penetrating drawing. Especially worthy of note is *Botanical Gardens*, with a small, lonely figure dwarfed in front of a massive greenhouse which takes on a blank, surreal quality. (Kraushaar, Mar. 6-25.)—L.S.

Albert Weber: A trip to Spain in 1959, renewing Weber's interest in landscape, presumably provided the occasion to trade in the archaic idols of a previous figurative style for the big action-type statement. A few of these primitized figure paintings are shown, but the rest move restlessly through separate evolutions, from out-and-out Abstract Expressionism to more or less static masses in a greatly simplified plan. They resent their influences almost immediately and push on. Weber is on the faculty at the University of Michigan. Some smaller mixed-media studies, releasing his flair for granular archaism, seem more natural and fluent. (Angeleski, May 24-June 10.)—S.T.

Arnold Blanch: Twentieth-century fairy tales could be illustrated by pictures like Blanch's small ones. The subjects—*The Village*, *The Port*, *The Garden*, *The Island*—are directly simplified and plunked down in a sweetly naïve composition and frosted with bright colors, jiggly little lines and innumerable textures. These material elements are used quite abstractly, and it is admirable the way they avoid a fight with the subject matter. They aren't children's pictures—they're the kind of thing adults think children would like. *Remembered Landscape* and one other are much larger in size and feeling. The few buildings aren't part of the dancing *Village*, but are cold and lonely, almost overcome by the somber gray-green sky. (Krasner, Apr. 17-May 6.)—L.S.

Fred Conway: There are several conventional styles in this show. One is enough. There is a frontal pastel scene, Vuillard abstracted. There are very dark, wide views of Venice and Paris, somewhat like those of Jean Liberté. A block of buildings above a wet street or canal emulates Monet's paintings of Venice. And an orange-surfaced work shot with black trails the time when Cubism was changing into styles such as

Rothko's. Mr. Conway is an anthology. (Grand Central Moderns, Apr. 18-May 6.)—D.J.

Robert DeNiro: A large number of drawings are shown here, mostly quick pen-and-ink sketches of figures and interiors. They are like Matise's liveliest drawing, with the sparse, affirmative line, almost like handwriting, describing the subject by dancing over it. With such spontaneity it is remarkable how accurately and wholly the subjects are presented. They are set down free and uncrowded, and when, in isolated cases, the lines lead to the head being strangely cropped at the eyes, it seems natural and inoffensive. (Smith, April 23-May 17.)—L.S.

Kenneth Noland: Using the target form, Noland has made some superficially interesting experiments in color. The bright concentric bands are sometimes separated by white, and Noland would have occasionally turned the symbol into a Catherine wheel by suggesting blurred ratchets on the edge of the circle. Perhaps it is because we have been conditioned by what advertising has done with James R. modern art that such pictures seem incomprehension without some message (in a good type face) linking the symbol with a product. (Emmerich, May 14-Apr. 8.)—V.R.

Ronald Mallory, Robert Ubhaus: Mallory washes the canvas with thin color, then applies a horizontal ridge of impasto and wrinkled paint making moist imaginary land- or seascapes. They are ambiguous enough to pass as abstractions also. There are not enough examples present to tell whether his dexterity is confined to suggesting the allure of distant masses seen across a waste land or a glassy stretch of water. Ubhaus' water colors vary considerably in style, from the spreading blot to more complex representations of heads or still lifes. A group of chessmen in blue show a feeling for design. (Highgate, May 17-Jun. 6.)—V.R.

Carla Accardi: The spirit of Matisse's decorations of the forties is insistently echoed in Miss Accardi's huge, flowery abstract designs. Large clear amorphous shapes crawl in from one side of the canvas and are complemented by a smaller pattern busily wiggling through the negative areas. Once we get over the annoying notion that all the canvases were painted by formula, making them not only repetitious but insensitive, a lot of vitality and warmth comes through. And once Miss Accardi stops painting by formula, if she does the healthy and essential ideas here could be the real painting of the future. (Parma, May 23-Jun. 10.)—L.S.

Theodore Fried: This is a critical nightmare. Fried has been exhibiting, here and in Europe, since 1924—presumably with some success. His drawing can perhaps squeak by under the bland term of stylization, and the color is a travesty of Neo-Impressionism. But what can you say about someone who offers, in all sincerity, a male and female skeleton walking along a street with arms encircled about each other's waists, or three harpsists harping to a full house? (Cober, May 22-Apr. 8.)—V.R.

Marty: A kind of windswept Cubism reassembles earth, air and water and shadow and substance into misty, translucent landscapes. Unable to conclude their formal argument, Marty summons light to bring order to the parts. There is much fracturing of surface, feathering of edges and overlapping of planes, all of which brings just about the same atmosphere to everything. Here is another instance of a simplifying process creating more forms than less, transferring the problem of detail to the area of design, where it is a more intellectual problem. (Feingarten, Apr. 4-22.)—S.T.

Jorge Castillo: The ink drawings on pale washes of color in which this young Spanish artist re-

logy. (Gran
—D.J.)
is his delicate impressions of life's ugliness
and brutality are in the tradition of Goya's Capric-
os. The spirit is a kindred one, but the modern
of drawing
ink sketches
like Matisse
affirmative line. The locale is usually the arena or circus
the subject, where grotesque figures and animals per-
sonate in strange feats with sad faces. (Bodley, Apr.
22.)—M.S.

own free an
cases, the
ropped at the
ew. (Smok-
ing color. (There is a marine worm that does
the same thing on rocks, in white.) Seliger com-
form, Noland singing blue and green or gold and brown
resting with such agonizing care that one wishes he could
eric bands were transported back to a time when his ability
Noland could have been harnessed to something, instead
therine wheel being expended in such a small nonobjective
e edge of theory. (Willard, May 9-June 3.)—V.R.

we have been
as done with James Penney: The transfused passion of ab-
an incomplete abstraction gives Penney's landscapes a momentary
(one face) link before they are overtaken by their literal des-
americh, Marinations. The shattered forms and heraldic colors
are suspended in an essentially sober vision. The
feeling for the landscape is there, but a reclining
Mallor figure, *Green Stockings*, set off by red, is far less
then applies
wrinkled pain-
scapes. (The
fractures also
present to te-
to suggest
cross a was-
Urbahaus' water
in the spread-
tions of head
in blue shad-
May 17-Jun-

Tom Clancy: The effect of dark trees against a
stormy sky is achieved by wide and narrow runs
gels of black spread across blue and gray. The
realism is not changed much by the ostensibly
abstract technique. The compromise is ably done
out, like all in that category, such as mules, can
have no progeny. *Edge of Thunder*, involving a
right angle in the washes of gray and black, is
less flat and descriptive and is possibly fertile.
(Contemporary Arts, Apr. 24-May 12.)—D.J.

Rice Pereira: These repetitious works concern
a sea-and-sky division of the canvas, in solid blue,
green or pink, over which are placed squares and
geometrical Z-like shapes executed in a tidy spatter,
as if through a stencil. In the catalogue is
a lengthy sample of Miss Pereira's philosophical
writing, which should interest amateur philoso-
phers more than art lovers. (Nordness, Mar. 14-
Apr. 1.)—V.R.

Beth Fortell: In the course of a year Miss Fortell
has moved from a canvasful of small, inter-
locking boomerang shapes to a design resembling
infated multicolored paper bags. She is able
throughout to handle a wide color range that be-
comes more translucent as the shapes enlarge. It
is no reflection on her competence to say that this
type of work still poses the question of "Where
to now?" (Area, Apr. 21-May 11.)—V.R.

James V. Wallace, Jr.: Wallace is a quadri-
plegic who spent the last fifteen years at Hines
Veterans Hospital in Illinois. Injured in Germany
near the end of the Second World War, he has
learned to paint by holding a brush in his mouth.
He paints picturesque scenes mostly, some copied,
some from imagination. His control is considera-
ble, his improvement marked. His works, intended
to publicize the occupational therapy program of
the Veterans Administration, are not for sale.
(Barzansky, Mar. 20-Apr. 1.)—S.T.

Remo Brindisi: Brindisi is an Italian lithogra-
pher with a very powerful but rarely sustained
expression. It comes out in highly textured, con-
voluted surfaces that flood over the suggestion of
hand or part of a screaming face. Composi-
tionally there is nothing small or delicate to con-
trast with the heaving masses; emotionally the
print is drained after the first eight-second rocket
blast. (Wittenborn, Mar. 15-Apr. 15.)—L.S.

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Heilbrun: The direct, unassuming approach to portraiture and flower pieces in these loses its assertiveness through timidity of vision, as if the artist did not trust her imagination. (Barzansky, May 8-20) . . . **Otto Kraus:** An amateur rather than primitive painting; when did one last see a windmill in contemporary work? (Panoras, May 8-20) . . . **Waldord Machin:** The mythology of old Egypt is the basis of compositions which gradually become stylized, then geometrical, until surface of planes and circles akin to those of Ben Nicholson is arrived at. (Pietrantonio, May 1-15) . . . **Audelia Brown:** A Fulbright fellow shows slightly stiffed-up paintings and drawings of India, whose feeling for mass has little effect on the negative areas and in which only the line (as a stylistic device) pulls into shape. (Nessler, May 15-June 10) . . . **Eugene Sparks:** Mixing action painting splashed white adroitly resembles breaking waves (and surf) with slick, formalized naturalism, these coastscapes are so mechanically turned out that they are even identically colored. (Panoras, Mar. 22-June 3)—S.T.

The Discovery of Aztec Art

continued from page 29

Zuquichiuuhqui: The Potter

He who gives clay a being,
With a sharp eye molds it,
Kneads it.

The good potter:

He puts care into things,
Teaches the clay to lie;
He dialogues with his heart,
Makes things live, creates them;
He knows everything like a Toltec,
Makes his hands skillful.

The bad potter:
Clumsy, lame in his art,
Deathly pale.

These poems require little comment; for the most part they speak for themselves. Their language is symbolic: most of the symbols are self-explanatory, but it is to be noted that "face" was also used by the Aztecs to mean "mind." The strong, unbending morality of the Aztec tribe manifests itself in the dichotomies between good and bad, though on one occasion at least it slips up—when it makes the good potter "teach the clay to lie."

Just one thing needs explanation: the term "Toltec," from which the word *toltecatl*, meaning "artist," is derived. It was believed, until fairly recently, that the Toltecs were the great culture heroes of the Valley of Mexico, the people of Quetzalcoatl, the builders of Teotihuacán, roughly of the third century A.D. But their capital "Tollan" has now been identified with Tula farther north, which flourished from the tenth to the twelfth century. The art of the Toltecs is "barbaric" as compared to Teotihuacán, but no less monumental. The Toltec warriors spread it as far as Yucatan, and their empire served as a model for the Aztecs.

And not only their empire, but their culture as well. The Nahua language has a word, *toltecajotl*, which roughly means "culture," with the same connotations that "Greco-Roman culture" has for us. The good painter paints "as if he were a Toltec," and the Aztecs had a concept of "classical art" just as Western Europeans have. This is not really surprising; after all, the landscape of the Valley of Mexico is a classical landscape, molded for some two thousand years by the mind and hand of man as well as by nature, while civilizations came and went. But we have come a long way from our accepted ideas of "primitive art" and "primitive artists."

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WHERE TO SHOW

National

Boston, Mass.: Boston Printmakers 14th Annual Print Exhibition, Museum of Fine Arts, Oct. 3-29. Open to all artists. All print media. Jury. Prizes. Fee for nonmembers: \$3. Entry cards and work due Sept. 1. Write: Mrs. S. M. Rantz, Secy., 299 High Rock St., Needham 92, Mass.

Brighton, Mass.: Henri Studio Gallery One-man Show Competition. Open to all artists. All media. Prize: one-man show. Fee: \$5. Write: Secretary, Henri Studio Gallery, 1247 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Mass.

Chautauqua, N. Y.: 4th National Jury Show, Chautauqua Art Association, July 19-Aug. 9. Open to all artists resident in the U. S. Media: oil, water color, casein, pastel, drawing, sculpture. Jury. Prizes (total \$2,000). Fee: \$4. Work due June 28. Write: Chautauqua Art Association, Chautauqua, N. Y.

Cooperstown, N. Y.: 26th Annual Art Exhibition, Cooperstown Art Association, July 29-Aug. 24. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, pastel, graphics, crafts. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2 for first entry; \$1 each additional entry except for crafts. Work due July 11. Write: Cooperstown Art Association, Village Library Building, Cooperstown, N. Y.

Dubois, Wyo.: 13th Annual National Exhibition, Wind River Valley Artists' Guild, Aug. 6-13. Open to all artists. Media: painting, drawing, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2 per entry. Entry cards and work due July 29. Write: Mrs. Marguerite Snyder, Crowheart, Wyo.

Flushing, N. Y.: 5th Annual Outdoor Art Exhibition, Murray Hill Square, June 3-4, 10-11. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, sculpture, ceramics. Prizes. Fee: \$10. Entry cards and work due June 2. Write: Gabrielle Drago, Chrmn., Art Alliance of Women in Flushing, 40-17 149th Pl., Flushing 54, N. Y.

Gloucester, Mass.: Gloucester Art Institute 4th Summer Art Festival, June 5-30. Open to all artists. All media. Jury. Fee: \$5. Entry cards due May 29, work due June 1. Write: Director, Gloucester Art Institute, 22 Western Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

Newport, R. I.: 50th Annual Exhibition of the Art Association of Newport, June 27-July 23. Open to living American artists. Media: oil, water color, prints, sculpture. Jury. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and fees due June 8, work due June 15. Write: 50th Annual Exhibition Committee, Art Association, Newport, R. I.

New York, N. Y.: City Center Gallery Monthly Juried Shows, City Center of Music and Drama. Open to all artists. Medium: oil, water color, prints, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Write: Mrs. Ruth Yates, City Center of Music and Drama, 58 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Madison Gallery Quarterly Juried Shows. Open to all artists. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$5. Write: Madison Gallery, 600 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Salon of the Fifty States, Ligoa Duncan Galerie, continuous monthly shows. Open to all artists residing in the U. S. All painting media. Jury. Winning entries shown in Paris. Fee: \$5 for one, \$8 for two works. Size limit 32 by 24 inches. Work due the 25th of month. Write: Ligoa Duncan Galerie, 215 E. 82nd St., New York 28, N. Y.

The Society of American Graphic Artists 44th Annual Exhibition, Associated American Artists Galleries, Feb. 1962. Open to all artists. All graphics media excepting monotype. Jury. Prizes (total \$3,000). Fee: \$3, limit two works executed since January 1, 1961. Work due Jan. 15. Write: The Society of American Graphic Artists, Inc., 1083 Fifth Ave., New York 28, N. Y.

Northport, L. I., N. Y.: Outdoor Art and Craft Fair, Woodsides Parking Lot, Aug. 12 & 13. Open to all artists. All media. Awards given for oil, water color, sculpture, crafts. Registration fee: \$10. Work due 10 a.m. Aug. 12. Write: Lyle Gustavsson, The Showcase, 235 Main St., Northport, L. I., N. Y.

Orkney Springs, Va.: Orkney Springs Art Festival, June-Sept. Open to all artists. All media. Prizes. Fee: \$1 per entry. Applications due May 15, work due June 1-10. Write: R. M. Wick, Acting Secy., Orkney Springs Art Festival, Route 2, Woodstock, Va.

Saranac, N. Y.: 8th Annual Adirondack Exhibition, Dorothy Yezekel Galleries, July 10-29. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, pastel, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Entry cards due May 30, work due July 1-5. Write: Dorothy Yezekel, 618 W. 142nd St., Apt. 6C, New York 31, N. Y.

Sonora, Cal.: Mother Lode Art Association 9th Annual Exhibition, June 25-July 8. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1 for two works. Entry cards and work due June 15. Write: Mrs. Gustav Dambacher, 220 W. Church Ln., Sonora, Cal.

Youngstown, Ohio: 26th Annual Mid Year Show, The Butler Institute of American Art, July 2-Sept. 1. Open to U. S. artists. Media: oil, water color, jewelry. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and work due from May 1 to June 4. Write: Secy., The Butler Institute of American Art, 524 Wick Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.

Regional

Albany, N. Y.: 26th Annual Artists of the Upper Hudson Exhibition, Albany Institute of History and Art, June 7-July 4. Open to artists over 18 years of age within a 100 mile radius of Albany. Media: oil, water color, pastel, drawing, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1 limit two works. Work due May 28. Write: The Albany Institute of History and Art, 125 Washington Ave., Albany 10, N. Y.

Athens, Ohio: 16th Ohio Valley Oil and Water Color Show, Ohio University, July 1-31. Open to artists of Ohio, W. Va., Pa., Ill., Ind., Ky. Media: oil and water color. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2.50, limit 2 works. Work due from May 15 to June 10. Write: Dr. Frederick D. Leach, Dir., School of Painting and Allied Arts, Ohio University, Athens, Ohio.

Barnegat Light, N. J.: 4th Annual Art Exhibition, June 24-Sept. 4. Open to artists of Conn., Del., N. J., N. Y. and Pa. Media: oil, water color, graphics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1. Work due June 1. Write: Sidney Rothman, James E. Mack and Sons, 258 S. 15th St., Philadelphia 2, Pa.

Brooklyn, N. Y.: 3rd Annual Sunday Painters Competition, Brooklyn Arts Gallery, June 3-10. Open to all artists in New York and outlying areas. Media: oil, water color, mixed, casein, small sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3, limit 2 entries, 24" x 30". Entry cards due May 14, work due May 21-27. Write: Shirley Dwyer, Dir., Brooklyn Arts Gallery, 141 Montague St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

Denver, Colo.: 67th Annual Western Exhibition, June Art Museum, July 30-Sept. 10. Open to artists living west of the Mississippi and in Ill. and Wis. Media: painting and sculpture. Preliminary judging from colored slides. Prizes. No fee. Slides due June 15. Write: Catherine W. Weaver, Denver Art Museum, W. 14th Ave. and Acacia St., Denver 4, Colo.

Larchmont, N. Y.: 6th Annual Larchmont Outdoor Art Show, Park Plaza, Sept. 16. Open to Westchester artists. All media. No Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1 per entry. Work due at Park Plaza 8:30 a.m. Sept. 16. Write: Larrie Schabacker, National League of American Pen Women, Inc., 117 Rockland Ave., Larchmont, N. Y.

Little Rock, Ark.: The Delta Art Annual, Arkansas Arts Center, Nov. 1-30. Open to artists born or residing in Ark., Tenn., La., Mo. and Miss. All media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 first entry, \$1 each additional, limit 2 entries. Write: Mrs. M. Brett, Arkansas Arts Center, MacArthur Park, Little Rock, Ark.

New Canaan, Conn.: 12th Annual New England Exhibit of Painting and Sculpture, Silvermine Guild of Artists, June 18-July 16. Open to artists of Conn., Me., Mass., N. H., N. Y., N. J., Pa., R. I. and Vt. Media: painting and sculpture media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Work due May 27 and 28. Write: Mrs. Ethel Marquis, Silvermine Guild of Artists, New Canaan, Conn.

New York, N. Y.: Mississippi Artists Exhibition, Burr Galleries, Sept. 24-Oct. 7. Open to all past and present Miss. residents. All media. Jury. Prizes. Work due Sept. 1. Write: Patricia Bott, Burr Galleries, 118 W. 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Thirteenth Annual Emily Lowe Competition, Eggleston Gallery, Oct. Open to artists over 25, within 150 miles of New York City. Medium: oil. Jury. Prizes (total \$7,500). No fee. Entry cards and work due June 10. Write: Mr. Ward Eggleston, Eggleston Gallery, 969 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

Seattle, Wash.: 7th Annual West Coast Oil Painting Competition, Frye Art Museum, Aug. 1-22. Open to artists of Cal., Ore., Wash. Oil paintings only. Jury. Prizes. No fee. Works due July 21. Write: Charles and Emma Frye Museum, Terry at Cherry Sts., Seattle, Wash.

Sharon, Conn.: Sharon Creative Arts Foundation 4th Annual Exhibition, The Playhouse Gallery, July 11-23. Open to artists within a 75 mile radius of Sharon. Media: oil, water color, graphics, drawing. Jury. Prizes. Fee. Work due July 1. Write: Mrs. Robert Spencer c/o Sharon Creative Arts Foundation, Sharon, Conn.

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CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

NATIONAL AND FOREIGN

ABILENE, TEX. HARDIN-SIMMONS UNIVERSITY, to June 4: 11th Annual Southwestern Exhibition of Prints

AKRON, OHIO ART INSTITUTE, to May 21: John Freeman; to June 11: Collector's Items; to July 30: Permanent Collection

ALBANY, N. Y. INSTITUTE OF ART AND HISTORY, to May 28: Madeline Novotny; May 31-June 18: Eugene Winters; July 9-Sept. 4: Walter Quirt Retrospective; Nelson A. Rockefeller Collection

ALBION, MICH. ALBION COLLEGE, to May 17: All Student Exhibition; May 21-June 5: Senior Art Majors' Exhibition

ALLENTOWN, PA. ART MUSEUM, Sept. 1-Oct. 1: Ch'i Pai-Shih

ANN ARBOR, MICH. UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, to May 28: The Face of the Fifties

ATHENS, GA. UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA, June 1-30: Athens Art Association Exhibition

ATLANTA, GA. ART ASSOCIATION, to June 11: Textile Exhibition; Masks; June 9-30: Atlanta Art Institute Student Show; June 27-July: Landscape Architecture; June 18-July 30: New Acquisitions of 1960

NEW ARTS GALLERY, to May 26: Franz Kline; to June 23: Joel Reeves

AUSTIN, TEX. UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, July 23-Aug. 13: 11th Southwestern Exhibition of Prints and Drawings

BADEN-BADEN, GERMANY STAATLICHE KUNSTHALLE, to June 26: Lyonel Feininger

BALTIMORE, MD. WALTERS ART GALLERY, to June 11: 17th Century French Painting; to May 28: Religious Art; from June 10: Majolica Exhibition

BELOIT, WISC. WRIGHT ART CENTER, to June 11: Annual Student Show

BEREA, KY. BEREA COLLEGE, May: Student Art Exhibit

BEREA, OHIO BALDWIN MEMORIAL ART GALLERY, Apr. 23-May 28: Carl Goerner

BERLIN, GERMANY FUNKTURM, to June 6: Great Berlin Art Exhibition

HAUS AM WALDSEE, to May 28: Icons

BETHLEHEM, PA. LEHIGH UNIVERSITY, to June 4: 9th Annual Alumni Arts Show; to June 11: Annual Student Exhibition

BIRMINGHAM, ALA. MUSEUM OF ART, to May 20: Southeastern Landscape Architects; to May 31: 10th Anniversary Show; Sept. 1-Oct. 1: A View from the East

BOSTON, MASS. DOLL & RICHARDS, to May 31: Eliot O'Hara

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART, June 1-July 2: New England Painting and Sculpture; July 15-Aug. 13: Famous Likenesses

KANEIS GALLERY, to May 31: Donald Stoltenberg

MIRSKI GALLERY, to May 20: Walter Meigs; May 24-June 14: Choi, Polonsky, Swan

MUSEUM, May 4-July 16: The Artist and the Book; June 9-July 2: Museum School Annual; July 14-Aug. 13: Traveling Scholars 1961; Aug. 30-Sept. 24: Photography of Mid-Century

PETERSON GALLERY, to June 3: Jack Wolfe

PUBLIC GARDEN, June 9-25: Boston Arts Festival

SIEMBAB GALLERY, to May 31: Tom Daffill; June: Group; June 5-July 7: Group; July 10-Aug. 11: Group

BOULDER, COLO. UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO, June-Aug.: Summer Show

BRIGHTON, MASS. HENRI STUDIO GALLERY, May 17-31: William Hegeleimer; June 3-20: Henry Bohm; July & Aug.: Group Shows

BUENOS AIRES, SOUTH AMERICA GALERIA BONINO, June: Sara Grillo; July: Fernandez Muro

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. FOGG ART MUSEUM, to May 20: Con-

temporary Paintings; to June 3: Indian Courtly Painting, 1600-1840; to May 20: Degas & Ingres Drawings; June 5-30: Art of the Class of 1911; June 11-Aug. 25: Art of the Class of 1936; to Sept. 20: Classical Art and Architecture

CANTON, OHIO ART INSTITUTE, to June 5: 28th Annual May Show

CHAPEL HILL, N. C. ACKLAND ART CENTER, to May 20: Medieval Art; to June 18: Munakata Prints

CHARLOTTE, N. C. MINT MUSEUM, through May 14: Christ in Art; from May 15: Colonist Shrines of America; Goya Prints

CHATTANOOGA, TENN. HUNTER GALLERY OF ART, to June 27: A View from the East

CHICAGO, ILL. ARTS CLUB OF CHICAGO, May 19-June 20: The Aldrich Collection

FEIGEN GALLERY, to May 30: Andre Masson

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, May 12-31: Evert Lundquist

CINCINNATI, OHIO ART MUSEUM, May 20-Sept. 10: Art Academy Students Show; June 9-18: Muser in Classes Exhibition

CONTEMPORARY ARTS CENTER, May 20-Aug. 10: 3rd Interior Valley Exhibition

CLEVELAND, OHIO MUSEUM, to June 10: 43rd May Exhibition; June 21-July 30: Maurice Prendergast

WISE GALLERY, May 15-June: Gallery Collections

CLINTON, N. J. HUNTERDON COUNTY ART CENTER, to May 28: Architectural Exhibition; June 4-July 5: 8th New Jersey State-Wide Exhibition; July 9-31: Special Exhibition; Aug. 6-Sept. 10: Annual Member's Exhibition

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y. VERA LAZUK GALLERY, to May 20: Etienne Retz; May 21-June 10: Maurice Buffet

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO. FINE ARTS CENTER, to May 23: Joseph Stella; May 21-June 11: Everett Soruce

June 1-30: Contemporary French Prints; July & Aug.: 17th Biennial Exhibition of Artists West of the Mississippi

COLUMBUS, GA. MUSEUM OF ARTS, July 10-Aug. 15: Americans—A View from the East

COLUMBUS, OHIO GALLERY OF FINE ARTS, to May 17: Famous People by Famous Artists; to June 5: Columbus Art League Annual; Young America

CONCORD, N. H. ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, to May 31: Brazilian Printmakers

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y. ART CENTER, July 29-Aug. 24: 26th Annual Cooperstown Art Association Show

CORAL GABLES, FLA. LOWE ART GALLERY, May 14-June 25: 9th Annual Membership Exhibition

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX. CENTENNIAL MUSEUM, May: University of Texas Faculty Exhibition

DALLAS, TEX. MUSEUM FOR CONTEMPORARY ARTS, to May 28: Lily Pons Collection

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, to June 11: Neutra Retrospective; May 21-June 18: 32nd Annual Dallas County Painting, Sculpture and Drawing Show; June 4-25: Photography in the Fine Arts

DAVENPORT, IOWA MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY, to May 28: Huay Robust Retrospective

DAYTON, OHIO ART INSTITUTE, June: 17th Century Paintings

DECATUR, ILL. ART CENTER, to May 31: Barn Colony Show; June 5-11: Annual Decatur Camera Club Exhibition

DENVER, COLO. ART MUSEUM, to May 21: Western Heritage: Images of History

DES MOINES, IOWA ART CENTER, to June 18: Rod Collection

DETROIT, MICH. INSTITUTE OF ARTS, May 19-Aug. 13: 51st Annual Exhibition for Michigan Artists

ESSEN, GERMANY VILLA HUGEL, May 17-Aug. 31: Art of the Pharaohs

EVANSVILLE, IND. MUSEUM OF ARTS & SCIENCES, to May 21: Walter Quirt Retrospective

FORT WORTH, TEX.

ART CENTER, July 1-31: Grandma Moses

GLASSBORO, N. J. STATE COLLEGE, May 6-20: Nahum Tschauder; May 22-June 8: Art by Art Majors

GREENCASTLE, IND. DEPAUW UNIVERSITY, to June 4: Annual Senior Exhibition; from June 8: Selected Student Work

GREENSBORO, N. C. WOMAN'S COLLEGE, to June 4: Annual Student Exhibition

GREENVILLE, S. C. MUSEUM OF ART, June 15-July 31: American Prints Today

HAGERSTOWN, MD. WASHINGTON COUNTY MUSEUM, June 1-30: Birds of Greenland

HANOVER, N. H. DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, May 1-31: Dynamic Symmetry

HARRISBURG, PA. HISTORICAL AND MUSEUM COMMISSION, June 10-Aug. 15: Technique of Fresco Painting; Sept. 1-30: American Art Nouveau Posters

HARTFORD, CONN. WADSWORTH ATHENEUM, to May 28: 100 years of Italian Art

HONOLULU, HAWAII ACADEMY OF ARTS, June 1-30: Gandharan Sculpture

HUNTINGTON, N. Y. HECKSCHER MUSEUM, May 14-June 11: All Sculpture Show

HUNTINGTON, W. VA. HUNTINGTON GALLERIES, to May 28: Exhibition 180; June 20-July 11: American Water Color Society; May 14-June 4: Rudy Pozzatti

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. HERRON ART MUSEUM, to May 28: Indiana Artists Exhibition; May 14-June 4: 5th Biennial Indiana Ceramic Exhibition

IOWA CITY, IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY, July 10-Aug. 9: Ch'i-Pai Shih

ITHACA, N. Y. CORNELL UNIVERSITY, May: Perle Fine; to June 12: Architecture Worth Saving

JACKSONVILLE, FLA. JACKSONVILLE ART MUSEUM, May 14-31: Annual School Arts Show; June 4-21: Student Exhibition; June 4-30: Ann Williams, Myrtle Brook; Sept. 1-30: 3 Swiss Painters

LAGUNA BEACH, CAL. AKT GALLERY, to June 18: Grandma Moses; July 15-Aug. 13: Festival of Arts

LA JOLLA, CAL. ART CENTER, to June 18: Felicia Kaner; June 11-July 2: Andrew Dabsburg; Sept. 1-24: Currier & Ives; to June 4: Southern California Drawing Exhibition

LINCOLN, MASS. DE CORDOVA MUSEUM, Apr. 30-June 11: 50 American Printmakers; July 15-Aug. 15: Birds of Greenland

LINDAU, GERMANY ART GALLERIES, to June 14: Local Art Treasures; June 18-Aug. 14: Rene Sintenis; July-Sept.: Ornamental Wrought Iron; Aug. 20-Oct. 17: Georges Braque

LITTLE ROCK, ARK. ARTS CENTER, May 2-31: 100 Master Drawings from the Museum of Modern Art; June: Paintings from the San Francisco Art Association; June 18-July 9: 11th Annual Southwest Print and Drawing Exhibition; July & Aug.: Paintings from San Francisco

LONDON, ENGLAND GIMPEL FILS, to May 27: Maita MARLBOROUGH GALLERIES, to June: Jackson Pollock

ROLAND, BROWSE & DELBANCO, June: Contemporary Art; French 19th & 20th Century Masters

TEMPLE GALLERY, to June 15: A'mquist, Battenberg

TOOTH GALLERY, to May 27: Andre Vignoles; May 30-June 24: Asger Jorn

WADDINGTON GALLERIES, to June: Contemporary British Painting and Sculpture

LONG BEACH, CAL. MUSEUM OF ART, May: Gerd Koch; Long Beach Art Association Show; to May 21: Florence Arnold; June: Frederick Wright; Robert W. Ramsey

LOS ANGELES, CAL. LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA MUSEUM, to May 28: Textiles of Antiquity

DWAN GALLERY, to May 27: Raymond Parker; May 29-June 4: Salvatore Scarpitta, Yves Klein

MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY, to May 21: Celebrity Art Exhibition; May 30-June 25: The Image Retained; July 7-9: 9th All-City Outdoor Art Festival

PRIMUS-STUART GALLERY, to June: Ohno, Vicente, Voulkos, Wilke, Woellner

ROBLES GALLERY, May: Jan Stoen Alfio Shirl Goedike, Karel Appel; June: Jimi Hulberg, Louis Le Brocq; Paul Freier

TOWER GALLERY, to May 21: Student Work

VICENTE, Voulkos, Wilke, Woellner vian-American Art Society of the West ALLIANCE OF THE ARTISTS AND WRITERS, May 23-June 18: Women Painters of the West; June 20-July 16: Valley Art Guild; July 18-Aug. 13: 9th All-City Festival Winners; Aug. 15-Sept. 12: Highland Art Guild Exhibition

UCLA ART GALLERIES, to June 9: Student Exhibition

LOUISVILLE, KY. SPEED MUSEUM, to May 26: Corcoran annual 1961; May 1-30: The Techniques of Fresco Painting; May 9-29: Prints from Collection of the Museum of Modern Art; June 1-22: Sickert Vallotton, Signac; June 1-25: Contemporary Swedish Architecture; June 1-30: American Art Nouveau Posters; June 9-30: International Prints; June 10-30: Contemporary Japanese Drawings

LUCKE, GERMANY OVERBERG-GESCHÄFTSCHAFT, May 21-June 18: Oskar Schlemmer

MEMPHIS, TENN. BROOKS MEMORIAL ART GALLERY, May 1-30: Mississippi River Craft Show; Jose de Creeft Retrospective; Arts of the Southwestern Indians; June 1-25: 3 Swiss Painters; June 1-30: Thai Painting

MIAMI, FLA. THE GALLERY, May 15-June 11: Doris Gillespie

MILWAUKEE, WISC. ART CENTER, to June 11: Anna Hess and Leo Steppot; to June 25: A.I.D. Exhibition

JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER, May 1-30: Wisconsin Heritage Show; June 4-20: W. Schulman, L. Plotkin, S. Salach

MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE, to June 28: Student Art Exhibition

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. INSTITUTE OF ARTS, to May 21: Epoch

Schiele; to May 28: John Anderson; to May 31: Lester Johnson; to May 30: Dorothea Rockburne; to June 25: Robert Klippel

WALKER ART CENTER, May 14-June 11: Cameron Booth; June 18-Aug. 30: Jacqueline Villard

MONTCLAIR, N. J. ART MUSEUM, to May 28: Rockford Folk Art Exhibition; May 21-June 11: Adult Art Exhibition; June 4-26: Jersey Water Color Society; to June 24: Permanent Collections

MONTREAL, CANADA MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, May 4-21: 4th Annual Exhibition of Canadian Ceramics

MUNICH, GERMANY HAUS DER KUNST, to May 22: Heidi und Karl Toulouse-Lautrec; June 16-Oct. 1: Art exhibition

NASHVILLE, TENN. METHODIST CHURCH, Aug. 26-31: National Methodist Art Festival

PEABODY COLLEGE ARTS MUSEUM, April 23-June 2: Contemporary American Europeans

NEWARK, N. J. MUSEUM, to June 7: Tri-Centennial New Jersey Artists Exhibition; 19th Century Master Drawings; 18th Century Portraits

NEW HAVEN, CONN. YALE UNIVERSITY GALLERY, April 26-May 2: Paintings from the Albright Art Gallery

NEW ORLEANS, LA. DELGOZO MUSEUM OF ART, May 14-June 22: 1961 Artists' Annual Exhibition

NORMAN, OKLA. UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA, May 21-June 3: Art Students' 47th Annual

NYACK, N. Y. MARKET FAIR, April 30-May 27: Daniel Newman

OBERLIN, OHIO ALLEN ART MUSEUM, April 23-May 28: Young Americans

OMAHA, NEB. JOSLYN ART MUSEUM, to May 28: temporary French Tapestries

ORONO, ME. UNIVERSITY OF MAINE, May-June: Wang Hui-Ming; Sunner G. Miller; Leon Creo; Hans Erni; June: New Acquisitions

PARIS, FRANCE DE L'EYSEE, May 16-31: Picasso-Picasso

DE FRANCE, May 16-June 10: Campion June 16-Sept. 17: Hartung

DROUANT, Contemporary Masters

Young Painters

HAUTEFEVILLE, Contemporary Abstract Paintings

LOUISE LEIRIS, May: Manolo RIVE DROITE, May 2-29: Mathieu VILLAND-GALANIS, July 2-12: Chastell

SEUM, Aug. 15-Sept. 30: Engravings of Pieter Brueghel the Elder; May 1-28: Jacques Villon

WEST DE PERE, WISC.
ST. NORBERT COLLEGE, to May 20: Recent American Prints

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.
MUSEUM OF ART, to May 28: Expressionism in Graphic Art; Santos & Bulots; to June 4: Robert C. Cartry; Robert Creman; May 13-June 15: Japanese Design Today; June 6-July 2: Contemporary Parisian Gouches; Forrest Hibbets; June 6-9: Minor White; June 17-July 7: School of Paris

SANTA FE, N. M.
MUSEUM OF NEW MEXICO, to June 12: Eugene Berman; to May 31: Maria H. Andress; May 15-July 30: Contemporary Greek Painting

SCRANTON, PA.
EVERHART MUSEUM, May 1-31: Arts of Nepal

SEATTLE, WASH.
ART MUSEUM, to June 4: Oriental Art; 21st Annual Water Color Exhibition; to May 28: 17th Annual High School Show; June 2-25: Seattle Art Directors' Exhibition; June 29-Aug. 30: Mauricio Lasansky Retrospective; Permanent Collections

FRYE MUSEUM, May 15-June 4: Engravings of Pieter Brueghel the Elder; June 6-22: Craftsman Press Calendar Art Contest; June 25-July 14: Northwest Designercraftsmen Show; July 1-30: Monet and the Giverny Group; Aug. 1-22: 7th Annual West Coast Oil Painting Exhibition; Aug. 24-Sept. 14: American Water Color Society Traveling Exhibition

SELIGMAN GALLERY, May: John Kornher; Herbert Siebner

SHARON, CONN.
PLAYHOUSE GALLERY, June 27-July 9: Member Artists Show; Drawing Exhibit; July 11-23: Sharon Annual Exhibition; July 25-Aug. 6: Vaclav Vytlacil; David Hayes; Robert Osborn; Aug. 8-21: Doris Caesar; Robert Vickry; Isabel Bishop; Sivard; Aug. 23-26: Connecticut Craftsmen; Aug. 29-Sept. 8: Trustee's Choice

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
ART CENTER, May: May Show; July: Art Directors Association of Iowa Exhibit

SOUTH BEND, IND.
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, to May 28: Michigan Ceramics Exhibition; Barooshian; June 4-18: Art Center Student Exhibition

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, May 28-June 25: Springfield Art League National Jury Exhibition

SMITH ART MUSEUM, to May 21: Springfield School Art; June 3-18: Annual Exhibition of Museum Art Classes; July 1-28: Paintings by Young Africans

SPRINGFIELD, MO.
ART MUSEUM, May 21-June 18: Nicolaus Konz; July 1-Sept. 17: Civil War Drawings

SPOKANE, WASH.
COWLES MUSEUM, June 15-July 30: Engravings of Pieter Brueghel the Elder

SYRACUSE, N. Y.
EVERSON MUSEUM, to May 28: Purist Painting; Flavor and Fragrance

LOWE ART CENTER, June 8-30: Arts and Cultural Centers; July-Sept.: The Permanent Collections

TAOS, N. M.
GALLERIA ESCONDIDA, to June 3: Group; June 4-17: Joseph Finkler; June 4-July 1: Oli Siivonen; July 2-15: Sandra Cooper; July 16-29: Charles Stewart; July 30-Aug. 5: Group; Aug. 6-19: B. Mandelman; Aug. 20-Sept. 2: Rita D. Abbey; Sept. 3-30: Ward Lockwood

TOLEDO, OHIO
MUSEUM OF ART, May 12-28: 43rd Annual Toledo Area Artists' Exhibition; May 14-June 9: Arts of Thailand; June-Aug.: Recent Acquisitions

TORONTO, CANADA
ART GALLERY OF TORONTO, to May 28: Eric Bergman Exhibit; May 18-June 18: Sculptor's Society of Canada; Garden Sculpture

ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM, May 13-June 4: Salvador Dali's Art-in-Jewels

TULSA, OKLA.
PHILBROOK ART CENTER, May 2-31: Eskimo Art; 16th National American Indian Artists Annual Exhibition

UTICA, N. Y.
MUNSON-WILLIAMS-PROCTOR INSTITUTE, May 13-27: Architectural Exhibition; May 19-June 20: New Painting from Yugoslavia; June 3-Sept. 5: New York Crafts 1961; June 3-July 2: Industrial Designers Institute Exhibit; July 15-23: Utica Arts Festival

VIENNA, AUSTRIA
KUNSTSPIELHAUS, to mid-June: Society of

ARKEP (171 W. 29), to May 12: E. B. Savage; May 13-June 2: C. B. Ross; June 2-16: William Braun; June 16-30: Drawing Competition

ART DIRECTIONS (600 Mad. at 56), to May 15: Adele Seronde, Alida Kipke; May 16-June 14: Dan Cyr, Jack Nelson, Joseph Gans; June 15-July 15: Galleria Group

ARTISTS (853 Lex. at 64), to May 15: De Hirsch Margulies; May 13-June 30: Gallery Group

ARTZT (142 W. 57), May 2-12: Invitation Show; May 5-16: B. L. Eddy; Jean Gunther; May 13-27: Eric Bass; May 17-27: R. Bailey; Leah Nolan; May 29-June 14: Contemporary Water Color Show; May 29-June 8: Invitation Group; June 14-28: Gallery Artists; June 9-24: Group

ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS (605 5th), May 1-27: Marvin Jules

BABCOCK (805 Mad. at 68), to May 27: Marsden Hartley; May 30-June 30: Summer Show

BARONE (1018 Mad. at 79), May 9-27: Tim Denever; May 30-June 24: New Artists

BARZANSKY (1071 Mad. at 81), May 8-20: Edna Heilbrun; May 22-June 30: Gallery Group

BAUER (51 E. 80), to May 20: Kokoschka; May 23-June 10: Japanese Prints and Hokusai Water Colors

BERRY-HILL (743 5th at 57), 19th Century Americans

BIANCHINI (16 E. 78th), to May 21: Gian-Carlo Isola

BODLEY (223 E. 60), May 8-20: Edith P. Bennett; May 1-13: Victoria Huntley; May 15-27: Adele Cohen; May 15-27: Mary Lefson

BOLLES (17 E. 84), to May 12: Lundy Siegrest; May 15-June 15: Joseph Romano; June 17-July 15: Sung Woo Chun

BORGENICHT (1018 Mad. at 79), May 9-27: Gabor Peterdi; May 31-June 30: George Mueller

BRATA (56 3rd at 10), to May 11: Bernice D'Varzon, Knute Stiles; May 12-June 1: Ronald Bladen; Sylvia Stone

BROOKLYN ARTS (141 Montague St.), June 3-10: Third Annual Sunday Painters Competition

BURR (115 W. 55), May 8-20: Harold Sterner; Rev. Anthony J. Lauck; May 21-June 3: Dord Fitz Art Center; June 4-18: Lewis Lederman; June 18-July 30: Group

CAMINO (89 E. 10), May 12-June 2: Pat Sloane, John Cuoré; Summer Group Shows

CARMEL (82 E. 10), to May 10: Frank Gunter; June 2-28: William Rubencamp

CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), to May 13: Beatrice Stein; May 16-June 16: Group

CARUS (243 E. 82), May 1-13: Group; May 15-29: Erickson, Fredrickson, Shevel; June: Group

CASTELLI (4 E. 77), May 2-20: Ludwig Sander; May 23-June 30: Sculpture and Relief

CHALETTE (1100 Mad. at 83), May 1-30: Burgoyne Diller

CHASE (31 E. 64), May-June: Contemporary European and American Paintings

CIRCULATING LIBRARY OF PAINTINGS (28 E. 72), May: New Acquisitions

CITY CENTER (131 W. 55), May 2-28: 40 Painters'

COBER (14 E. 69), May 2-20: Bessie Boris; May 24-June 10: Manuel Ayaso

COLLECTORS (49 W. 53), Apr. 24-May 13: Maria Martorell; May 15-June 3: Gallery Group

CONTEMPORARIES (992 Mad. at 77), May 8-27: Group

CONTEMPORARY ARTS (19 E. 71), to May 12: Tom Clancy

CORDIER-WARREN (978 Mad. at 76), May 1-13: Gallery Group; May 16-June 17: Noguchi

CRESPI (1153 Mad. at 85), Contemporary Paintings and Sculpture

CRYSTAL (54 E. 58), May 1-30: Group

D'ARCY (1091 Mad. at 83), to May 13: Kurt Seligmann; May 13-June 25: Recent Acquisitions

DAVIS (231 E. 60), to May 20: Harvey Dinnerstein; May 22-through summer: Group

DE AENLIE (59 W. 53), May 2-27: Irene Hamar; May 30-June 31: Summer Madress

DEITSCH (1018 Mad. at 79), to May 13: The Expressionists

DELACORTE (822 Mad. at 69), to June 15: Gallery's Collection

DE NAGY (149 E. 72), Apr. 25-May 27: Jane Wilson

DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), May 9-June 2: Spring Exhibition of New Paintings; June 6-30: American Folk Art

DUNCAN (215 E. 82), to May 10: E. Fairbanks; to May 15: J. blanda Lowezo

CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

to May 20; Gitana; to May 30; Doree, Duncan, Seligmann; to June 15; H. Seguela; Salon of the 50 States
DUO (42 E. 76), to May 19; Phoebe McKay, Luther Van; May 23-June 10; James Yeagans
DURLACHER (11 E. 57), Apr. 25-May 20; Gordon Russell; May 26-June 30; Group
DUVEEN (18 E. 79), May; Sir Henry Roeburn; June; An English 18th Century Interiour
EGAN (313 E. 79), to June 10; Knox Martin
EGGLESTON (969 Mad. at 76), May 8-20; Dick Stark; May 22-June 3; Grau Sala
EMMERICH (17 E. 64), May 16-June 10; Adja Yunkers; May 30-June 16; H. Frankenholer
ESTE (965 Mad. at 76), May 1-June 17; Master Drawings from Five Centuries
EXPLORER (145 E. 72), May 4-23; Mula Ben-Haim
F. A. R. (746 Mad. at 65), May 15-27; Juror; June 5-26; Pratt Institute Loan Show—Graphic Techniques
FEINGARTEN (1018 Mad. at 79), to May 13; Douglas Snow; May 15-June 3; Nuova; June 6-24; Highlights of the Past Season
FINDLAY (11 E. 57), May 1-20; Large Size Canvases; June; School of Paris
FRIED (40 E. 68), May 15-June 30; Xerox
FRUMKIN (32 E. 57), May; H. C. Westermann; June; Review of the Season & Gallery Group
FULTON (61 Fulton St.), Apr. 20-June 3; Howard Rogovin; Anita Ventura, Sidney Tillim; June 5-30; Fabricant, Marcus, Agne, Koenig, Staten; July; Domingo, Kanemitsu, Kerr
FURMAN (13 E. 75), May; New Acquisitions—Pre-Columbian and African
GALLERY EAST (downtown-102 Christopher St.), Apr. 23-May 23; J. Twirbly, A. Schoening, S. Lyman
GALLERY EAST (uptown-755 Mad.), May 7-31; Charles Lassiter; June 4-23; Ancient Egyptian Art
GERSON (41 E. 57), May 9-June 3; The Nude in Sculpture; June-July; American and European Sculpture
GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 79), May 2-20; James Suzuki; May 23-June 30; May Festival of Art; July; Gallery Group
J. **GRAHAM** (1014 Mad. at 79), Apr. 21-May 20; Romantic Painting; May 23-June 30; May Festival of Art—Benefit; July; Gallery Group
GRAND CENTRAL (40 Vanderbilt at 43), May 2-13; Robert Miller; May 6-Sept. 30; Paintings, Water Colors and Sculpture by Members
GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018 Mad. at 79), May 9-27; Burton Hasen
GREAT JONES (5 Gr. Jones), May; Contemporary Drawings
GREEN (15 W. 57), May 2-27; Ronald Bladen, Mark de Severe
GREENE (407 E. 77), Apr. 10-May 20; The Human Image in African Art
GRIPPI (200 E. 59), May-June; Group
HAHN (611 Mad. at 58), to May 15; Modern French Masters
HALL OF ART (534 Mad. at 54), May 1-30; Contemporary American and European Masters
HAMMER (51 E. 57), May 9-20; Andrew Shunney; May 23-June 10; Charles Camoin
HARTERT (22 E. 58), May-June; French and American Masters

HELLER (63 E. 57), May; Gallery Group
HERBERT (14 E. 69), May 2-31; Abularach
HICKS ST. (48 Hicks St.), to May 12; Josephine Burns; May 14-June 2; Aaron Kritzer, Allyn Amundson
HIGHGATE (827 3rd at 51), Apr. 26-May 16; Leonard Kesi; May 17-June 6; Malory, Ubahus; June 7-20; Group
HIRSCHL & ADLER (21 E. 67), May 16-June 2; Richard Lonsdale-Hands
HUTTON (41 E. 57), Apr. 25-May 27; Scène Francaise
INTERNATIONAL ART (55 W. 56), May 8-18; Group; May 19-31; Group; June 1-11; All Sculpture Show; June 12-30; Group; July 2-Sept. 4; Art Summer Festival
INTERNATIONALE (1095 Mad. at 82), May 9-June 3; Luciano Guarneri; June 6-17; 50 American Artists; June 19-July 9; Cosimo Russo; July 11-24; Sebastian
IASOLAS (123 E. 55), May 1-20; Echevarria
ISACSON (22 E. 66), May 2-27; Richard Mayhew; Dorothy Coulter; May 29-June 30; Group
JACKSON (32 E. 69), May 25-June 23; Environments—Situations—Places
JAMES (70 E. 12), to May 11; Robert Lohotan; May 12-26; 7th Anniversary Members Show
JANIS (15 E. 57), May 8-June 3; Ten Americans
JEWISH CONGRESS HOUSE (15 E. 84), The Hebrew Bible in Art
JUDSON (239 Thompson St.), from May 15; Don Flavin
JUSTER (154 E. 79), May 1-30; School of Paris
KENNEDY (13 E. 58), May 16-July 30; Artists of the Civil War
KEY (17 E. 57), Apr. 25-May 15; Etta Delkman; May 16-June 5; Bretton Morse
KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), May 2-June 30; 19th & 20th Century American & French Masters—Benefit for Delgado Museum, New Orleans
KOOTZ (655 Mad. at 60), May 9-27; Kumi Sugai; June; American and European Group
KOTTLER (3 E. 65), May 8-20; Dov Berger, Leon le Coeur, Martin Rogosin, Krasner (1061 Mad. at 81), May 8-20; Marguerite Stix; May 22-June 15; Drawing Show; June 16-Sept. 15; Group
KRAUSHAAR (1035 Mad. at 80), to May 13; John Koch; from May 15; Changing Exhibitions of 20th Century Painters
LANDRY (712 5th at 56), May-June; Oscar Jespers
LEFEBRE (47 E. 77), May 9-June 3; Lucia Wilcox; from June 6; Recent Acquisitions
LOEB (12 E. 57), May-June; Lam, Lansky, Dufour, Arp, Robert Muller, Max Ernst
MADISON (600 Mad. at 56), May 11-24; Thomas Puckett, Sebastian Di Stefano; May 25-June 7; Ruth Lerman; June 8-30; Quarterly Group
MARKS (21 E. 66), May 10-31; Drawings of Innovators
MAYER (762 Mad. at 65), May 9-June 10; Athos Zacharias
MELTZER (38 W. 57), May 9-27; Lister; June 2-30; Pratt
MI CHOU (801 Mad. at 67), Apr. 24-May 20; Ansei Uchima
MILCH (21 E. 67), May; Contemporary Americans; June-July; 19th & 20th Century Paintings and Water Colors by Americans
SALPETER (42 E. 57), May-June; Water Colors, Gouaches and Pastels
SCHAFFER (32 E. 57), May 1-20; Donald Comell; May 22-June 9; Balcomb Greene; from June 12; Gallery Group
SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), May-June; Mod-

ern French Painting
SCHWEITZER (205 E. 54), May; New Acquisitions
SCULPTURE CENTER (161 E. 69), May; Group; Summer; Changing Exhibition
SECTION ELEVEN (11 E. 57), to May 15; Aline Porter; May 16-June 3; Garry SEGY (708 Lex. at 57), May; Signations of African Art
SEIFFERHELD (158 E. 64), to June 15; 18th Century French and Italian Drawings
SELECTED ARTISTS (903 Mad. at 73), May 15-30; Group; June; New Acquisitions
SELIGMANN (5 E. 57), May 22-June 15; summer; People and Places
SHERMAN (306 E. 72), May 10-26; Group; Aug.; Group and Graphics
SILAGY (960 Mad.), May; 19th & 20th Century French Masters
SLATKIN (115 E. 92), May; Old and New Masters
SMALL (8 E. 75th), to May 15; Past Present; May 16-June 31; Art of the Coast; Maya Totocan, Olmec
SMOLIN (233 E. 80), to May 16-June 10; De Niro; May 19-June 10; Marjorie Hida June 17-July 30; WPA Prints
STABLE (213 E. 74), to May 13; Jean Marshall; May 15-June 3; Bernard Ghezzi; May 20-June 10; Richard Staniewicz
STAEMPFU (47 E. 77), to May 13; Stephen Greene; May 16-June 10; Mike Novick June 13-July 15; Summer Collection
STONE (18 E. 82), to May 20; Herman Cohen; June; Group
SUDAMERICANA (10 E. 8), May 1-June 3; David Castro, Silvera; June 3-July Summer Group
TANNER (90 E. 10), to May 15; Jim Stout; May 19-June 8; Group
TEN-FOUR GROUP (73 4th at 10), May 1-June 2; James Upham
TERRAIN (20 W. 16), May; Nature Simplicity; Summer; Aesthetic Benefits
TOZZI (137 E. 57), Medieval Art
TRABIA (14 E. 95), to May 15; Karen McGee
VAN DIEMEN-LILIENTHAL (21 E. 57), May 15-June 15; Charles Levier
VERCEL (23 E. 63), to May 13; My Grand; May 16-June 10; Vo Dieu
VILLAGE ART CENTER (39 Green St.), May 1-18; Prizewinners Sculpture and Graphics; May 22-June 8; First Prize in Water and Color; June 12-28; Pastel
VIVIANO (42 E. 57), May 9-June 20; Contemporary Americans and Europeans
WALKER (1061 Mad. at 57), May 2-28; Francis Williams; June; Collector's
WEHYE (794 Lex. at 61), May 1-June 15; Fukui; Prints; June; Group
WHITE (42 E. 57), May 9-27; Ce Bon June 1-30; Gallery Artists and Friends
WILDEN (19 E. 64), to May 15; Dong Kingman; May 16-June 15; Carlo Tagliari; June 15-Sept. 15; Exhibition of Water Colors and Drawings—Benefit
WILLARD (23 W. 56), May 2-27; Odile Seliger; June; Group
WISE (50 W. 57), May 2-27; Schlemowitz; May 31-June 26; Hayter
WITTENBORN (1018 Mad. at 77), May 1-June 15; Ulysses Group—Graphics
WORLD HOUSE (987 Mad. at 77), May 27; Mirko; May 30-June 24; Andrew Parker
ZABRISKIE (36 E. 61), May 8-27; Muhrman; May 29-June 30; Early 20th Century American Works on Paper

ALEX MAGUY

THEME 'CONTRASTES'

For the "Festival du Faubourg"

PICASSO-PASCIN

DU 16 AU 31 MAI 1961

May: New Acquisitions
E. 69; Art
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May: Style
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May 13: Studio
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